

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY



VOLUME 164 NUMBER 5

NOVEMBER 1939

CITY WITHOUT CHILDREN

BY STORM JAMESON

THE children were sent out of London over the week-end. On Friday and Saturday, with the roads and railways cleared of ordinary travelers to make room, it was a little like an unexpected picnic. The picnickers carried knapsacks, gas masks, and packets of food which became unpalatable in the hours of a long hot day. On Sunday morning we were at war with Germany. Everything changed. The helpers at main-line stations no longer found it amusing when a mother nursing one baby and dragging the other hung back at the last minute, looking over her shoulder at the husband standing by helplessly. 'D'you know, miss, I think I won't go after all. Y'see, I never left him before; how's he to manage?'

'Get in, get in. You can't go back. Quickly. There are others to come still.'

How long before the first air raid? Hours? Minutes? Remembering that Hitler had promised to darken the sky with his aeroplanes, people told each other that Chamberlain had wanted to get the children away before declaring war. Now was it too late? The days passed, the nights passed. A week after

the beginning of war, London — childless London — has not been bombed.

Over half a million children were hurried out of the city. Some further hundreds of thousands went independently, packed off to relatives and boarding schools in the country. On Wednesday, September 6, London looked as it would look if some fantastic death pinched off the heads under fifteen. It was an exquisite day; we have had a poor summer, much rain and low gray skies; today, and all this first week, sunlight, the wind mild and fitful, the sky clear. In this light, London is extremely handsome. Very early in the morning the balloon barrage looks unreal and very frail. As the light strengthens, the balloons become clear and hard, oversize stars in a perfectly blue sky. A pity there are no children to point at them.

There are some. Kensington Gardens are for middle-class and wealthy children. 'Young society mothers wheel their own baby carriages.' The photograph shows the Honorable Mrs. Campaspe in short fur coat and short skirt, smiling across the hood of the carriage on one of the asphalted paths. But it is usually a

Copyright 1939, by The Atlantic Monthly Company, Boston, Mass. All rights reserved.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

gray-clad nurse or a governess who watches the children from the edge of the grass. This morning there are exactly five children and three nurses on a lawn-smooth space as wide as Piccadilly Circus. Even in wartime these nurses do not talk to strangers; opening my newspaper, I listen to two who must know each other very well.

'I thought you said you were leaving on Saturday, Mrs. Lowrie.'

'I thought so. But at the last minute her Ladyship said, "No, we'll wait. I don't believe there's so much danger as people think," she said. "Besides, why have I spent over five hundred pounds preparing bombproof rooms if we're going to run away?" "It's not the bombs I'm afraid of for them," I said; "it's gas." "Surely you're not afraid, Mrs. Lowrie?" she said. She laughed. I'm not afraid for myself; it's for them. However, this morning her secretary told me she had been writing off to Scotland, to ask if the house was ready, so I dare say we shall go soon. But what about yours?'

The other woman frowned. 'He doesn't want them to leave. She won't let me take the child away without her — as if she made any difference! — and she won't leave him unless he tells her to go. So here we are.'

'Perhaps he knows something — in his position.'

'Know or not know, when even slum children are going, why keep ours here?'

Regent's Park, with its ring of elegant houses, is an easy walking distance from two of the more squalid warrens of London — Camden Town and the slums behind Paddington Station. That is why the charming lawns on the canal are noisy half the year with agile dirty infants in the charge of matriarchs of eight or nine. The well-to-do Civil Servants, B B C officials, a novelist or two, who live elegantly on the edge, find the Park pleasanter in winter. They have it this bright day to themselves. Or almost. Two little girls, faces striped

with dust and responsibility, have fetched here a bare-bottomed infant and a brace apiece of little filthy boys. Two of the now familiar cardboard boxes are lying with a baby's bottle and a ragged shawl.

'I see you've got your gas masks.'

'Well, we had to fetch them. One's mine and one's hers. Of course we haven't any masks for them,' — she waved a hand at her brothers, — 'they're too young, see? A nice sight I should look, me in my gas mask, running home with all this lot if a German comes hittling about here.' She giggled.

'Why didn't you go with the other children?'

'Mother wouldn't let us.'

'Why not?'

She had no idea and didn't care. She was not disappointed that they had had to stay behind; it was unlikely that anything in 'the country,' that place as blank in her mind as the Antarctic on old maps, was better than this; wherever she went she would have the baby and the rest on her hands. It struck me that the last time I saw her and her hands, rough and too old for her eight years, she was squatting on the edge of a pavement in Madrid. But she had no gas mask there.

London south of the Thames is a crazy quilt of swollen spoiled towns and villages; decent, squalid; old, bleakly new; with parks and commons, without. Stretched tight between a shopping street and the railway line, a dozen rows of scabrous little houses, two families to a house. The streets between the houses are asphalted wide gutters, on any holiday alive and running with children. All now as empty as though they had been upended and shaken. The silence was deafening. In a few of the houses women had seized the chance to clean up, but the women down here are slatterns compared with the women in the smoke-infected industrial towns of the north. There was a woman idle in most doorways or lounging with an elbow on the windowsill. And now that they could

have clacked without raising their voices over the shrieking voices of the children they had nothing to say. Further on, a long street of shabby houses with ragged ends of garden, unnaturally tidy. A lorry-load of Anderson shelters had been sent here, and obediently and skeptically planted. 'I don't mind standing in one myself,' a woman said, 'but could I have squeezed in five children? I saw photos in the newspaper of bombproof rooms, but they say it costs a fortune.'

'Aren't there any children left in this street?'

'Yes, there are. The people in the end house kept theirs. Risky, I call it.'

In the end house three blond children, a girl and two boys, were playing in the kitchen: they had been into the street, their mother said, and had run in again because it was strange. She offered with a little defiance to show me the dugout her husband had made in the garden: he used the Anderson shelter and revetted the rest with boards. It took up the whole of that narrow space. He was there working on it, a middle-aged man, with that look of extreme patience and gentleness many English workingmen have. He was a young soldier in the war, the last war. He had been married twelve years, and for the last seven he had been unemployed. 'My sister offered me years ago to go to her with the little girl,' his wife said, 'and let the boys go to a home, and him do what he could. But I said, "No, we'll stick together, thank you," and my husband said the same. So when their teacher came here telling me to let them go with the others I wouldn't. God knows what it's taken us to keep together all these years; we're not going to break up now. I reckon if it's bombs we'll be safe enough in there. Anyhow we'll be smashed up together. I don't know why the government is so anxious about us. You wouldn't have thought it these last years.'

They stood and watched me from the door when I came away. At the end

of the street I looked back. They were standing close together, small.

In a pleasanter street a small handsome boy ran his scooter up and down alone. His mother came to the end of the garden to call him in. 'He misses the others,' she said soberly. 'My neighbors blame me for keeping him; one woman this morning said I was wicked. "That's a strong word," I said. I was vexed. "Downright wicked," she said, "making him wait to be murdered. Didn't you see the Spanish pictures? There was a child with both legs gone." It worries me, but what I say is there will be time to send him to my sister in Cornwall *when they come*. I couldn't let him go into billets; he might get anywhere, with any sort. But I can't believe they'll come. This isn't Spain. How could anyone, even Germans, bring themselves to murder thousands and thousands of people in cold blood? Why, you can't believe it; it would be the end of all things. They'll never do it. Never.'

After the summer rains the wide Common was a clear vivid green. On the edge of it the swings and bars for the children had been painted, blue, white, green. The six children had it to themselves. Bored, they picked up their gas masks and began trying them on. Before the trees and dew-bright hedge they looked like the child-players in a mediæval farce. They rolled their eyes behind the yellow mica, nodded their heads to make the snouts move up and down, until the little lively boy wanted to laugh, choked, lost his head, clawed at the mask, and had to be helped out, frightened and sobbing.

'You've spoiled your mask now,' his sister reproached him.

II

What had been grotesque became the fear that had emptied the city's playgrounds and streets. It is an old fear. The last raiders ran their black cruel-looking boats against the land, came

ashore, burned, killed. A woman who had escaped them might come back to what had been her home and look for a child's body among the smouldering wood and the stones. The image, a precise one, has been lying in wait, to return unaltered, unsoftened by the centuries that have silted down on it, as sharp and intolerable as it was that day.

In the centre of London, the City proper, there are squares that have changed little if at all since the eighteenth century. The houses have become the offices of sedate firms. Unless they shout, little marble-playing boys are not ordered off, and not many weeks since I watched children playing in one of these squares a game with flat stones that was probably old in Troy. The children have vanished. Two big paunchy business men, carrying rolled copies of *The Times*, self-conscious with gas masks in canvas boxes slung on their shoulders, stroll across in the sun. The steps going down into a small church are well sand-bagged. It is as dark as a crypt in this sunken place, and nearly full of people praying, as people have prayed here for five centuries, for help in the day of trouble and lamentation. Without looking up, a woman said in a loud voice: 'My son! Oh, my son!' To what listener?

The streets are lively with typists and office girls, going home. Many of these girls are only two years older than a sister who has been evacuated. On one side of an age line you are still a child who must be protected. A step, and you have become a young woman with handbag, toeless sandals, and gas mask, who must go to the office as long as the office is there. It seems a pity. But one cannot save everybody. So these older children walk jauntily on their long thin legs, carrying their masks with a touch of coquetry. One of them points to a notice: AIR RAID SHELTER 50 PERSONS.

'You know that Mr. Junior? Well, this morning I said to him, "What if the house falls on top of us?" He said, "Oh,

you don't have to worry — we're much too close to the Bank of England. Hitler won't bomb that; he'll want to take them alive."'

'He makes you laugh, that one. I shall try to run across into your basement as soon as we get the warning. We have only old hags of thirty and men who were in the last war in our firm.'

Whole districts in north and northeast London are given over to Jews. Their strong dark-eyed children fill the streets and the parks. Surprising how many are still there. There is a dazzling evanescent excitement in the air from their voices. A middle-aged man in the café tries to explain why so many have stayed. He is a Jew, an Austrian, one of the fortunate ones who had English relatives. 'We Jews have many faults. We have been blamed for keeping our religion. Now they say of us that Jews have bought houses in north Wales to be safe. If it is true, they are the Jews who have lost their religion; they are what you would call assimilated and I call rotten. All round here are Jews who know the folly of expecting to be safe. What Jew is safe? Many children have gone, but the rest will stay as long as there are any cellars to hide them in, and any food. I expect you will blame us then; you will say, "Look, the Jews have food! Dirty Jew, out with you and your brats!"'

'Not in London.'

'Why not in London? We have a trick of surviving, and you won't find it easy to forgive that now.'

An arterial road cuts through here. At the other side of it, between these stubbornly urban streets and the reservoir, a thick spatter of new small houses, with unfenced gardens. Where the Scandinavians build white elegant suburbs and the Viennese used to build charming blocks of flats, we turn the speculative builder loose to do his repellent worst. 'They're healthy for children,' we say of these places, as if elegance were something no child should be exposed to

catching. But, curiously, the children do flourish in them. They rush whooping along the cinder tracks, between the ash bins and straggling flowers; they grow awkward and ruddy — not country children, because this is still London, but not sharp-eyed pallid Londoners either. The young married couples who come here to live intend to have children; the long raw gardens, the sham-modern houses, were made for it.

And so long as the children are there, yelling and running, the place does not look so bad. It is shoddy, hideous, but it is lived in by people who are not yet tired or disappointed, and it has a touching brightness. Without children it is inexcusable. The rows of mean small houses, each with its ash bin, have no more expression than an idiot. If ever streets were mentally deficient, these are.

‘No. We didn’t send a child away — because we haven’t one to send. We only got married last month, in his week’s holiday. We waited two years, to be able to furnish. Would you like to see? It’s nice, isn’t it? I made the curtains. Everything brightly colored — I said, “We won’t have any of those washed-out-looking patterns; we’ll be gay,” I said. And the furniture too, it’s all modern. I like new things. My sister said, “Rent a flat somewhere,” but I said, “No, I want a garden. You must have a garden,” I said, “if you want children.” Now I’m thanking God we didn’t start one. My husband will be called up — he’s twenty-four, like me. We’ll have to give up this house; we shan’t have the money. And my things — I don’t know what to do with the things. I thought of trying to let furnished, but other people would destroy them. And the new paint. Oh, can you understand this war? Tell me why it had to come, spoiling our lives, tell me! Perhaps we shall never have a child now, never; it’s all been wasted. Excuse me, I feel ashamed of crying, but when I look at my nice things — over two pounds we paid for that carpet — and

he has a shelf for his books, and we were going to have, to have, we were going —’

The children who have gone, and the children who have missed their chance of living in a society which can no longer protect them, live on equal terms in these streets. It is very odd. In the last war women hurried to have children. In this, already they are afraid. Why have a child if you must send it away to be safe? What place is really safe? Last week they were demonstrating to mothers a gasproof something-or-other for babies. But does the thought that she may be able to buy one of these encourage a young woman to endure the pain and doubt of a birth? Statesmen speak of the birth of a new Europe. It is a charming idea. But no woman has yet succeeded in giving birth to children with bodies immune to phosgene and high explosive. It should be attended to first. Streets without children are meaningless scribbles.

In the early evening, white fleecy clouds covered the sky, like a woman’s shawl. The sun dropped to the level of the balloons; they became incandescent. The Thames filled with light. Two little boys hung over the parapet of the embankment, watching. Someone had carefully labeled the cases of their gas masks in large black letters. Harry. John.

The elderly woman looked what she was, a schoolmistress. She had that impersonal kindness for children which comes of seeing them as so many unformed fidgeting bodies and reluctant brains. ‘I blame women who won’t part with their children. But I’ve no patience with the nonsense running out of the tap now, about their being happier living with strangers, and better-educated in their half days in village schools. Why they’ve had to be sent away is because no proper air-raid shelters were built while there was time to build them. That’s why. Nothing else. The only thing the government *could* do now was

push the children out of the way, quickly, billet them, and hope for the best. Some mothers came on the Wednesday asking, "Need we send them? Is it serious?" That was the B B C cooing at us it was only a precaution. But I knew. I remembered last September before Munich, when they sent a few trainloads of children into the country. They weren't serious then. The instructions I got then, if by accident anything had happened, couldn't have been carried out. Every schoolteacher knew they were eyewash; I knew. So when these plans came through, complete down to a bar of chocolate, I said, "So it's come; it's war." And I told all my mothers, "Precaution or not," I said, "send them; you send them; you wouldn't forgive yourself if anything happened — and it was like Spain, or China." It's queer, isn't it? The people seem stunned. They keep on saying, "London, it's London." As if children could be smashed into pieces in Madrid and Guernica and Shanghai, but not in London. Or not in New York. I suppose the Americans think their children are safe. As we used to.

III

London has become middle-aged, suddenly. It is because London children had the habit of wandering. They would walk miles, dragging still smaller children, to reach the Embankment, the Serpentine in Hyde Park, the Round Pond at the top of Hampstead. You fell over them in Bond Street and St. James's. Last summer a policeman threatened an infant who was trying to bathe in the Trafalgar Square fountain. He said he was three years old. 'Where d'you live?'

'Hackney Marsh. And I got to be off back, see?'

Three hours' hard walking through the jungle of traffic.

Overnight, London has become what it will look like in another half century — war or no war, bombs or no bombs —

when fewer and fewer children are being born. Half a million grown men could be moved out of the city and it wouldn't make any serious change. But without children an essential part of the picture has been wiped out. There are gaps in the composition where a nurse should have been seated watching a child on the grass; or a harassed little girl, wheeling an infant past the shops, with two gripping her dress, should have pushed between the bodies of grown-ups. The gap made by one note dropped out of the scale is shocking. The ear listens for it in an impatient growing anguish.

If there is no raid next week, or the week after, the mothers will want their children back. A slatternly young woman with a baby, sent to a village near London, returned the next day. She preferred danger to the appalling boredom of a life without door-to-door gossip, streets of shops, and the comforting sense of the swarm of bodies near hers. 'Buried alive I was down there, so I've come home for Hitler to do the job proper.'

The woman reading the newspaper in the sunlight crumpled it up suddenly. 'Have you a son?' she said in a hard voice.

'Yes.'

'How old is he? Mine's eighteen. War age. That's what they call it. War age. If he was only eight, if I'd only waited ten years to have him, he'd be safely in the country now. There's four in my street whose children have been evacuated, missing them all day long, grumbling, anxious — yet they know they're safe. Safe. If I could send mine into safety! If there were anywhere on earth where I could hide him!'

Parts of Soho are like some shabby French town, like Bayonne. The flat shabby houses face each other in narrow streets, and the children sit on doorsteps and chatter, chatter; the sound runs under the noise of traffic like water under a bridge. As soon as they left, this sound ceased, not only in these

streets, but in every quarter of the city, exactly as though a fountain had been turned off at the source. Rooms, yards, playgrounds, the streets of poor districts, quiet suburban streets, parks, the banks of the canal, the river, have been silenced overnight. Goodness knows how often a woman, climbing the stairs of her house at night, listens for some sound; then remembers that no one is there. Or she will remember it in the street with its nagging emptiness. The legend of the first-born who had to die for what was not his mistake or guilt, and the other legend of the fortunate youngest brother, have returned to life — as certain legends perpetually do, being truer than most facts. But each rehearsal differs from all the others. This silence, unnoticed as a whole but noticed at a million separate moments during the day, is new. It is disconcerting and harsh, like the silence after an air-raid warning or like the Armistice silence. Even a well-meaning government cannot evacuate the thoughts of its citizens.

A woman — young by her voice, coming out of the darkness without street lamps — is talking and half crying. 'I wish I hadn't let him go! If I'd thought it would be like this I wouldn't have let them take him — he's so little, after all, and he was crying when the train went. It's no use your saying we had to send him. We didn't have to; we could have kept him. No, I don't want to go in — I can't. Don't tell me I must be sensible. Is any of this sensible? It's mad — the whole world has gone mad.'

The extraordinary sense of unreality persists. Among ordinary people — husbands trying to comfort their wives, mothers folding away the blankets from a child's bed — it underlies every other feeling. From moment to moment it swirls up and drowns them all. It is incredible that we are at war; it is incredible that the children have gone

away. We look up at the grotesque balloons, at the lean muzzles of guns in the parks and on the roofs of high buildings; but they do not make us realize it. Not even air-raid warnings can do that. Not even the thought, recurring: 'Look, look! You may never see it again.'

When the reality breaks through for a moment, it comes from infinitely simple things: a young woman looking at her newly bought chairs and curtains and thinking, 'I shall have to store these somewhere'; another remembering her child's face in the instant before the train swept him from sight; the spoiling and ruin of uncounted simple lives. A minute of intolerable grief and anger, then the numbing sense of unreality closes down. And so we wait, with scarcely any emotion, for something to happen.

Night-dark London, with the moon in its last quarter, has an air of extraordinary beauty, endurance, ease. So it must have looked in the seventeenth century, to eyes accustomed to this half-darkness, to squares in which the darkness rises to the tops of the buildings, to corridors of half-deserted streets without lamps. No seventeenth-century eye would have known what to make of the balloons, now glittering like swans, against rippling white clouds. At ten o'clock Trafalgar Square is almost empty. The columns of St. Martin's in the Fields have the whiteness of young birches. The child squatting on the steps has his back to them.

'Are you lost?'

'No.'

'Do you want to go on sitting here? It's late.'

He looks up with a derisive smile and doesn't answer. The policeman emerging from the darkness a dozen yards away says: 'Oh, I know him all right. He'll go home in his own time. There used to be four or five of them come every evening. The others'll have gone.'

BUSINESS LOOKS AHEAD

BY SUMNER H. SLICHTER

A GLOOMY picture of the outlook for industry in America has been painted before the National Economic Committee in Washington. The prolonged and persistent depression which began in 1929, it is said, is not an ordinary slump from which we may soon expect to recover by normal process. It marks the end of an era in America — the end of our period of rapid expansion. The extraordinary growth of industry in this country was made possible, it is said, mainly by two things — the development of our natural resources and the rapid growth of population. The natural resources of the country are now pretty well developed and the growth of population is declining. Indeed, within a generation the population of the country is likely to become stationary. As a result, attractive investment opportunities are no longer sufficient to absorb the savings of the country. If people save more than industry is willing to invest, part of the savings pile up in idle deposits. This means that they do not become demand for goods, which, of course, means that they do not become demand for labor. The chronic unemployment that has plagued us during the last ten years will not disappear until we put to work each year the amount that the country attempts to save.

The problem of putting the savings of the country promptly to work in a period of slow economic expansion confronts us, it is said, with the necessity of making far-reaching changes in social

policy. One proposal is that the government drastically reduce current savings by heavier taxes on personal incomes; a second is that the government stimulate private investment by undertaking to insure loans by private banks to small enterprises; a third is that the government put idle savings to work by a great expansion of public investment.

I

It would not be easy for the government to force large reductions in the savings of the country. Increases in the surtaxes since 1932 have made our taxes on large incomes the highest in the world. In fact, the rates on incomes above \$50,000 are now so high that they probably discourage investment more than saving, because they virtually prohibit very wealthy men from venturing their funds in risky and pioneering ventures. It is by such pioneering, however, that the profitability of new processes and new products is demonstrated to more timid capital. About all that can be done by taxation to reduce savings by the wealthy is to abolish tax exemption on new issues of government securities, but this step would affect savings only very gradually and over a period of years.

Half of the saving of the country is done by persons in the middle brackets — receiving from \$5000 to \$50,000 a year. Taxes on these brackets are low and are bound to be greatly increased, but the effect on the volume of savings

will be small. Suppose that taxes on incomes from \$5000 to \$50,000 were increased sufficiently to yield in very good years about a billion more than in 1936. This might be done by an effective rate of about 6 per cent on incomes between \$5000 and \$10,000, 12 per cent on incomes between \$12,000 and \$25,000, and 18 per cent on incomes between \$25,000 and \$50,000 — rates which are low by foreign standards. Recent studies, however, indicate that only about half of additional income-tax payments by persons in the middle brackets would come out of savings. As individual savings in good years amount to ten billions or more, a reduction of half a billion would be a mere drop in the bucket. Plainly, the prospect of solving the problem of oversaving by taxing away savings is not bright.

The proposal for government insurance of private loans is simply another way of reducing the rate of interest. It misses the essential difficulty, which, according to the forecasters of stagnation, is the lack of attractive uses for funds. Experience over the last ten years has amply demonstrated that, when the outlook for profits is unsatisfactory, the volume of investment is not responsive to reductions in the cost of loan capital. Government insurance of bank loans would be most used precisely when it would do the least good and the greatest harm — namely, at the peak of booms. Any severe depression might see the government heavily burdened with the defaults of loans made during the period of careless optimism, and the necessity of meeting these obligations would substantially restrict the government's ability to fight the depression.

What about the expansion of public investment as a solution of the problem of oversaving? This policy represents an important departure from the idea of a temporary deficit in order to 'prime the pump.' The pump, it is now said, will not prime, at least not beyond a certain point. Consequently, temporary

deficits are not sufficient. The deficit must be permanent, the budget must never be balanced. Persons who express alarm at a perpetual deficit are told that their ideas of accounting are antiquated. It is necessary to distinguish between current expenses and the acquisition of assets. If money is spent to increase the wealth of the country, what difference does it make whether the government or private industry borrows it? Surely it is no worse for the government to go into debt to build a public road than for a railroad to go into debt to build a private road. Debts which are matched by growth of assets are not bad, and it makes no difference whether they are public or private debts. This is the so-called capital budget espoused by Stuart Chase in the September *Atlantic*.

As a matter of fact, there is much to be said for a capital budget. If properly administered (a rather big 'if'), it would require the government to do two things that it has never done. One is to charge itself depreciation. A second is to draw a sharp distinction between assets which increase the tax-paying capacity of the community and those which consume taxes without helping us to pay them. Buying a consumers' good on the installment plan is not investment, regardless of whether it is an individual buying a refrigerator or a government buying a park or a building that is mostly monument. It is precisely here, however, that the capital budget would break down. Since there is no SEC to regulate the politicians, and since the public watches expenditures from borrowed funds less carefully than expenditures from taxes, the temptation would be great for pork-hungry Congressmen to put into the category of 'investments' all the useless 'improvements' that would not bear strict scrutiny. In the course of a generation a perpetual deficit would present us with a stiff tax bill for interest, maintenance expenses, and depreciation on a large collection of public 'white elephants.'

But the fact that a real capital budget, if attainable, would be good accounting does not mean either that government borrowing is an efficient way of stimulating business or that a perpetual deficit is necessary to absorb savings which industry cannot use. Seven years of 'clinical test,' as Mr. Chase would say, during which the deficits have rolled up to twenty billions without reducing unemployment by as much as one fourth, has demonstrated that government borrowing is a feeble stimulant to business. The explanation is simple. Obviously it does little good for the government to start idle dollars circulating if they do not continue to circulate. And plainly they will not continue to circulate if the outlook for business is poor. On the other hand, if the outlook for business is good, dollars will start circulating without help from the government. The efficacy of deficits, therefore, depends upon whether they do very much to change the business outlook. Our experience indicates that their effect is limited, and particularly that they do not go very far in offsetting such obstacles to expansion as unfavorable cost-price relationships or ill-advised public policies. Deficits, therefore, however unavoidable they may be in times of depression, are a poor substitute for a direct attack on the obstacles to expansion.

The crucial question, however, is not whether temporary deficits are an effective way of stimulating business but whether a permanent deficit is necessary to put to work dollars that industry will not use. Is it true that the decline in the growth of population and the disappearance of the frontier threaten us with stagnation? Is a permanent deficit the only way to avoid chronic unemployment? No economic question before the country is more important, but a definite answer is impossible. There are too many unknowns. No one knows the future trend of savings, no one knows how rapidly technological discovery will

create new investment opportunities, no one knows how rapidly during the years ahead capital will be destroyed by war, no one knows whether public policies will encourage or discourage private investment. At the best, however, the assumption that only government borrowing will save us from chronic unemployment rests upon a pyramid of assumptions for which the evidence is extremely unsatisfactory. And skepticism is inevitably aroused by the fact that never, not even in 1929, has the national output per man, woman, and child reached \$700 a year. This seems a strange point for investment opportunities to become scarce. With the output of goods so small, it would seem easy to invent many new products and many new ways of bringing existing products within reach of a larger part of the population.

II

Before surveying the evidence, let us note that prophecies of stagnation have been provoked by every major depression of the last hundred years. The fact that these predictions have been wrong in the past does not, of course, mean that they will be wrong this time. It does remind us, however, that forecasts of the long-run growth of industry (and hence the long-run demand for investment funds) are likely to be too pessimistic because the rise of unborn industries, or even of very new industries, cannot be foreseen. An interesting example of this pessimistic bias occurred forty years ago. In 1899, the Equitable Life Assurance Society sought the opinions of the most prominent financiers of the country as to the outlook for interest rates over the next twenty years. With two exceptions, all of the replies forecast a decline. And yet, with these two exceptions, the forecasters were wrong. The reason for their error is obvious. In 1899, none of the forecasters could foresee the remarkable growth of the electric utility and automobile

industries, which created a huge demand for investment funds. Likewise when we, in 1939, attempt to peer into the future, none of us can see the new industries that will rise during the next forty years.

The prophets of stagnation assume, among other things, that the growth of the national income will be accompanied by a substantial rise in the volume of saving. This sounds sensible and it may be true. It runs counter, however, to recently observed tendencies. In Great Britain, for example, there has been a spectacular drop in the volume of saving during the last generation. This is partly due to stiff increases in taxes, but not entirely so. The same tendency has appeared in the United States. Between 1923 and 1929, the national income increased by 20 per cent, but the volume of saving seems to have declined. People preferred to spend a larger part of their incomes on durable consumers' goods (automobiles, radios, household appliances), recreation, vacations, education, and medical care — all rapidly expanding industries. An end to this tendency is not in sight. It must be remembered that the number of consumers' goods and services is constantly growing and that they are being offered at more and more attractive prices.

The tendency for saving to diminish will be accentuated by the changing age distribution of the population and the steadily falling age of retirement. Saving is done by people who have jobs, and savings are partly consumed by people who have retired. By 1960, the number of persons in the saving-consumption group (65 and over) will almost have doubled, but the number in the saving-making group (19 to 65) will have increased but little. All in all, it would not be surprising to see the proportion of the national income available for new investment drop from 15 per cent, the rate of the twenties, to 10 per cent or less. An even greater drop has occurred in Great Britain.

III

In the past, much of the demand for investment funds has been created by the increase in population. The decline in the growth of population is likely to have profound repercussions upon our economy, particularly certain branches of agriculture. It may substantially reduce the demand for investment funds, but this is by no means certain. When families are smaller, they will spend less on necessities and more on luxuries. Since tastes for luxuries change, there will be a perpetual demand for new plants to make these goods. It is true that in the immediate future there will be only about 500,000 new workers (net) entering industry each year and requiring working places, equipment, and tools. In the twenties there were over 700,000 a year and in the first decade of the century there were 800,000. Technological change, however, has been increasing the amount of capital that can be advantageously used per worker. It is three times as large as it was in 1880, in dollars of constant purchasing power, and it may be expected to grow.

Contrary to popular impression, slower population growth is likely to stimulate rather than diminish the demand for housing, the largest single outlet for savings, because only when families are small can they afford to live in houses which they own. Indeed, the recent housing boom in England has been based in part upon the fact that families are smaller. The population of England and Wales increased between 1910 and 1930 at only one third the rate in the United States and is now almost stationary. Nevertheless, during the last ten years and in spite of the depression, England and Wales have constructed virtually as many dwelling units per 1000 families per year as the United States built on the average during eight years of building boom in the twenties. Only 28 per cent of the British dwellings were erected with government aid. In the Nether-

lands, where population is also increasing less rapidly than in the United States, the number of new houses per 1000 families has been greater than in Great Britain, and the proportion constructed with government aid considerably less.

Men seem to have a perpetual propensity to be alarmed over the state of population. A century ago, when population was rapidly growing, people were disturbed about this and economists wrote books about it. Now we are equally alarmed about the opposite phenomenon. Great Britain and Sweden, however, have done well in the face of a decline in population growth farther advanced than ours, and France has prospered in the face of a virtually stationary population. It is well to be cautious about predicting that dire consequences will follow from the refusal of the workmen of the country to raise larger families than they can decently support.

IV

The principal reason for doubting that saving will outrun investment opportunities is the fact that our capacity to discover new products and new ways of bringing old products within the reach of more people is growing rather than diminishing. In the first decade of the century, industry succeeded in raising the per capita national income (in terms of constant prices) about 12 per cent; between 1920 and 1929, it increased the per capita income 32 per cent. This does not look like stagnation. In 1939, industry had seven times as many people employed in research as in 1920, and a third more than in 1931, and the expenditures of its laboratories were seven times as much as in 1920 and half again as high as in 1931. Curiously enough, hardly a year before the Temporary National Economic Committee was told that we are threatened with stagnation the National Resources Committee published an elaborate survey of prospective technological developments which

warned us that we are threatened with a dangerous amount of technological change!

The dynamic possibilities of technological discovery are tremendous. It has already been mentioned that invention has greatly increased the amount of capital that can advantageously be used per worker. Discoveries are constantly making it advantageous for business enterprises to replace present equipment with new. When this occurs on a large scale, the demand for new funds may be very great, particularly when, as in the case of the railroads and some of the steel companies, depreciation allowances themselves have been invested in the very kind of equipment that has been rendered obsolete.

Still more important is the success of technological discovery in reducing the prices of goods and enabling thousands to buy things they have never before been able to afford. This, of course, means a demand for plants to make these goods. Obviously the increase of 32 per cent in per capita income between 1920 and 1929 meant a huge demand for plants to make goods that formerly had been beyond people's reach. A 10 per cent reduction in the price level brought about by technological discovery would produce a demand for about 10 per cent more plant. This would mean about twenty billion dollars in investment opportunities.

Finally, technological discovery increases the demand for investment funds by creating entirely new products which, of course, must have new plants built to make them. With our research facilities greater than ever, it would be strange if the decade of the twenties were the last time in the country's history that the purchasing power of the per capita annual income was raised nearly one third in less than ten years.

The growth of American industry has been greatly stimulated from time to time by the rise of large new industries —

railroads, automobiles, electric utilities. One frequently hears it said that America needs another large new industry. An important reason for rejecting the prophecies of oversaving is that such an industry can easily be created, provided the public insists on breaking down the obstacles (mostly man-made) that stand in the way. The industry is cheap housing. Indeed, a four- or five-room house selling for \$3000 (or costing with taxes about \$30 a month to carry) would in effect be an important new product, quite the equivalent of the automobile and capable of giving the country a vigorous period of prosperity lasting, with the usual minor cyclical movements, for twenty to thirty years. Some idea of the potentialities of housing is suggested by the fact that during the twenties the expenditures on housing were over half again as large as the increase in the net investment in plant and equipment by all of the industries of the country.

The war makes progress in the development of cheap housing more important than ever, because, when hostilities cease, America will need a new industry to cushion the letdown from war demand — as the automobile industry and middle-class housing did following 1920. The most promising cushion is cheap housing. No one thing will bring it, but the four most promising ways of reducing the cost of housing, in order of their importance, are (1) design (which includes new materials and new methods of construction); (2) lower real-estate taxes; (3) lower material prices; and (4) lower labor costs.

The development of new and practical designs takes time, as experience in creating the cheap automobile indicates. Until the last four or five years, the attention of builders has not been concentrated upon the development of cheap housing. Considerable progress in design has been made, and it may be expected to continue. Building codes are an obstacle to new and cheaper materials

and methods in some places, and little has been done to modernize them.

High real-estate taxes are the next most important obstacle to cheap housing. The Detroit Bureau of Governmental Research estimates that the average tax rate based on true values in 274 cities in 1937 was \$26.90 per thousand, or about 25 per cent of rent or rental value. This means that the present real-estate taxes are equivalent to a 25 per cent sales tax on shelter. Everyone knows what an outcry would be provoked by a 25 per cent sales tax on food, fuel, or clothing. When shelter is burdened with a sales tax of 25 per cent, is it surprising that people put up with old shelter and avoid heavy new tax liabilities by refusing to spend money on new housing? Surely there is no reason why sources of local revenue should not be broadened to make it possible to cut real-estate taxes in half.

The prices of building materials seem to be sadly out of line with other prices. In view of the building boom of the twenties it is instructive to compare present prices of building materials with pre-war. In 1939, they were 68 per cent above 1914, but wholesale prices in general were only 27 per cent above 1914, and the wholesale prices of finished products only 29 per cent.

Information on labor costs in building is fragmentary and unreliable. Union scales are about 6 per cent above 1926, which was the peak year of the building boom, and the cost of living is about 11 per cent below 1926. On small work in many cities, however, the union scale is not paid to most crafts. Consequently, it is doubtful whether labor costs can be said to be excessive on small work. Quite different, however, is the situation on large projects where union scales are enforced. Unfortunately the government, by its policy of paying the prevailing rate, has virtually offered the labor organizations a premium to raise their scales at a time when the building industry has been depressed.

V

The greatest doubts over the capacity of industry to absorb the country's savings spring from uncertainties over the nature of public policy. On balance, will it be a help or a hindrance to investment? Few forecasters of stagnation discuss this topic. This is strange, because here they will find the best arguments for their case. In fact, it is easy to become quite pessimistic over the investment outlook by letting one's imagination play over some of the possible developments of public policy. Certainly one seems quite safe in concluding that public policy will be of decisive importance in determining whether or not the country will be confronted with a problem of chronic oversaving. There are three principal dangers. One is that public policy will become an instrument for protecting a large number of special groups against change and new forms of competition; a second is that government will impose new costs on industry faster than enterprises can increase their capacity to bear them; a third is that the government will discourage enterprise by attempting to raise too large a part of its revenue from taxes on corporate income.

A dominant tendency of the age is the disposition in all countries of the world to substitute the decisions of legislatures and boards for the results of markets. Most of this intervention is an attempt by the community to enforce its ideas of fairness upon industry — to protect small concerns from unfair competition, to protect customers from shoddy goods and exorbitant prices, to protect investors against sharp practices, to protect employees against oppressive conditions. The disposition of the government to intervene in economic matters gives small groups an opportunity to use the government for their own purposes. These groups are likely to seek protection against change or against new forms of competition — as when the railroad

unions wrote a provision into the *Emergency Transportation Act of 1933* that the position of no employee in service at a given date should be made worse by any action of the coordinator of transportation, or when material dealers and building tradesmen seek protection in building codes against new materials and methods of construction, small retailers against the competition of chains and super-markets, glass container manufacturers against the use of paper milk bottles, or the business enterprises of one state against the competition of concerns in other states. Unless the public learns to test the wisdom of intervention by its effect upon the community as well as upon the special group, the government will gradually be converted into a powerful agency for defeating the work of technology, for protecting the existing against the new. This means, of course, that it becomes an agency for limiting investment opportunities and creating a problem of oversaving.

Another powerful tendency of the times is the imposition of new and stiffer obligations on industry — higher and higher minimum wages, shorter hours, more liberal pensions, vacations, unemployment compensation. Everyone will agree that these standards should be steadily improved. The question simply is, 'How fast?' Here there may be a conflict between the employed and the unemployed, because the number of people whom industry can employ is limited by the terms on which they must be hired. The people who have jobs are naturally eager to have their conditions improved, even though that retards the absorption of the unemployed. Since the employed greatly outnumber the unemployed, their interests are likely to mould public policy more than the interests of the unemployed. This, of course, means that the government again becomes an agency for limiting employment and restricting investment opportunities.

Since 1929, the expenditures of the government have increased over two and a half times. Contrary to popular impression, recovery will not greatly reduce these expenditures. As the demand for public services grows, the expenses of government will continue to rise. The government is strongly disposed to meet its pressing needs for revenue by heavy taxes on corporate income, for the simple reason that corporations do not have votes. In the last ten years the tax on corporate income has roughly been doubled — partly by increases in the nominal rate and partly by changes in the law which raise the effective rate. For the year 1936, for example, corporations paid almost the same income tax as in 1929, although their profits were only half as high as in 1929.

The heavy burden on corporations is indicated by the fact that for 1936 the government collected almost the same amount on corporate profits of 5.1 billion dollars as on personal incomes of nearly four times that amount. No tax could be worse for the community than a tax on business profits, because by reducing the expected return on any transaction it reduces the opportunities for investment and the willingness of managements to make commitments. And no tax could be more regressive, because by discouraging enterprise it falls largely on the unemployed. Probably the greatest single contribution that the government could make toward full employment would be to cut the corporate income tax from 18 per cent to 10 or 12 per cent and to make up the loss by higher rates on persons in the middle income brackets. The tax would still fall on substantially the same persons, because when the income of corporations is taxed it is really the stockholders who pay the bill. Certainly if the government continues to limit the opportunities for investment by heavier and heavier levies on corporate incomes, technology may well fail to provide sufficient outlets for the country's savings.

There is no protection against the possibility that public policy will be a serious obstacle to the expansion of investment except a widespread understanding throughout the community that industrial expansion concerns, not simply investors, but everyone — the young man who wishes to get a good start in industry and a favorable opportunity to advance, the wage earner who wishes to sell his labor in a sellers' market, the farmers who number one fourth of the gainfully employed but receive only one eighth of the national income and who badly need larger markets.

If the country is able to see that all groups have a stake in encouraging investment and expects this to be an important objective of public policy, then it seems reasonably clear that we can avoid oversaving and chronic unemployment. This is the crux of the matter. The difference between the nineteenth century and the twentieth is not that sufficient expansion to absorb our savings was possible then and is impossible now. The difference consists in the nature of the obstacles to expansion. In the nineteenth century, expansion depended upon the willingness of thousands of individuals to endure the hardships and dangers of life on the frontier. Today it depends upon the ability of millions of persons to see their common interest in the encouragement of investment, and their willingness to subordinate a multitude of special interests to the achievement of that supremely important general interest. By policy we can make ourselves rich or poor. By policy we can make it easy for the technicians to produce expansion and the opportunity and security which go with it (for the three are inseparable), or by policy we can shoulder ourselves with a crushing burden of chronic unemployment that will compel radical changes in our institutions and will threaten the existence of civil liberty itself.

VI

One concluding observation. Even before the outbreak of the war it was clear that the next boom was not likely to be halted by oversaving. The prospect was that the next boom would be halted by 'bottlenecks.'

During the last ten years, five million persons have been added to the would-be gainfully employed. The training of skilled workers, however, has proceeded at far below the normal rate, and in most trades there are fewer skilled men today than in 1929. Likewise, during the last ten years the purchases of capital goods by industry have been largely for replacements. Little has been done to adapt the plant of industry to the new currents of demand that revival will produce. Consequently, our plant today is far too small for our potential working force — probably by well over ten billion dollars. Unless a great deal of training and plant construction promptly occur, not more than six million of the ten million unemployed can be absorbed without uncovering many shortages of skilled men and of plant capacity — shortages that would produce a spiraling of prices and an accumulation of

inventories such as in the past have been both the culmination of the boom and the basis for a recession.

The outbreak of the war greatly increases the danger of bottlenecks. Although the demand for raw materials is likely to affect our economy less this time than in the first world war, the demand upon our fabricating facilities will be very great. The more the impact of the war upon our industries takes the form of a rise in prices, costs, and debts, the more difficult will be the problem of adjusting the American economy to the post-war world. Hence, the basic objective of our economic policy should be to make the response of our industries to the war as far as possible an expansion of production rather than a rise in prices, costs, and debts. Credit control and changes in fiscal policy (even if the government is willing rapidly to reduce its deficit) would be ineffective in halting a rise in prices, and the speculative excesses which go with it, once numerous bottlenecks appear. Vigorous encouragement to the elimination of bottlenecks in both labor and equipment is probably the most important single step that the government can take to protect our economy against the war and its aftermath.

DO YOU STUTTER?

BY CHARLES VAN RIPER

I

'BALBUS BLÆSUS! Balbus Blæsus!' Had I, a stutterer, lived at the time of Augustus Cæsar, that mouth-filling phrase would probably have been more familiar to me than my own name. Latin nicknames, especially those for the afflicted, usually became surnames and were borne throughout life. The 'Balbus Blæsus' label, so alliterative and so easily chanted, must have been peculiarly satisfying to those children of ancient Rome who did not stutter, and thoroughly unpleasant to those who did. In that age of eloquence there were, no doubt, as many poor devils seeking a cure for stuttering as there are today.

The quest for such a cure is probably as old as history itself. Cuneiform tablets have been discovered bearing prayers for deliverance from a 'thick and faltering tongue.' The 'Balbus Blæsus' of Cæsar's day could indeed have found cures for stuttering described in the Greek and Roman literature of his time, but unfortunately, then as now, the authorities did not seem to agree. Hippocrates had thought stuttering due to a chronic diarrhœa, for which he recommended irritating applications which proved more productive of ulcers than of free speech. Aristotle had blamed abnormalities of the tongue for the disorder. Celsus had recommended massage of that organ and the eating of noxious spices. Satyrus, the actor, had cured Demosthenes of stuttering and defective *r* sounds by prescribing pebbles in the mouth, leaden

plates on the chest, and a great deal of talking while running uphill. Galen mildly insisted upon cauterizing the mouth.

These pleasant practices, if they did not cure the patient, at least drove him away and freed the physician from his embarrassing presence. Herodotus, the predecessor of all of these, mentions a certain Pythian priestess who solved a similar problem — and much more neatly — by recommending that one Battos, stammering son of Polymnestros, emigrate south to Libya and never return. Many a modern physician will probably envy her that solution.

For the stutterers and stammerers are with society still — usually as still as possible. We who stutter speak only when we must. We hide our defect, often so successfully that even our intimates are surprised when, in an unguarded moment, a word suddenly runs away with our tongues and we blurt and blat and grimace and choke until finally the spasm is over and we open our eyes to view the wreckage. We have many ingenious tricks for disguising or minimizing our blocks. We look ahead for 'Jonah' sounds and words, so called because they are unlucky and because we envy the whale his ease in expelling them. We dodge the 'Jonah' words when we can, substituting non-feared words in their places or hastily shifting our thought until the continuity of our speech becomes as involved as a plate of spaghetti. We postpone the attempt on

these 'stumble words' as long as possible by pretending to think, by licking our lips, by sucking a pipe, by a reflective 'er' or 'um,' or by a thousand other devices too devious to mention. We go back to the beginning of the sentence and get set for an impetuous flood of words which perchance may carry us past the difficult one. We use odd little gestures of the face or body to time the moment of speech attempt, and these often grow into contortions so bizarre that our listeners think us epileptic. In spite of all our care, we often find ourselves in a block so intense that all our energy is needed to force the word out. Those of us who are mild stutterers manage somehow to accomplish the communication which is the lifeblood of social and economic existence. Those of us who stutter on almost every word, and whose blocks are prolonged and grotesque, hunt for those rare havens where it is possible to live without talking. I know a stutterer who is a professional hermit in the Ozarks. Another, a Ph.D. who made a brilliant showing in his chosen scientific field, is a night watchman. When such nonspeaking occupations cannot be found, we rebel and attack society criminally or retreat and contemplate suicide. R. Val McNight, in discussing her own stuttering problem, utters thoughts that are familiar to most of our unhappy fellowships:—

The predicament in which fate had placed me, and the attitude of the majority of people, caused life to seem almost unbearable. I became antagonistic and rebellious. I cursed everything, especially the force that made me. I drew away from contacts, even from those persons who seemed to understand and sympathize, and stayed as much as I could to myself. In this seclusion I did not grow passive, but my turbulence became more reflective, and I pondered on questions of a social nature, as: 'Since society permits to the handicapped person no desirable position, it has no right to demand existence of him. Since it does demand his existence, it is as responsible as is the handicapped for the handicapped's adjustment.'

II

Many normal speakers express surprise and disbelief when they are told that there are almost two million stutterers in the United States. One superintendent of a large school system declared his myopia by insisting that in sixteen years of teaching he had never seen a single stutterer. The stutterer, however, finds his brethren everywhere because he recognizes the tricks of the brotherhood. He turns up the volume of his radio to listen for those slight noises that betray King George's short spasms. He smiles wryly to watch the head jerk with which the filling station attendant attempts the first word of his question. Seldom does this recognition lead to discussion or the sharing of experiences. We prefer the recognition of another's handicap to the confession of our own.

It is probably because of this chronic hatred of exposure that the speech cripple has been neglected. Society accepts its responsibility for the deaf and blind, the crippled and mentally defective. The state subsidizes their treatment; the medical and educational professions coöperate and even compete in providing the assistance which they admittedly deserve. But the speech cripple, possessing a handicap which grows increasingly distressing as life becomes more complex, is rather generally ignored. In the public schools the additional annual cost for treating each deaf, blind, crippled, or mentally defective child ranges from \$250 to \$500; the additional cost for treating each speech defective is only \$10. Nevertheless, few school systems employ speech-correction teachers; the teaching of talking is not considered to be the school's responsibility, and, unfortunately, the speech defectives cannot speak for themselves.

This general neglect by the professions which might otherwise solve the stutterer's problem is not shared by the speech defective's next-door neighbors. A thousand and one suggestions are given

to the stutterer's parents or to the victim himself. The suggestions are always bolstered by anecdotes of their miraculous efficacy. The stutterer is told to take a deep breath before speaking, a trick which often grows into habitual symptoms of gasping and apoplectic choking. One Abu Ali Husain Avicenna, an Arabian philosopher of the tenth century, first proposed that remedy. It has failed for one thousand years. Many modern physicians recommend the division of the frenum, the little white cord beneath the tongue which almost every person possesses. Ætius, royal physician to Emperor Justinian in the sixth century, was as modern and no doubt as unsuccessful. Present-day stutterers may at least thank their unresponding gods that the medical profession has given up the wholesale tongue slitting which was so much in vogue one hundred years ago. Velpeau made a vertical division; Amussat preferred the horizontal slash; Dieffenbach took out a wedge. The surgical technique was immensely interesting. There were no permanent cures and many deaths. After twenty years of cutting, the method was hastily abandoned. Even the neighbors seldom suggest surgery today.

Other home remedies with which most stutterers become familiar probably stem from Demosthenes's pebbles — and such suggestions have a long history of uselessness. We are told to put a little wad of cotton or gum under the tongue or to hold the back of the tongue high whenever speaking. Itard (1817) used a little golden or ivory fork to support the tongue. About the year 1800, a Widow Leigh of New York invented what was known as the 'American Method' for curing stuttering. Although invested with great secrecy and ritual, the method consisted merely of elevating the tongue during speech. It created so much scientific excitement throughout Europe that it was purchased by the Belgian and Prussian governments. Although repudiated by the French Academy a few

years later, the method has survived and is still practised by some of the thousands of quacks who prey upon stutterers today. Some of these pseudo-speech correctionists still employ the curious appliances invented by an American, Robert Bates, in the nineteenth century. A narrow tube of silver curved to fit along the mid-line of the tongue, and a neck-belt and spring placed upon the Adam's apple, are among these contrivances still being worn by stutterers. Other quacks employ a little wire basket into which the tongue is inserted, still others a pad of cotton beneath the tongue.

Besides the itinerant practitioners who travel from city to city advertising their wares, there are many commercial stuttering schools or speech-correction institutes. Some of them boast of having been in the sorry business for several decades. They always mention their distinguished alumni, who when interviewed prove to be still distinguished by severe stuttering. I, thrice fool and clutching at straws, was 'cured' at three of them, relapsing as soon as I left the premises, though not before an enthusiastic testimonial or two had been signed. I wrote to the sixty stutterers who were in attendance with me at one of the most notorious of these institutes which 'guaranteed' a cure, and only one of them was still 'cured' after having been away from the institute a month. Most of these commercial schools use powerful suggestion, insist upon distraction techniques such as arm swinging or a peculiar way of speaking, and provide easy speech situations in which few stutterers would have any trouble. The techniques do occasionally produce almost miraculous results, but the stutterer's freedom from blocks is only temporary, and the disorder usually returns with increased severity.

All of these tricks are being used today by practitioners who care nothing for permanent relief but everything for a temporary release from stuttering. If the devices work, they do so because of

their novelty and their property for distracting the stutterer's attention from feared words and sounds. When they become habitual, they lose this value. Moreover, they depend upon faith, suggestion, and self-confidence for their usefulness, and when the stutterer is confronted by the stuttering associations in his former environment the fears return, the self-confidence so carefully nurtured at the institute collapses like a house of cards, and the stutterer carries his curse again. Seldom does he return to the stuttering school or to the practitioner. Instead he starts chasing again the will-o'-the-wisp. He sardonically recalls the permanent cure of King Charles the First of England, who lost his stuttering with his head. He wishes he could write like Charles Lamb, or think like Charles Darwin, or preach like Charles Kingsley, stutterers all. Since he cannot, he follows the gleam. Somewhere, someone must have found a cure for stuttering.

III

It is interesting to observe the influence of modern science on the age-old quest. Previously, students of the disorder directed all their efforts to discovering some mysterious specific which would effect a cure for stuttering. In the last forty years they have been more concerned with its nature and causes, a shift in emphasis which proved of inestimable value in solving similarly baffling problems in medicine.

But, as in medical research, thousands of false trails were discovered. Scientists soon noticed that many breathing abnormalities occurred. Some stutterers often attempted to speak while inhaling; others exhaled most of their air before uttering a word; some of them expanded their chests as they contracted their abdomens; some stutterers breathed very shallowly and others breathed too deeply. Ignoring the fact that stuttering was not always accompanied by breathing abnormalities, enthusiasts announced

their amazing discoveries and proceeded to devise breathing exercises which would correct the fault and cure the stutterer. Stutterers all over the land breathed rhythmically, diaphragmatically, abdominally, and continued to stutter. Some stragglers still follow this trail, but it has not led to a permanent cure of the old disorder.

Another path which looked very attractive to scientific explorers twenty years ago began with the discovery that the blood often seemed to leave the extremities and suffuse the brain during stuttering. A stutterer who had lost a part of his skull served as the experimental animal in this research. A delicate tambour was fastened over the hole in the skull and the changes in brain volume were recorded. It was discovered that the brain expanded during stuttering. Scientists checked the experiments and extended them, and finally learned that, although the results were correct, they were misleading. Normal speakers experiencing any kind of fear showed the same brain expansion. Since everyone knew that adult stutterers often feared to speak, the path ended in the same old forest.

Another course led into a maze of conflicting experiments with blood chemistry. Still another pathway, along which many psychoanalysts meandered, led into very unpleasant Freudian swamps. The stutterer's lip protrusions and other symptoms were merely evidences of the 'fact' that he had been weaned too early or too late. Some analysts claimed that he had a fixation at the oral-erotic level; others claimed that he was anal-erotic. They argued fiercely, and their victims continued to stutter. A long psychoanalytic search into the depths of this writer's very subconscious mind finally revealed that at the age of two and a half years he had brought a bouquet of violets to a kindergarten teacher. The analyst seemed discouraged. Hypnosis was also employed by these psychoanalysts, but even this powerful sugges-

tion failed with me. My blocks were reduced in severity but not in frequency, and upon emerging from the trance I found no relief.

A much more scientific investigation, in which hundreds of experiments were performed, concerned the relationship between handedness and stuttering, a relationship which is significant because the half of the brain which controls the preferred hand also seems to be of greatest importance in initiating speech. Many stutterers gave histories of having been changed from left- to right-handedness and vice versa. Others who preferred the right hand and whose parents swore they had never been shifted seemed to be ambidextrous or left-handed when subjected to laterality tests which did not involve speed, strength, or accuracy, items in which environmental training is paramount. As a consequence of these investigations, hundreds of stutterers were trained in the use of the non-preferred hand, and some of them were cured. The shift-of-handedness method seemed to work especially well with little children who had not developed any fears of words or shameful attitudes. Although many individuals whose handedness has been changed did not stutter and although many stutterers seemed to have no confused sidedness, greater claims were made for the success of this type of treatment than were deserved. At the present time a shift of handedness is prescribed for certain cases whose histories and laterality tests indicate that it seems to be a true causal factor.

The search for the cause of stuttering has been a difficult one. Most of the cases who come to the college and university speech clinics are adults, and since the disorder usually begins gradually and in early childhood, most of the causes mentioned are the result of hearsay evidence. Stuttering has been attributed to everything from intestinal worms to parental divorce. At the University of Iowa, however, a group of re-

search workers have been carrying on an investigation for several years. Advertising over the radio and in the newspapers for stutterers who had just begun to stutter, these researchers were able to study the disorder at its inception. Often they lived in the home and studied the child for a week or more. Every cause mentioned in the literature on stuttering, even those which seemed ludicrous, was considered as a possibility. Every scrap of information which might seem significant in substantiating any of these causes was faithfully recorded. The investigation has not been completed, but enough cases have been studied to show us that there seems to be no one cause of stuttering. Instead there seem to be underlying predisposing causes such as heredity, birth injury, bad fevers during the first two years of life, a shift of handedness, and several others. These underlying or predisposing causes do not seem to be sufficient in themselves to produce stuttering, but when they are set off by a sudden shock, illness, speech conflict, emotional upset, or similar precipitating event, the stuttering symptoms appear. These findings give cold comfort to the millions of stutterers who hoped that after the cause of their disorder was found a cure would follow. They could curse their inheritance, but they could not control it. The search for the cause of stuttering was successful in helping us to prevent the disorder, but that was all.

Research workers are patient people, and when one alley of exploration ends in a cul-de-sac they merely try another approach. The quest for a cure had not solved the stutterer's problem; neither had the search for a cause. There still remained another point of attack, the nature of the stuttering block itself. Investigators began to study the physiology and psychology of the stutterer at the moment of block. In one of the most crucial of the subsequent experiments, needle electrodes were inserted into the paired jaw muscles of a stutterer, one on

each side of his face. While he talked freely or stuttered, the little electrical currents accompanying the nervous impulses to these muscles were amplified and photographed. As one of the guinea pigs in this experiment, I recall not only the needles but also the atmosphere of delighted discovery that filled the laboratory when it was found that during my occasional spells of normal speech the nervous impulses arrived regularly in both the right and left jaw muscles, whereas they came down to only one of those muscles when I stuttered. Other stutterers showed the same results. Normal speakers had perfectly synchronized nervous impulses even when they pretended to stutter very badly.

These findings were very illuminating in view of the fact that all muscles used in speech are paired muscles. Anatomically, we have two tongues and four lips as well as a right and a left vocal cord. In order to move the tongue as a whole, or the jaw as a whole, or both vocal cords with the speed and precision demanded by speech, the nervous impulses must arrive in both halves of each structure at exactly the same time. Evidently this did not occur in stuttering. For an instant, a fraction of a second, one of a pair of speech muscles could not move and so the stutterer was 'stuck.' When nervous impulses did not arrive simultaneously in the two jaw muscles, the stutterer's attempt to lift the jaw was similar to that of an individual lifting a wheelbarrow by one handle. It seemed as though at last the nature of stuttering had been discovered.

Moreover the experiments revealed that, although the nervous impulses did not come down to the paired muscles simultaneously during stuttering, the actual blocking lasted only a small fraction of a second. This was very puzzling to both the experimenter and his stuttering subjects. If the actual neuromuscular block lasted only a fraction of a second, why did the overt stuttering

spasm occasionally continue for as long as three or four minutes? Again, why were some stuttering blocks of short and others of long duration? And again, why did no two adult stutterers stutter in the same fashion? Some grunted; some stuck out their tongues; some screwed their faces into horrible grimaces; others choked and jerked about in almost epileptic contortions. Why this plethora of symptoms if the neuromuscular blocks were all alike?

Questions such as these are the bright spots in the lives of research workers. New hypotheses are evolved; new experiments are formulated. In many of the major universities throughout the country ambitious programs were outlined. Money, as always, was scarce, although graduate students and research fellows live happily on very little. Millions are donated for any other disorder, but a farthing is rare endowment indeed for the speech cripple. At any rate, the research is slowly but steadily progressing, and we have already learned some of the answers to our questions.

IV

We now know a good deal about the way stuttering develops. We know that when it first begins, usually about the third or fourth year, the symptoms are the same for all stutterers, consisting of short effortless repetitions and prolongations of a word or part of a word. In this primary stage, the child does not fear words or speech situations. He may repeat the beginning sound of a word thirty and forty times and seem totally unconscious of anything abnormal about his communication. The stuttering seems to come in waves, separated by periods of free speech which last as long as several weeks. He seems to have more trouble when excited, fatigued, competing for speech, or when subjected to any demand for immediate and effective communication. The automatic repetitions and prolongations seem entirely natural

to him, even though they drive his parents frantic.

Unfortunately the child is seldom permitted to remain in this primary stage long enough to permit nature to solve the problem through maturation. His parents become worried. They scold him; they forbid his stuttering; they assist him with his difficult words; they betray their anxiety and concern in a thousand ways. He becomes aware of his repetitions and prolongations as very unpleasant, shameful, and thwarting obstacles to communication. He begins to force and struggle to get the word out, and the more he struggles the longer his blocks become. Finding no relief through sheer self-combat, he begins to dodge words he remembers as having been unpleasant. He learns to postpone the speech attempt and to substitute non-feared words for those beginning with his 'Jonah' sounds. The more he avoids, the greater grows his fear. Parents and teachers suggest a hundred vicious tricks for releasing his blocks. They tell him to take a deep breath, and a gasp becomes a habitual part of his symptoms. They tell him to stop and start over again, and he finds himself repeating whole phrases six or seven times before attempting the feared word. They suggest that he use a certain easy word or sound to get started, and by the time he learns that these 'starters' do not work they have become part of his stuttering.

The author recalls a man of sixty whose speech was a mysterious jumble of 'and-do-do-do' phrases. He would say, 'I and-do-do-doh think that and-doh-doh-doh I won't ever and-do-doh outgrow my and-doh stuttering.' He declared that he had always stuttered in that fashion, but his wife remembered that when they were first married he had used the phrase 'And don't you know?' as a starter. Another stutterer's bizarre spasm was found to be a habitual swallowing reflex which he had formerly used to clear his throat so that he could say the word. Still another stutterer, who

waltzed across the floor when blocking, traced this grotesque performance to a habit of counting one-two-three before speaking a feared word. Head jerks, mouth openings, and many other such symptoms evolve from similar devices to time the moment of speech attempt or to interrupt the repetitions and prolongations. Yes, we now know the nature of the stuttering block and the way in which stuttering symptoms grow, and this knowledge has given us not only a means for preventing but also a method for eradicating the stutterer's handicap.

If the stutterer is in the primary stage, possessing no fear or shame or awareness of his automatic repetitions and prolongations, a modern speech correctionist will spend several days observing the child in the home, at school, and on the playground. He records all the obvious stuttering symptoms and the conditions which seem to precipitate the blocks in that child's speech. He then calls a conference of the child's parents and associates, and maps a detailed and thorough campaign to change the child's environment so that these precipitating factors do not occur. Every influence tending to make the child aware of his stuttering symptoms is attacked. Every effort is made to improve the physical and mental health. The program often causes somewhat revolutionary modifications of the family's daily routine, but the results are so striking that few parents refuse to cooperate.

In this primary stage of stuttering the removal of even one disturbing influence may entirely clear up the speech defect. One child stopped stuttering when she no longer needed to battle to be heard above the boisterous conversations of her family; another when he received more attention and affection; another when his parents began to speak more slowly and slackened the hectic tempo of the home life; another when her older sister stopped correcting her speech; and still another when she was permitted to

return to her naturally preferred handedness.

Since primary stuttering comes in waves, the child is so handled that he scarcely needs to speak at all during his bad periods. On those days when he is fluent, no opportunity for evoking speech is overlooked. Various devices are used to distract the primary stutterer's attention when blocks do occur. The parents themselves may occasionally be asked to stutter in order to demonstrate to the child that he need not be concerned about those little interruptions in his talking. The parents must learn to hide all their own reactions to the child's symptoms. They must not look away or become tense or irritated or appear obviously ashamed because their offspring does not talk like the average child. They must conduct themselves so that the child feels no pressure for immediate or effective communication when he is with them.

Under such a régime, the repetitions and prolongations in the speech become less frequent and finally disappear altogether. Nature and maturation seem to take care of the problem after the pressure is removed. It is not strange that environmental pressures have such a far-reaching effect upon speech activity, for all coördinations break down under disturbing influences, and the intricate bilateral coördinations used in speech provide no exception. In primary stuttering we treat the parents, not the child. We prevent the development of stuttering, rather than cure the disorder.

V

Common sense has helped primary stutterers to 'outgrow' their stuttering for thousands of years, and, although now systematized and defined, this common-sense approach is nothing new. It is the secondary stutterer who has presented the truly baffling problem and for whom our new knowledge holds the greatest hope. In many ways the treatment of

the secondary or chronic stutterer — the one who has fears of words and habitual reactions of avoidance, postponement, and forcing — is directly the opposite of that used for the primary stutterer. The same distraction that proves so helpful to the stutterer who is unaware of his handicap will not break an established habit such as a tongue protrusion or will not permanently eliminate a fear. Eradicating speech conflicts and disturbing influences may help somewhat, but as long as the stutterer remembers his unfortunate speech experiences his speech attempts will produce conflict and disturbance sufficient to break down his bilateral coördinations and set off the grotesque reactions of habitual avoidance, postponement, and contortion. Giving the secondary stutterer an easy environment at home or in the speech clinic will not solve his problem. His symptoms must be treated directly rather than indirectly. He must learn to control his stuttering himself.

If our new knowledge concerning the disorder of stuttering has given us anything, it has given us the concept that the form of the stuttering block can be controlled. It has taught us that it is possible to stutter with a minimum of interruption and abnormality. I, a stutterer, have learned that I can stutter a thousand times a day without once causing a lifted eyebrow or sign of recognition of abnormality in my auditors. I have not entirely eliminated my fears or my blocks and perhaps I never shall, but I have eliminated my handicap. What many of my fellow stutterers and I have done is to control our stuttering rather than to eradicate it. The result seems to be about the same in the end. We talk and talk until our associates occasionally recall — and somewhat wistfully — the period when we were not so fluent. Every feared word that we handle successfully becomes a tiny 'hooray.' It is a pleasure indeed to be able to stutter and get away with it.

Learning to stutter effortlessly and without unpleasant reactions does not depend upon any new or miraculous techniques. It is only necessary to follow the well-known laws governing the breaking of habits. For example, one stut-terer sets for himself the task of learning to stutter without the habitual wide opening of his mouth to start all feared words. So habitual and unconscious was this reaction that he used it even when attempting words which began with *m* or *b*, sounds which demand a firm closure of the lips. In breaking himself of this habit, he was given assignments which brought the habit up to consciousness, broke up its characteristic pattern, dis-associated the cues which set it off, weakened the motive which caused it, placed strong penalties upon its occurrence, and substituted other reactions in its place. More than a thousand separate assignments of the above types were given before the stut-terer had broken the habit and learned to approach feared words without the involuntary gaping which contributed so much to his handicap. Fortunately, every time he saw a 'Jonah' word coming he had an opportunity to give himself an appropriate assignment.

The stut-terer carries his laboratory right around with him. All he needs is a word upon which fear and block occur and an intelligent plan of reaction. He experiences failures, but gradually the vicious habits of postponement, timing, and forcing begin to disappear. The stut-terer whittles his abnormality down to the neuromuscular block itself, and the latter is of such short duration that it provokes no feelings of unpleasantness. He learns that it is possible to stutter without his old abnormality and inter-

ruption. He finds that his auditors do not penalize the blocks that he handles successfully and easily. His fears gradually decrease in intensity and frequency, and even if they do return he has a method for drawing their sting.

Thus, by recognizing the contours of some of the pieces, we are gradually solving the jigsaw puzzle of stuttering. Even if the neuromuscular blocks are uncontrollable and cannot be eliminated (a thesis which we optimists refuse to accept) they are known to be very short in duration. Those blocks themselves cannot be considered very much of a handicap. On the other hand, the stut-terer's reactions to the fear or experience of these blocks are probably responsible for nine tenths of his impediment. Habitual, relatively unconscious, and associated with devastating attitudes of fear and shame, they seem to the naïve stut-terer to be absolutely uncontrollable. Happily, that stut-terer is wrong. Any habitual reaction can be eliminated. The task is no easy one, and a good deal of courage and persistence is required of the stut-terer who successfully breaks old handicapping habits. He must be willing to accept the tiny interruptions in his speech if he is to refuse to react to them. He must be willing to say with 'Pop-Eye,' the prince of all mental hygienists, 'I am what I am.' He may have to reconcile himself to tiny stuttering blocks, but he need no longer be handicapped in his communication. He need no longer curse himself and wish to die. There is hope for the stut-terer in what we already know about his disorder, and there is even greater promise in the research which quietly but constantly is being performed. The search for a stuttering cure goes on, and the trail is hot.

LORD HALIFAX

BY CARL JOACHIM FRIEDRICH

I

THIS is not the first time Lord Halifax has been in a 'tough spot.' He, more than any other member of the present British Cabinet, has had to struggle with integral nationalism as a challenge to the British Empire. Halifax faced what appeared to many a hopeless task when in 1926 he went to India, then seething with the agitation for *Swaraj*.¹ How could he guide India towards a constitutional government under which the clashing outlook and interests of maharajahs and peasants, Brahmins and untouchables, Hindus and Mohammedans, might live in peace? For only under a free constitution would India be able to achieve the full Dominion status held out to her as the goal of her political evolution during the dark days of the first World War.

So far, Britain had been defeated. Mahatma (the Great Soul) Gandhi had galvanized the Hindu masses with his doctrine of passive resistance and non-coöperation. His teaching was inspired by a deep religious enthusiasm which the British had found it nearly impossible to cope with. Irish violence had been bad enough; but then, one could

¹ Before going to India as Viceroy, Governor-General, and Lord Irwin, Halifax had, as plain Mr. Edward Frederick Lindley Wood, been Parliamentary Undersecretary for the Colonies from 1921 to 1922, President of the Board of Education from 1922 to 1924, and Minister of Agriculture in the Baldwin Conservative Cabinet from October 1924 to November 1925, while serving as Member of Parliament for the Ripon Division of West Riding, Yorkshire, since 1910. He was born in 1881. — AUTHOR

feel superior to it. Gandhi's moral challenge touched the British in their most vulnerable spot, for the British people are rather sensitive to moral appeals. It was clear to many thoughtful Englishmen that the gauntlet thrown down by the Indian mystic could not be allowed to lie on the ground if the ideal of the Christian polity was to remain intact. Here was a task demanding a real statesman.

What did Halifax, then Lord Irwin, do upon his arrival in India? Within a few days he sent for Gandhi. Gandhi was not very enthusiastic: what use could there be in his talking to one of the British ruling class? One long afternoon they spent together. Nobody but Gandhi and Halifax knows what was said. But at the end of that talk Gandhi felt confidence. 'Whatever the differences between Lord Irwin and myself,' he is reported to have said, 'the new Governor-General is a man I can trust to tell me what he thinks.' And although the constitution which was eventually agreed upon was far from meeting the highest expectations, it is generally admitted that the bold humanity of Lord Irwin's approach to the situation had made the settlement possible.

'Halifax was one of the better Conservative M. P.'s,' a political wiseacre told me; 'you know, one of those decent fellows whom everybody trusted, because he was first and foremost a gentleman.' This gentility had not, however, prevented him from signing the famous demand of the 200 Conservative M. P.'s

for a sharper peace in 1919. Perhaps he merely followed the crowd. Whatever the facts, his political judgment does not appear in too favorable a light. I do not believe in digging skeletons out of closets. But the Versailles policy has contributed so much to our present troubles that every public figure must, to some extent, be tested by his attitude toward its wisdom. Halifax, for better or worse, joined in demanding harsher terms. Some critics of his public career suggest lack of firmness. I believe that these critics are mistaken.

Halifax is, of course, to the manner born. He belongs to a distinguished family who have been in the inner circle of Britain's governing class throughout the nineteenth century. Married to the daughter of the fourth Earl of Onslow, he has four children. His home ground is Hickleton Hall, Doncaster, which was acquired by his grandfather in 1829. The viscounts are not descendants of the marquess who played such a notable rôle in the Glorious Revolution. There seems to me a curious resemblance between the present lord and the celebrated seventeenth-century leader who combined strength of conviction with the ability to compromise: he 'managed' the Glorious Revolution. For, though both have firm principles, they both dislike the fanaticism of fundamentalists. The present Lord Halifax is probably as strongly attached to the code of the real gentleman as anybody, but, like all gentlemen, hates to insist upon it. If you have it, you need not be told, and if you don't, talking about it won't do any good.

It goes almost without saying that Halifax went to Eton and Oxford, where in due course he received his degree with highest honors in modern history at Christ Church. As an undergraduate he did highest honor work which earned him a scholarship at All Souls College, where he took his M.A. and where he is now a Fellow. Ever since, Halifax has shown an abiding interest in education. His second ministerial post was the

presidency of the Board of Education; after his return from India he resumed that office and became also Chancellor of Oxford University. Though a great honor, this office does not, like an American university presidency, carry with it the task of running the institution, but merely requires representing the university before the government and presiding at the numerous ceremonial occasions. The Chancellorship of Oxford is, however, indicative of Halifax's eminently acceptable quality.

He is devoted to the public service in keeping with the idea of *noblesse oblige*. Indeed, quite a few friends assert that Halifax has no political ambitions. He certainly is no man burning with the passion to succeed and dominate the world. On the contrary, he loves farm and country. When, in talking with him, I mentioned our life on a farm in Vermont, he said quietly, convincingly: 'You are lucky.' But how can Halifax be entirely indifferent to politics, seeing that he has been active in it ever since his return from the war?

Is there not a cult of indifference to office in all popularly governed countries? Sir Edward Grey, Baldwin, and many others have had this reputation, and we find the same atmosphere in New England and in Switzerland, even in France. After all, a man in the position of Halifax, socially and economically, can do what he wants, and the opportunities for public service outside politics are numerous. Does not this 'indifference' to office mean that a man has the ability to sublimate his immediate drive for power up to the point where it appears in the rational garb of doing what ought to be done? Such people want power without knowing it; they do not see clearly that wanting to do 'right' means wanting to do what you *think* is right, which is a highly effective form of the will to power, for it enables its possessor to achieve a measure of detachment which is impossible for the man who strives merely for the crude insignia

of power: office. Harold Laski wrote, when he discussed Winston Churchill's entry into the Chamberlain Cabinet in August, 'I doubt whether Lord Halifax would make this an issue. For he is the kind of man who would not push forward a policy of which, from the angle of power, he might well himself be the beneficiary; that, for him, is part of the necessary code of a gentleman in politics.' Laski, whatever you think of his political views, is acknowledged to be one of the shrewdest judges of men in British politics.

II

But, as with John Halifax, Gentleman, the roots of Halifax's code of behavior reach farther down than conventionality. He is a sincerely religious man, having grown up in surroundings of great piety. Of his father, outstanding leader of High Church Anglicanism in his day, it was said by his biographer, J. G. Lockhart, 'There was another Lord Halifax of whom it is almost impossible to write. This was neither the ecclesiastical statesman, who had more statecraft than most modern ministers and more theology than most bishops, nor yet the perfect host at Hickleton. It was a man who knelt morning after morning at the altar, on the threshold of another world more real to him than the world seen by the mortal eye.'

The younger Lord Halifax is also an Anglican by profound conviction. Like his father before him, and like Archbishop Lang, he dreams of the unification of Christendom under one single and indivisible church. In his student days he wrote a biography of John Keble. Later, after the war, he contributed to a volume edited by Lord Lloyd, entitled *The Great Opportunity* and devoted to these problems of church unity. But, whereas many Englishmen speak of Archbishop Lang with a bit of a sneer, they stress Halifax's complete integrity. It is, of course, notorious how close are the ties between the Church and the Conserva-

tive Party. There was a story told me at Oxford of Lang protesting to one of the brusque Oxford dons about a painting made of him, exclaiming that it made him look like a proud and scheming prelate. 'Which of the two adjectives,' the don retorted, 'does your Grace object to?' The distrust of Lang has to some extent injured Halifax's standing with independent observers; for the Archbishop was an important figure in the group of dyed-in-the-wool imperialists who have, quite misleadingly, been called the 'Cliveden set.'

Cliveden, the country seat of the Astors, was much less important, architecturally speaking, than All Souls College at Oxford. All Souls, it will be remembered, is the unique 'college' in which there are no students, but just 'fellows': prominent men of affairs with a penchant for sitting around after dinner over a glass of port and hatching 'broader lines of policy.' Halifax was not exactly a member of the Cliveden set, but he is a Fellow of All Souls and has been closely associated with the Archbishop. The Cliveden group — which also included Dawson, the editor of the *London Times*; Lord Lothian, the new ambassador to the United States; the Marquess of Londonderry; and, of course, the Astors — were in 1934-1935, partly as the result of the skillful diplomacy of Herr von Ribbentrop, won over to the idea of supporting the Nazis: Hitler would smash Bolshevism and rescue European civilization. One member of the group played a vital part in 'tipping off' Hitler on the British Government's willingness to acquiesce in the occupation of the Rhineland (the crucial error in the recent diplomacy of France and England), another reassured Mussolini in the matter of oil sanctions, and the *London Times* accompanied the recurrent lungings and plungings of Herr Hitler last year with the reedy tunes of appeasement under the editorial guidance of Dawson.

Well, they all know today that their

approach was completely, utterly wrong; for I suspect that those who still had some doubts, when I was in England this summer, speedily dropped them when they learned of the Communazi Pact. (It should be said in passing, since so many reports talked of the great surprise this pact occasioned, that the substance of the negotiations between Hitler and Stalin was well known in London and Paris, and that the Franco-British efforts in Soviet quarters were by no means unrelated to what was being discussed between Berlin and Moscow.) And since they all know and are now paying the frightful price of mortal combat, it behooves us to set it down as part of the tragedy of human folly which is always with us. Are not our Borahs and Beards trying to do us a similar service? They too will bring us into the war by their smart manoeuvres to 'keep us out.'

What is important today is that at least some of the members of this group were animated by religious as well as political feelings. In our day of psycho-analysis and economic determinism such motives are highly suspect with the sophisticated, and justly so in many instances. But when one comes to assess an individual personality, such 'higher' motives (the *id* of the Freudian lingo) indicate a capacity of genuine devotion and sacrifice. They also can become the foundation for relentless and firm pursuit of a goal which is believed in as sanctified by its divine nature. A stubborn strength is the result, even in otherwise conciliatory personalities, and an uncompromising rejection of the forces which appear to be evil in an absolute sense. Borgese has superbly castigated the colorless 'liberal' who is tolerant of everything; he has, I think, failed to take account of the grim and bulldoggy fierceness of a Gladstone when aroused.

The attachment of Halifax to the Christian way of life cannot, in my opinion, be overemphasized at this time. He knows, as does everyone who has looked Hitlerism in the face, that the

Nazis mean to exterminate Christianity and its ways from the face of the earth. With ruthless determination they have combated it in all its manifestations in German and international life within their reach. Whether it is the Jews, the Czechs, the Poles, or even Hitler's own countrymen, if they happen to block his path, they are persecuted with a ferocity unequalled in the history of Western civilization. It may seem a puzzle that Christian conservatives should have been tempted to use such a movement as a tool; but we must remember that Hitler accompanies every act of violence with hysterical shrieks about the victim's unprovoked attacks upon him, as well as suave assurances to all bystanders that this victim is positively the last prey he means to feast upon. For a time these tactics somehow convinced conservative Christian gentlemen. The main reason, as hinted before, was their abhorrence of Bolshevism, which they credited with conduct similar to that of Hitler. It is impossible to appreciate the British conservative's position without reminding oneself continually of this horror of Bolshevism, the *cauchemar de Moscou*, as Paris calls it. This is no place to enter upon the merits of that issue. As a fear, it worked. Whatever one may think of the industrialization of Russia, the Communists' 'war against God' was unquestionably a spectre to pious Anglicans.

It is, in my opinion, highly significant that Lord Halifax, who as Lord Irwin made such strong efforts to conciliate the Indian nationalists, particularly Gandhi, showed no mercy towards Communists. Where the noble Lord was leaning over backward in the fierce contest with *Swaraj*, he proceeded with high-handed determination against the Soviet-Communist activities in India. His arrival coincided with the Communist International's decision to enter upon agitation in India in earnest. Its plans for work were described in some detail at the third meeting of the International (1924) in Moscow by one Solomon

Lozowski. Just as in China, revolutionary Communism did not get under way until European agitators took it in hand. Almost simultaneously with Halifax there arrived several young British Communist organizers, who, with support from Moscow, commenced to build up an effective organization. The information on their activity is rather scanty. American students of India's political problems are inclined to say that it is difficult to distinguish clearly between Communists and Nationalists. They are both united in their hostility toward British rule. Still, Lord Halifax's policy was evidently directed toward splitting them apart. His repeated assurances to India that full Dominion status was being envisaged as the end of her political evolution were accompanied by uncompromising suppression of Communism. In such efforts the British authorities would, of course, have the hearty support of the well-to-do in India, especially of the rulers of the native states, many of them typical Oriental despots in their respective realms.

Since the arrival of the European leaders had been followed by a wave of strikes and union agitation, Lord Irwin soon proceeded to counteract their efforts by arrests and imprisonment. But unlike China, where the Kuomintang under Chiang Kai-shek's leadership decided to fight Communism, India saw its Nationalist leaders continue collaboration with Russia. Mahatma Gandhi, while not himself a Communist, always retained a measure of sympathy for those of his collaborators who were, because he felt in them the great urge to help the masses of the abject poor. This tendency, undoubtedly rooted in the fact that India remained subject to British Imperial rule, could only be deflected, so the Governor-General thought, if self-government would force the Indian leaders to face their own internal problems squarely. Lord Irwin made it his task to stress, again and again, the British determination to see India one

of the great Dominions. At home, Lord Birkenhead threw out, at the same time, his provocative challenge to the Indian Nationalists to make a constitution which would secure popular approval. Indian efforts to meet this challenge failed, primarily because of the bitter antagonism between Hindus and Moslems.

Lord Irwin knew, it seems, that such a hide-and-seek game was no solution to the Indian problem, that a real effort would have to be made to help the Indians toward a sound constitutionalism. Hence the idea of the Round Table Conference. For after the Indian All-Parties Congress had struggled in vain to draft a constitution for all India in 1928, while the Conservative Party had sent a Parliamentary Commission headed by Sir John Simon to report on self-government in India, — a procedure which strongly antagonized Indian national sentiment because no Indian was put on the Commission, — Lord Irwin proposed a Conference in London where, around a table, an agreement on the vital issues might be reached. But he encountered serious difficulties in the execution of this well-intentioned proposal. For while die-hard Conservatives at home, led by Winston Churchill, continuously assailed the conciliatory policy for which he labored, the more radical Indian Nationalists demanded an explicit commitment on the part of Britain for immediate Dominion status. That was in 1928, and it seems that Gandhi had to conciliate even more extreme elements who ridiculed the British Government's declarations and demanded complete independence. It goes without saying that Lord Irwin, try as he might, could not secure such a concession from Britain, more particularly since the Moslems, as well as the native princes, refused to collaborate in any project that did not adequately protect their rights.

It would be useless pretense to attempt to unravel the infinite complexities of the Indian constitutional issue here; enough has been said to show that Halifax sought

with stubborn persistency to find a compromise solution and give the Indians their rightful place within the Commonwealth of Nations. A British scholar and administrator, a cautious Scotchman who has known Halifax well for many years, told me that the Indian experience nearly broke Halifax's spirit and health. If we now detect at times a touch of weary resignation in his speeches and in his voice, I think we are justified in recalling his desperate efforts to find a 'right' way out of the jungle of Indian national and religious passions. We may not agree with him in all that he said or did, but doubt his sincerity we cannot. This realization probably led Gandhi to make his memorable reply to one who had questioned the sense of trying to coöperate with the British at all: 'I noncoöperate with evil, I do not noncoöperate with good. . . . If the Viceroy ask me today to go to him to discuss things of importance for the country on a footing of equality, I will go barefooted, and still defend my noncoöperation.' A most eloquent testimony to Halifax's statesmanship.

Still, Halifax did not succeed. The Round Table Conference met, and the second meeting was attended by the Nationalist leaders, after Halifax had concluded a statesmanlike truce with Gandhi in the spring of 1931, Nationalist agitation having reached a climax of violence in 1930. Gandhi had addressed an ultimatum to Halifax on March 12 of that year demanding immediate Dominion status, and when the Viceroy remained silent Gandhi proceeded to civil disobedience by marching to the sea to boil salt water and thus defy the government's salt monopoly. British authorities observed the utmost restraint, but when open violence occurred all of Gandhi's associates were arrested on May 5. Still, on May 12, Halifax reiterated the British Government's determination to work toward Dominion status for India. Censuring Gandhi and his friends for the civil disobedience cam-

paign, whereby they 'rejected a unique chance to play a constructive part in the evolution of India's future,' he warned them that disobedience would postpone progress. By November, 47,000 Nationalists were serving prison terms under martial law.

I mention this fact because it shows that Halifax clearly displayed a capacity to meet force with force when the occasion seemed to him to warrant it. It is, of course, true that the British authorities could maintain themselves, because the divergent elements of India's far-flung masses distrusted each other more than they did the British. The experience was grueling. At one point Nationalists almost murdered the Governor-General by dynamiting a train in which he was going to Delhi to meet Gandhi and his associates. But though Halifax was stern in dealing with violence, yet he retained his equanimity and readiness to come to a peaceful settlement. After having got the situation well in hand, he offered a truce to Gandhi in order to enable him to participate in the Round Table Conference and thus to collaborate in the evolution of the future of India. A happy omen, perhaps, for things to come. It is of vital importance for the British Government to retain a measure of detachment so that it will be ready to deal fairly and generously with representatives of the German people, provided they are willing to renounce Hitlerism — that is, the use of threats and force for the settlement of international disputes.

III

Halifax appears to possess the making of a true statesman in this respect. Joseph Kennedy, our ambassador to the Court of St. James's during the crucial period preceding Munich, spoke of Halifax in terms of highest admiration. 'He is the most noble figure in public life I have encountered, almost a saint.' Curiously enough, this was already said of his father; whether or not the son quite

equals his father in this regard, I am unable to say. But it is easy to believe that his collaborators and subordinates revere him as a man inspiring unique loyalty and devotion. One very keen man of affairs with whom I talked at great length about Halifax, trying to discover his weak points, exclaimed: 'You know, one trouble with the fellow is that everyone who comes at all into close contact with Halifax becomes enamored of him.' It is indeed curious how he combines a friendly informality with great dignity of presence, much of which flows, so it seemed to me, from his quiet, well-modulated voice. There is a disarming modesty about him. When I mentioned to him in passing that I was thinking of doing a portrait of him, he smilingly remarked: 'I should think that would be a waste of time.'

Much might be said of his able conduct of the Board of Education. But his real test of stature came with his entry upon foreign affairs. His participation increased quite gradually, during the three years he was Lord Privy Seal and Lord President of the Council, while serving at the same time as Leader of the House of Lords. Every indication points to the conclusion that Halifax hoped at first to be able to establish a foundation of mutual respect and confidence with Hitler as he had done with Gandhi.

The outward occasion of his visit to Germany in January 1938 was an invitation to hunt on one of the huge estates of General Göring. Halifax is a passionate hunter, and, so far as hobbies are indicative of a man's nature, Halifax's predilection for the gun differentiates him clearly from Lord Grey, with whom he is so often compared. For Grey, it will be remembered, was a devotee of the rod. Halifax's delight in hunting suggests an aggressive determination which was lacking in Grey's angling and contemplative mind. We do not know how Halifax found the German hunting, but we do know that he had another mission, in the outcome of which

he and his friends were greatly disappointed. He came to Berlin in the expectation of finding another religious fanatic, radical in his views, but fundamentally good; he returned, so we are assured, convinced that Hitler, if fanatic, was certainly not religious, but a man of boundless egotism and an unscrupulous will to dominate the world.

This visit of Halifax, so pregnant with the disasters to come, had curious antecedents. Around Christmas, 1937, the Nazi régime was extremely weak. Gloom prevailed in the brown-shirted councils. It seemed as if the end had come. After Halifax's visit, all that was changed. Nazi morale had become exuberant overnight, almost, and manifested itself in a frontal attack upon the conservative elements in the high army command. What is the background for this strange episode? Not all the gory details of the Gestapo's devious manoeuvres can be told here; but it is clear that opposition elements of real weight had come to the conclusion that the Hitler régime must be done away with.

One irrefutable bit of evidence was the secret mission of three prominent Germans (whose names, of course, cannot be disclosed) who appeared in London about that time, and a bit later in New York, with the purpose of finding out what the British and Americans were prepared to do for Germany in case Hitler was overthrown. Evidently the groups they represented felt that the German economy was so anæmic that it required an immediate blood transfusion in the shape of foreign loans, and a substantial success in foreign policy such as the union of Austria with Germany to boot, to bolster up morale. This extraordinary mission, the story of which has never been told before, received a very cold reception in London. One man of great importance in the governing set is said to have told the German emissary (also a man of undoubted eminence and worth): 'The British do not deal with traitors.' While there was, perhaps, not quite such

shocking incomprehension of the realities of the situation in other quarters, still no hope was held out for these men. And in America? They had a sympathetic reception, of course, but the chances of providing a loan were considered in terms of pure business possibilities and declared to be nil.

Suppose the British and we had each put up half a billion dollars. Would it have been much compared to what we have to spend now? Look at the armament budget of the United States, not to speak of Britain. Such is the fruit of cowardice. These great governments in all their wisdom, it seems, had not heard of the old adage that a stitch in time saves nine.

Unlike ourselves, however, the British did do something. Instead of dealing with the 'traitors' (some of whom feel that they were in turn betrayed by the British to the Gestapo), they decided that the time had come for general appeasement. If the Nazis were weak to the point where influential quarters in Germany were getting ready to overthrow them, it must be possible to make a general deal with them, so business man Chamberlain argued. It must also be a good time to reach a settlement with Mussolini, and manoeuvre him as well as the Nazis out of Spain. There was violent disagreement in the Cabinet over this policy, to be sure, disagreement which culminated in the resignation of Sir Anthony Eden. Why? Because Eden had made up his mind, on the basis of bitter experience as well as Foreign Office pressure, particularly as represented by the views of Sir Robert Vansittart, that you could not make a deal with Hitler and Mussolini. So Eden went and Halifax came, fresh from his first encounter with the Nazi chief.

We have no authentic information on what Hitler said to Halifax when the latter approached him for a general settlement on the basis of Britain's conceding him the union of Austria with Germany, provided a free plebiscite of

the Austrian people demanded it. But I was told on good authority from several sources that Hitler greeted these proposals with a two-hour torrent of abusive oratory. In the course of his outburst he is supposed to have told Halifax that if the British thought a few reactionaries plotting his overthrow would make him worry they were mistaken; that, as far as conceding a plebiscite in Austria was concerned, he considered such a suggestion an insult and was fully resolved to take Austria as soon as possible; that any attempt to interfere with his resolve by force would be met by force in turn; that he was going forward on the road he had chosen for himself with iron determination, and that the British should welcome his making ready to exterminate Bolshevism rather than interfere with his self-appointed task. Some of this may be apocryphal, but it has an authentic ring. At any rate Halifax, without a word, withdrew. Did he think of the gentle and civilized sage who, as the leader of three times Hitler's following, had discoursed in quiet if determined fashion on peace and the freedom and right of his people to live their lives according to their own light without British policemen?

IV

We must stop here to speak for a moment of Hitler's reference to his rôle as the vanquisher of Bolshevism. In the first place, this was the tune with which von Ribbentrop had sirenized the reactionary Tories in years gone by. But it also holds out a clue to the reason why the British Government clung to Hitler, in January 1938, instead of attempting collaboration with opposition groups in Germany. Well-informed insiders have suggested to me that Russia was a major factor in this decision. The German conservative army leaders were known to favor collaboration with Russia, as against Italy and Japan, and, as recent history has revealed, they gained their

point over Hitler's innate prejudices. This proclivity of the German army to work with the Bolsheviks was the nightmare of British conservatives, particularly those who knew the vulnerability of the Empire in India. It stands to reason that Halifax was not unimpressed by this aspect of the situation.

At any rate, Halifax returned convinced that the attempt to stop Hitler from annexing Austria meant war. Perhaps he even had an inkling of the next step, and realized that the surrender of Austria meant an assault upon the German-speaking parts of Czechoslovakia. That point is rather crucial. Considerable uncertainty surrounds the question whether Halifax was prominently associated with Chamberlain's policy of appeasement after the seizure of Austria. I found even well-informed people in complete disagreement on that subject. Those who would consider Halifax one of the authors of the fateful 'pact' of Munich urge that a man of his integrity would certainly have resigned if he had not been of the same mind as the Prime Minister. After all, Halifax had replaced Eden on the issue of the appeasement policy. Unquestionably Halifax was closely bound up with Chamberlain's policy. At the same time, it is easier to see in retrospect today that Chamberlain's Cabinet were backing away one by one from a policy of collaborating with Hitlerism, and the question of time sequence is one of secondary importance. It seems reasonable to conclude that by September 1938 Halifax had already become skeptical of the possibility of treating with Hitler; else he would probably have accompanied Chamberlain. There is also the question of that curious Foreign Office announcement of September 26, which asserted that England would fight if Germany should march into Czechoslovakia.

But if, in spite of all efforts made by the British Prime Minister, a German attack is made upon Czechoslovakia, the immediate result must be that France will be found to

come to her assistance and Great Britain and Russia will stand by France.

It is still not too late to stop this great tragedy and for the peoples of all nations to insist on settlement by free negotiation.

It is commonly assumed that Lord Halifax was behind the announcement, which Prime Minister Chamberlain had admittedly known nothing about.

It is reliably reported that in March 1939 Halifax threatened to resign when the seizure of Czechoslovakia was imminent, unless the government would act. If only he could have prevailed! For Hitler was then far from prepared, diplomatically; the troublesome Polish issues had not arisen to becloud the relations with the Soviet Union, and Hitler's action was most unpopular among his own people (whereas the present issue unfortunately has great appeal to the German masses). But evidently British military advice prevailed upon Halifax to accept another surrender on the promise that it would be the last, and that a policy of guarantees against aggression would be adopted and firmly adhered to.

By this time Halifax had in a sense become the embodiment of the aroused Christian conscience of the British nation. For the seizure of Czechoslovakia was the decisive blow. Whereas to most of us in America, distrustful as we had become of any Hitler promises, the fatal step was Munich, since we attached little or no importance to the guarantees of Czechoslovak integrity once the country's defenses had been crippled, the mass of Englishmen, following Chamberlain, had been expecting Hitler to live up to his word, given solemnly to real gentlemen, and they were 'shocked' beyond words by his cynical disregard of such commitments. Not only Chamberlain himself, but all the John Bulls throughout the land, who had supported his policy of appeasement (and it amazed me to find supporters for that policy numerous among the adherents of the Labor Party), all these ordinary common

decent conservative British men and women exclaimed with one voice, 'This can't go on.' But somehow Halifax, not Chamberlain, became their real voice. For he possesses that *grandezza del animo* to which men respond when their true self is stirred.

The experience of the two men was in many ways, of course, very similar, and representative of a large body of Englishmen. Slowly, hesitatingly, Halifax had been forced to the conclusion that Hitler meant to exterminate civilization in the deeper, religious sense. What had proved a bridge across the wide gulf separating a British lord from an Indian popular leader — namely, the unshakable faith of both men in a higher law to which all men are obliged to bow — this precious heritage of all the great cultures had meant nothing to the Nazi antagonist. It should have been so much easier with Hitler, leading, as he pretends to, a nation closely akin to the British in traditions and background. In fact, there was no common ground.

Still, Halifax hesitated to close the door. All through this past summer of 1939 he spoke in a calm if resolute manner, addressing himself to 'patriotic' Germans. But he left no doubt regarding the shock which Britain had experienced as a result of the seizure of Czechoslovakia. 'Herr Hitler repeatedly gave to the world the assurance that Germany did not want to incorporate non-Germans within the Reich. That seemed to be a limitation on German aims in foreign policy. But on those events followed first the attack on the Jews, which shocked world opinion, and the destruction of the independence of Czechoslovakia by lightning military action. To many people, certainly to our own, it seemed no unreal fear that made them wonder whether they might not be faced with a first step in an attempt to dominate Europe by force, and which made them feel themselves standing on the threshold of conditions in which no country could feel that its security and

independence might not at any time be threatened. Therefore it was almost overnight that there was an immediate and instinctive drawing together on the part of many countries to meet what appeared to be a great potential danger.'

These carefully, quietly enunciated phrases reflect in a superb manner the feeling of Halifax as of most English people; they also mirror his nature perfectly. For here is the utmost self-restraint coupled with an indomitable resolution not to yield to violence and injustice. 'If these problems (of Danzig and the Corridor) are to be resolved, by negotiations, there must be good will on both sides. There must be readiness on each side to make allowances for the point of view of the other, and there must be give as well as take.' And what shall be the position, in case the conflicting claims are so utterly incompatible as the Polish and German ones at present? 'In such cases it is the duty of statesmanship to work for such a *détente* in feeling as might make a real change in the atmosphere.' It sounds like an echo of Halifax's continuous admonitions to Hindus and Moslems in India to work out harmonious relations.

Halifax has always known that 'no one with knowledge would pretend that the rôle of the peacemaker was an easy one.' He said so in a beautiful address this past winter, and added: 'That rôle is one that demands great patience and fairness — and at the same time firmness and strength.' Though he did not put it into words, one can feel the religious, the Christian impulse behind his efforts along such lines. 'Motives are frequently misunderstood; restraint is mistaken for weakness.' But Halifax also knows that there is a time when such efforts are at an end. Just as he jailed 47,000 Indian Nationalists when they sought to force unreasonable demands not only upon Britain but upon a majority of their countrymen, by engaging in violent attacks, so he felt prepared to go to war against Hitler, and stand the ordeal im-

posed by the aggressive force of one of the parties. 'There must be no misunderstanding. If the issue were ever to be joined I have no doubt at all about the ultimate outcome, whatever might be the varying fortunes of war or the duration of the struggle.' That was said on June 9. We know now that Lord Halifax did not boast.

V

Clearly, Halifax is the most remarkable figure in the present Cabinet, from a human, a moral point of view. We may not agree with his conservative, capitalist, imperialist position, but here is a man who possesses the human qualities of greatness. Hence all with whom I discussed the matter this past summer — Conservatives, Liberals, Laborites — were convinced that Lord Halifax was the logical next Prime Minister, particularly if a National Union Cabinet was to be formed. Sir Arthur Salter among others has put himself on record in his recent study on *Security*. 'That he is in the Lords is no insuperable obstacle. The needs of the country must override every technical consideration, and if necessary, an Act of Parliament could give him a place in the Commons.' This opinion was backed by many others, and it is striking in view of the British attachment to tradition. It is an obstacle like our third term. A lord cannot speak in the House of Commons, and the House has, for some time past, refused to accept a Prime Minister who cannot defend his policy before them. But so strong is the sentiment in favor of Lord Halifax that the consensus favors setting this precedent aside.

Judging from Halifax's record in India, I am inclined to think that he would be the most promising man to conclude a just peace after the defeat of Hitlerism. And I think it is clear that he could do so only if he were the Prime Minister. His whole being predisposes him toward fair play, and, as long as another man is Prime Minister, he will be

ready to subordinate his views to the point where he would have to resign. He would bring to the office of Premier a greater capacity for broad and sympathetic treatment of what will be extremely irksome problems than could any other of England's statesmen. Should the war become a losing one, I can imagine no individual who would be more capable to fortify the British people to face that ordeal. In the course of the struggle, a more dynamic personality, like Winston Churchill, might come to the fore. But I do not see Winston Churchill in the rôle of signing the peace of a defeated Britain. It seems as yet inconceivable that the constitutional governments of Britain and France will go down in defeat, — though I think our isolationists are unduly optimistic on that score, — but in a war such as the one which has just begun it is well to keep defeat as well as victory in view as a possibility, lest one make fatal errors in one's own policy.

Unlike many English friends who compare Halifax to Grey, I cannot say that the two men seem to me very similar. Nor can I agree that Grey appears the stronger or greater man. There are definite points of comparison: their nobility, their love for country life, their moral integrity. They are both imperialists, and yet tolerant of the aspirations of subject peoples. But where Grey was aloof, Halifax is friendly and direct; where Grey was oratorical, Halifax is simple to the point of being a bit professorial in his public utterances; and where Grey was a rationalist, Halifax is a mystic and a traditionalist. To me, Halifax seems more human, more nearly a man. In his short talk with me he concluded by saying, 'Never have the British people been so united since I have known them. We want peace, and we shall do everything in our power to preserve it. But we are resolved that we are not going to be pushed around by Hitler any longer.' When I heard Halifax say that, I knew that war was inevitable.

WOMEN ON WHEELS

BY GEOFFREY HOUSEHOLD

I

WE were discussing the failure of the General Strike of 1926, and had come to the usual and woolly conclusion that it was beaten by the ability of the public to run the essential services for themselves.

'No!' said Bill. 'I was of the public, and I recognize my incompetence. So would you, if you had ever seen a big 4-6-2 Great Western locomotive stopped three yards from the east-bound tunnel in Earl's Court station.'

I did see it. There must have been thousands of Londoners who saw it. In a station meant for District trains skittering like mice from one hole to another was this great green monster which had never moved without space and due ceremony, immobilized, sweating steam, and obviously terrified. The tunnel into which it would have been driven, had the six-foot driving wheels made half a revolution more, was of less height than the boiler.

'Anarchy!' Bill went on. 'The skilled workers couldn't stand it any more than a trained nurse can bear to see an ignorant mother pick the baby up wrong way round. They had to interfere or bust. It wasn't our ability that beat them; it was their horror at our inability.'

Somebody said that paradox had no place in serious argument, and that the waiter was waiting. Bill pointed out that he had already ordered a pink gin, and that since he was a papist — as it pleased him to call it — paradox was permitted to him. Had he been a Metho-

dist, he said, we should have been slightly shocked at any sign of wit. Which proved the respect of the English for established rights. Which led to the necessity for caps with gold braid on them. Which brought us to the Great Western locomotive in Earl's Court station.

'I was the guard of that train,' said Bill. 'I had no feeling one way or the other about the ethics of the confounded strike, but I hate specialists; I fear and resent them, whether they are bankers or biologists or skilled tradesmen. So naturally I was on the side of the non-specialists — the public, that is. I volunteered to be a porter, but when I ran into Jimmy Fell on Paddington station he appointed me his guard.'

'Jimmy was a constructional engineer on leave from the wilds of Africa. He had been working with black labor a year or two longer than was good for him, and felt imperial; in fact, he once left me behind in the Exeter station buffet, and I only caught my own train because they ran him into the engine sheds by mistake.'

'He had driven all kinds of locomotives in his time, so the Great Western gave him a main-line express and the *County of London* to pull it. He treated her as a pet car, and when he wasn't on the footplate he was wandering about inside her guts like Jonah, with an oil can. I call it an express, but all the signals were permanently at danger, and we used to feel our way down to Devon

from block to block, stopping to argue with other amateur railwaymen whenever we found ourselves on a line where we had no right to be.

'After ten days or so of this, the Company chose us to take an excursion to Pangbourne. Yes, they actually wasted time on an excursion. It was a gesture, you see. Old Flugenheim always gave the salesladies of Nelson, Gordon and Company an outing in the same week of June; and Flugenheim, being both Nelson and Gordon and something in the City as well, was determined upon Business as Usual. The nation was paralyzed, but he wouldn't disappoint his "girlies," as he called them.

'Well, the Great Western were moved by this touching faith in their organization, so they agreed to the excursion. Britain, you see, with her Back to the Wall. They cleared the line to Pangbourne, and at 9.30 A.M. we pulled out of Paddington with Jimmy Fell at the levers and five coachloads of chattering females between myself and him. Flugenheim and his managers naturally went by car; their lives were of value.

'We reached Pangbourne about mid-day — our average of twenty-five miles an hour was excellent considering that Jimmy had climbed down twice to see which way the points were set, and had been hit by half a brick that was meant for the fireman. We never had the slightest trouble with the strikers, — we were free entertainment for dull days, — but the fireman thought he was entitled to call them names which would earn him half a brick at any time. He was a sort of Fascist, or whatever they labeled themselves in those days, and all out to smash the reds. In private life he sold silk stockings from door to door, and he was hungry for any job that needed more muscle but just as little brain. He used to splash himself with oil and coal dust to look like a real fireman. He didn't. You'd have taken him for a traveling prize fighter who had been sleeping in a garage pit.

'The girlies trailed off to a tent by the river to hear Flugenheim's annual speech and eat some lunch. We could see the flags on the top of the marquee and hear the band playing a welcome. It was a blazing June day with thunder in the air, and when we had run the train into a siding the station was as peaceful as a country halt on a Sunday.

'We ourselves lunched at the local pub, and the bar had a few jokes at our expense — five coaches of women among three men and so forth. We didn't think them very funny jokes. There was something unnatural about those 250 females, mature but giggling. We had a sense of uneasiness, as if there had been a wagonload of gelignite just behind the engine. Perfectly safe, of course — safe as a cartload of plasticine. A man used to explosives would think nothing of going to sleep with a stick of it in his pocket, though it could blow him into just as many pieces as a wagonload. But there's room for confidence. Whereas quantity — well, one is appalled by sheer quantity.

II

'At three o'clock we went to work again. It was no job for amateurs to get the train from the down to the up line with the engine at the right end; but Jimmy was a positive chap with a commanding manner, ready to take responsibility when lesser men were doubtful. An invaluable quality in Africa, I expect. He ran the Irish boat train into a siding, blocked a down freight and borrowed its locomotive, and, by using most of the main line between Pangbourne and Reading, had hitched the *County of London* to the front of the train soon after four. The girlies were lined up and doing a little community singing on the platform. They were sunburned, tousled, perspiring, and shrill.

'While they climbed into the coaches, Flugenheim paced up the platform and made a little speech to Jimmy on his patriotism and what-not, shaking his

hand with decent condescension. He mistook the fireman for the real thing and congratulated him on not being led away by subversive and anti-Christian agitators. He made his money, I believe, in the Far West where a strike's a strike; he couldn't be expected to know that English labor leaders are generally fervid chapelgoers.

'When this delicate ceremony was over and the doors were shut and Flugenheim and his managers lined up to wave good-bye till next year, the *County of London* whistled and drew out of the platform in smart main-line style. I just had time to wave the green flag and blow my own little whistle, but I doubt if anybody was taken in.

'Before we were fairly out of the station, Jimmy stopped with such a jerk that an empty oil drum charged down the guard's van towards London by itself. I looked out of the window. A down train was creeping at us on the up line. We had forgotten one set of points after all our shunting, and the new arrival was proceeding with caution in search of authority.

'While Jimmy and his vis-à-vis straightened matters out, the girlies skipped back on to Pangbourne platform and began to dance. There was a lot of horseplay and shrieking, for they had the place to themselves. Flugenheim and his henchmen had left, and I was the only male in the station. I kept discreetly to my van. I don't know if you've noticed that young women by the mere fact of being in a group can reach a state of excitement that would take six whiskeys on an empty stomach for the ordinary man.

'The intrusive train passed on its correct line, and Jimmy and the fireman returned to the locomotive. I shepherded the girlies back into their compartments and walked down the train shutting doors and turning handles. We were forbidden to start till all door handles were in the horizontal position. A strict rule. Even Jimmy observed it.

'When I was halfway down the last coach I heard giggles. I turned round. The passengers had opened the doors again.

"Now then, young ladies!" I said.

'I thought my voice had just the right hearty note of tolerant authority — an amused policeman. They thought so, too. They thought I was perfect. One of the girls hollered: "Ooh! Ain't 'e a duck!"

'I trotted back up the train with the proper brisk officiousness, and shut the doors. They fell in with my absurd wishes. There was no question of a struggle with door handles or direct disobedience; but just as soon as I was a dozen compartments up, the doors began to open behind me — one at a time, as neatly as a line of poppers bursting open from the bottom when you've nearly done them up to the top.

'I stood by the locomotive wondering what A did next. Hitherto my job had been easy. I had to manhandle the contents of the van, keep the waybills, brake whenever I got an SOS from the locomotive, and sometimes inspect tickets. With the ordinary mixed bag of passengers, points of discipline didn't arise. I had been accustomed to think myself as good a guard as the next; but now I was conscious of being a plain chap in flannel trousers and a sports coat.

'Jimmy said I had no character. He put his cap on the side of his head and walked down the platform. He was lean, brown, and clean-shaven, a maiden's dream, born and fashioned for a uniform. But the overalls of an engine driver were not, I think, the right uniform; he looked too much like a matinee idol in a stirring drama of life on the rolling rail.

"Ladies," he appealed, mounting a luggage barrow, "you've been given a nice day, and we have to go back to London. Now be sensible, and don't behave like babies!"

"A-oh, bybies!" protested a voice, half yearning, half insulted.

'Somebody else started a first-class imitation of a baby crying, and they all joined in. You never heard such a row. Then they chose to regard Jimmy as the baby (for he was eminently motherable) and the more excitable spirits leaned out of the windows and made gestures of maternity at him. Jimmy turned white and strolled — yes, strolled — back to the locomotive. I think they must teach 'em a special walk for the casual entering of cannibal villages. He started the train. They were all safely inside, and shut the doors themselves as soon as we gathered speed.

'At Reading the staff of the junction had forgotten our existence, and we were held up. But Jimmy didn't stop. He thundered slowly ahead at walking pace, and when there was doubt he reversed; he kept the *County of London* plunging back and forth as if he had been a dutiful gigolo guiding his grandmother through a crowded ballroom. The girlies stuck their heads out and yelled encouragement to us, but they didn't dare to step out on the platform.

'Once clear of Reading, we ran along with professional smoothness; there was no indiscipline except on the part of one young woman who tried to work her way along the footboard to the guard's van. I spotted her in time, and I didn't try any "dear young lady" appeals on her. I opened fire with a lump of coal and told her that if she didn't get back into the train I should aim to hit next time. That worked. But my civil authority had gone. We obey a bus conductor or a guard or any honest fellow with some braid on his cap just as unthinkingly as sheep a dog. The moment his authority is tested it ceases to exist; it passes to the armed forces of the Crown — or to a lump of coal. The real trouble was that I hadn't even got a braided cap.

III

'At Maidenhead we stopped. There was nothing else for it; some damned

fool was marshaling a milk train and had tied up the line. The girlies started cheering everything and everybody. They got down on the platform. There were no passengers about, only the usual skeleton staff of amateurs.

'By this time they had a ringleader. The excitement was still spontaneous, much too spontaneous, but its direction had been taken over by one Rhoda — a magnificent creature, loudly dressed, with the luxurious figure of a roly-poly angel sitting on a cloud, but the face, I tell you, of an ageless mule. Lord, how she must have despised men! Unaccountably cold and conceited she must have thought us.

'Led by Rhoda, the girlies cleaned up the station. They formed into bands, and played ring-ring-a-roses around every man on the platform until the whole lot had sheepishly taken refuge in the ticket office. They didn't run, you understand. They just drifted away on business, and found their business, as it might be accidentally, behind a door that could be locked. You know the feeling of being slowly followed through a field by a large herd of lowing cows. There's nothing to be afraid of. You don't run away. But you do climb the nearest fence rather than the farthest.

'Jimmy and the fireman took refuge in noise and fog, making the *County of London* spout steam from its nether parts. I can't tell you the mechanics of the process, but he caused it to throb and rejoice in its strength, pawing the lines and crying "Ha, ha" like the war horse in Job. The girlies kept at a respectful distance.

'As for me, I climbed down to the track and watched through the intervals between the coaches. Whenever I caught a female eye, I started tapping at the wheels with a hammer. They left me alone. I suppose they felt that I knew what I was doing, and that it was necessary to their journey.

'Now up to this point it had all been clean fun. Men do, after all, arouse a

certain pity in the female breast; they knew they had the upper hand and would have been quite content to treat us with good-humored scorn if an official of their own sex hadn't interfered. She was the ticket-office clerk.

'I imagine she had been calling her male colleagues, who kept drifting into the office on improbable excuses, a bunch of incompetent cowards. At any rate she was a woman of character, and she was having no nonsense on her station. She marched out to deal with the mob, and began to round them up with all the efficiency of a Y. W. C. A. secretary. At that I began to tap my wheels more industriously than ever. When I thought it safe to look up again, Rhoda had crowned her with a fire bucket, and she was quietly crying in a puddle of water. The girlies paid no further attention to her. They were busy smashing the slot machines and eating chocolate.

'This was going too far. I shouted "All aboard," waved my flag, and blew a blast on the whistle. The line wasn't clear, but Jimmy caught on. He took the brakes off, and the *County of London* shattered the artificial fog with one colossal whoosh of steam. In fact, we put up a most convincing show of a train just about to leave.

'They were just piling into the compartments when Rhoda spoiled the picture. "You stay there, mister!" she caroled. "We'll get in when we're bloody well ready!"

'That called our bluff, of course. We couldn't start without them — or rather it hadn't yet occurred to us that we could.

'It was then that the fireman lost his temper. His contempt for Jimmy and myself had been slowly rising. After all he had sold silk stockings through the suburbs, whereas Jimmy had only had to overawe a lot of savages. He got down from the footplate and walked along the platform, wiping his hands on a black yard of oily cotton waste. A horrid weapon against best frocks in a rough-

and-tumble. It gave him authority. "Get on in, you silly fools!" he roared.

'It wasn't courage; it was sheer lack of imagination. But his cave-man stuff damn near worked. His silk stockings had taught him a few of the more elementary facts about women. They were so startled that they began to get into the train. "Come on, ma!" he ordered Rhoda, who was rather hesitantly standing her ground.

'She was only about nineteen, and that "ma" infuriated her. It struck her right on the sorest spot in her soul. She snatched his oily rag and wiped his face with it.

'That was the detonator in the gelignite. They exploded. All the worry about fathers and brothers on strike, all the year spent behind counters controlling their natural instincts to be rude to people who were rude to them, all was released in one blast of females over that fireman. Before we could get up to the rescue they had dragged him into a compartment. They were yelling with rage. I suppose the only people who hear that sound are the officials of a woman's prison. There was no doubt that the fireman was for it, if we couldn't pull him out.

'It was no good calling for police; there weren't any. We dived under the train and opened the door of the compartment that gave on to the tracks. The fireman's legs were sticking out from a tangled mass of femininity, and still waving feebly. We took a leg each and heaved, and he came out, leaving his coat and shirt behind. On our rush to the engine his trousers dropped off him — not round his ankles, I mean, but vanished, disintegrated.

'Jimmy opened up his steam screen to throw off the pursuit, and we started. This time there was no bluff to call. They knew we were running for our lives and didn't care how many of them we left behind. They all got in, so far as I could see.

'I wiped the worst of the blood and

muck off the fireman and dressed him in Jimmy's overalls. He had lost a good deal of skin and part of his scalp, but all the rest of him was present and correct. He gibbered a bit, as was not unnatural, and kept grabbing at my knees.

'Jimmy had the *County of London* pounding along at a steady forty. It was risky, but we were on the main line and we could see a mile ahead. We had it to ourselves. Those damned fellows at Maidenhead had held us up a good ten minutes longer than was necessary. All went well till we were just outside Ealing. There the *County of London* took a horrible lurch to starboard and nearly flung us off the footplate. By the time Jimmy had jammed on the brakes we were careering through a goods yard surrounded by acres and acres of trucks.

"I'm not stopping till we get to police," said Jimmy, setting his lips.

'I agreed with him. Anything was better than loosing our five coaches of lunatics into a London unprotected.

IV

'We cut down to ten miles an hour, and at that speed we could hear the turmoil in the coach next to the engine. Somewhere they were singing songs, but most of them were sobbing and yelling. Whenever a door opened, I flung a lump of coal at it.

'The line was clear. Lord knows for what mysterious traffic the points had been set! Once we were in a cutting between houses where the rails were rusty with disuse, and once running alongside a maze of District lines, all of them electrified. The *County of London* was bouncing like a dinghy in a tide rip. She squealed, rocking, round those switch-back curves. I could see that Jimmy was in agony, for he loved that

locomotive and the driving of it; but we looked at each other and at the fireman, and we kept going.

'We must have been dodging through the London suburbs for nearly a quarter of an hour when we staggered round the worst of all the curves and down an improbable gradient and saw a deserted station ahead of us.

"*"Royal Oak?"*" asked Jimmy, as if he had just sighted the coast of America in the wrong place.

"*"Must be!"*" I said.

'Of course it was absurd. When you're running into Paddington on a fast express, Ealing and Royal Oak go by in two flashes. But we hadn't the faintest notion where we were, and it never occurred to us that we had left the Great Western system altogether for outer space. We thought we had merely taken a very roundabout route to Royal Oak, and we blessed it; for Paddington and whole posses of police could only be two minutes away.

'Jimmy opened her out a little, and it was then that we saw a huge notice of EARL'S COURT, and the mouth of the east-bound tunnel. As I say, we stopped a matter of three yards from it. We made one collective jump for the stairs, dragging the fireman between us, and got away before the terrors behind us realized what had happened.

'I heard that when the strike was over they took the *County of London* apart, and lifted her out with a crane and a breakdown gang. The professional railwaymen said it was impossible to drive a 4-6-2 locomotive round those curves. I dare say it is; I swear the leading bogie jumped the track once, and then bounced back again. But what really horrified them was anarchy. I don't think it was coincidence that the strike ended two days later.'

I LIKE BAD BOYS

BY JUDGE J. M. BRAUDE

I

I HAVE in mind a wayward lad, Frankie Mack (that's not his real name), whose case is typical of those that come before the Boys' Court of Chicago. Frankie's father killed Frankie's mother and a strange man in her arms. The police killed the father when he tried to escape. The son, then ten years old, was put in the care of an aunt, who really took no care.

That was a pathetic setup for any American boy. Frankie went wrong. He chummed around with a lad whose mother one day asked Frankie to give her a hand with the laundry. Frankie saw her deposit a quarter in the coin box which operated the washing machine. After he had examined the coin box the boy had a clever idea. He was brought to the Court some time later because he had opened the coin boxes in numerous basements on the South Side and had pocketed the money. He had been making over one hundred dollars a month.

Burglary is a serious offense in Illinois — the sentence is one year to life. And Frankie was a burglar. It was at this point that the philosophy of the Boys' Court achieved what we hope will be a victory. Many a judge would have given Frankie some years of incarceration. I gave him thirty days in the county jail, and that only because I needed some time to work out a solution of his problem. Several months or years would have embittered the lad toward society and made him, with his clever brain, a valuable asset to crime.

Frankie was too smart for his own good. That was one of the reasons why I closed four walls around that smartness before turning him out. Picturing himself as some kind of resurrected Robin Hood, this lad had helped the poor at the expense of the rich — 'poor' meaning average boys with average appetites, 'help' meaning hot dogs, hamburgers, and such, and 'rich' meaning taxpayers. But while the coin-box Robin Hood bit his fingernails in jail I had our Social Service Department check up on his past life and his future possibilities.

'Frankie,' I asked, before committing him to the county jail, 'isn't there some way you could help make good to these people for the loss you've caused them?'

'How about me showing them how to make their coin boxes burglarproof?' he answered.

When Frankie's thirty days were up he had finished two sketches for me, covering two types of washing machine. In jail, at the age of seventeen, he had drafted designs covering the construction of burglarproof coin boxes which the manufacturers had not previously conceived.

We procured a job for Frankie and advanced two weeks' room and board for him at the Y.M.C.A. hotel. The dean of boys at one of our technical high schools had offered to assist in the training of a lad with mechanical ability, so for some time Frankie saw the dean twice a week and improved steadily. Of course, I still keep my fingers crossed for

the boy; one can never tell what the ultimate end will be. The Boys' Court helped Frankie, but as long as Frankie tinkers in the good new world he is also helping the Boys' Court.

Until 1937, when the Adolescents' Court of Brooklyn was organized, the Chicago Boys' Court was the only one of its kind in the world. It is not a juvenile court. The Juvenile Court of Cook County, the first juvenile court in America, was created in 1899, and deals primarily with boys under seventeen and girls under eighteen. So until 1914, when the Boys' Court came into being, the offender between seventeen and twenty-one had to stand trial like an adult.

The civil side of our common law distinguishes between individuals over and under twenty-one: over that age an individual can be bound by any contract he enters, while under that age he is responsible only for contracts involving the necessities of life; again, under that age he cannot vote. There are other respects where this difference obtains. It hardly seems fair, therefore, to try a person under twenty-one on a criminal charge in the same court as a person over that age. The Boys' Court throws sunlight on the shadow ages.

The Chicago Municipal Court, of which the Boys' Court is a branch, has limited jurisdiction in criminal matters. In felony cases its judges sit as examining magistrates and listen to evidence produced by the state. If the court finds what is known as 'probable cause,' the judges bind the defendant to the Grand Jury. If the defendant is indicted by the Grand Jury, he then stands trial in the Criminal Court.

In cases of misdemeanors, however, the Municipal Court judges have complete jurisdiction, and it is their duty to enter final disposition. This absolute power has brought the new philosophy into the Boys' Court—the philosophy which Frankie tasted. It is my philosophy.

I feel that judges are too often only judges. They are just, as the mythical Nemesis was just, but such justice is often a bit too harsh and unwise. Some judges who have preceded me have maintained that every convicted offender should feel the unpleasant tang of prisons. They have argued that even a youngster who has committed his first offense will come out a wiser individual if he has been confined. But in my opinion the good new world cannot be arrived at in that way. With all respect to those whose ideas differ from mine, I feel that the company of hardened criminals in prison will hurt, rather than benefit, the first offender.

A boy steals. His motive may be good or bad, but he is a thief. The charge against him reads 'petit larceny' and the evidence justifies a finding of guilty. It is the boy's first offense and he stands before me. Somebody has to play Solomon, so I give the lad another chance. If he steals again, however, I am subject to public criticism; I am called too lenient. But it is worth taking the chance. Any judge can send a boy to the House of Correction and save society from a thief. In that way I may save society, but not the thief. My philosophy says that I should save the thief if I am ultimately to save society.

II

The door to the boy's new world is probation. Probation allows a convicted defendant to serve his term outside the bars and thereby prove he has learned his lesson. Frankie, although behind bars, was handled with probation technique: he was stimulated to do good. Stimulated to do good—that excuse alone should save probation from the slaughter which so many newspapers and social agencies advocate.

I believe strongly in probation, even in parole. Current criticism heaped on these two methods of handling criminals has befogged the real issue. This criti-

cism attacks the institutions, whereas the attacks should be directed against their faulty and imperfect administration.

Suppose I put on probation the boy who is found guilty of stealing. Can I then sigh and settle back with satisfaction because the philosophy of the Boys' Court has achieved another triumph and shown a good new world to the person on probation? Certainly not.

I assume that a boy on probation wants to earn a living honestly. He looks for a job. The fact that he is on probation means that he has a criminal record. The application blank asks: 'Have you ever been convicted of a crime?' The applicant can lie, but he will always be haunted by the fact that the employment office can easily learn the truth. Anyway, lying is hardly a good beginning on a clean page. So the Boys' Court has provided a safety belt for the offender on probation. We have devised a system of extralegal supervision which enables the Court to grant a special form of probation without giving the convicted individual a criminal record.

But the boy who has been convicted pays for that safety belt by writing a severe sentence upon himself to be used in case he commits another crime. He stands before me. Before I submit to probation I sentence him to the House of Correction and impose a fine for damages. I watch the reaction. It comes, either from the defendant or from his parents. Pleadings for another chance are dinned into my ears.

'How do I know you won't do it again?' I ask the defendant.

'If I do, Judge, you can send me up for life.'

Invariably the defendant says 'for life.' I let him know he has sentenced himself for any future crime he may commit. I have witnesses — a courtroom full; and I shall keep his self-prescribed sentence on file.

Then I open the door for him: he is

on probation — this modified probation, which we call 'supervision.' The Court imposes certain restrictions, prohibiting the defendant from being out after dark, from chumming with those who steered him into crime, from driving a car, and from entering taverns and poolrooms. In each case I turn the defendant over to a representative of the particular group to which he belongs. There are four such groups in Chicago, each with a representative attending Court daily, and each working zealously with the philosophy of the Boys' Court. These groups are the Holy Name Society, the Chicago Church Federation, the Jewish Social Service Bureau, and the Colored Big Brothers Association. In each case the defendant has a safety belt.

Of all the boys to whom I give a second chance, 72 per cent do not repeat their crimes; and of the 28 per cent who do, many come back on insignificant charges such as might have been pinned on you or me — shooting dice on the street, sneaking into side entrances of theatres, creating disturbances in school, or any of a number of things which do not prevent a person from becoming a good citizen.

Four years ago, when I was assigned to preside over the Boys' Court, my conscience protested. Even in my dreams I saw processions of boys whose faces stared at me in misery. I was their master — I could break them or give them a new lease on society. I could break them — yet I could not. I had a conscience — a moral law.

I believe in knowing the defendant's home problems. 'Why,' not 'how,' he goes wrong interests me. He is human, of flesh and blood, like the judge. He has my instincts, reflexes, emotions. He came into the world, as I did, without having anything to say about it. Something made him go wrong. I want to steer him away from that something, by finding out and then removing those factors which were responsible for his difficulty. I cannot just show him where

his past was wrong and then substitute no better world. That would be incarceration.

III

I believe I have found the motivating forces behind most juvenile and adolescent crimes. Toy pistols, improper literature, shady movies, basement or cellar clubs, drugs, alcohol, 'he-man' radio thrillers and comics, automobiles, and nagging or uninterested parents — these are the roots of the trouble. All flourish in one soil — inadequate homes.

A parent does not use good judgment if he allows his child to play with toy guns. The parent may argue that he himself played with a gun when he was a youngster and did not become a criminal. But now, more than ever before, we live in an age when guns suggest bandits, G-men, or policemen, and when a youngster's playmate, especially in a large city, may be from an environment a decent child's parents know nothing about. There are more playmates today than there once were, and less knowledge of the habits of the playmates.

A father coming home from work may think he has a bright child if the youngster says, 'Stick 'em up or I'll shoot!' instead of 'Hello, Daddy.' The child may be bright, but, once he has learned to point a toy gun and pull the trigger, the next step is to look for the real thing. Buy him a camera instead, and let him do his aiming and shooting with that. There are so many better toys than guns or G-man automobiles. Deadly weapons are called 'G-man' equipment to give them a legitimate character, but to the child they mean violence. He is not interested in commercial distinctions between gangsters and police.

I have been somewhat successful in getting parent-teacher groups and even the press actively interested in a campaign to eliminate the manufacture and sale of destructive toys and games. One publisher, however, wrote me a long letter branding my efforts as 'echoing

Prohibition-day psychology.' He added that when he was a child his parents objected to toy guns, so he bought a real rifle, practised with it, and became an expert marksman, and that this ability stood him in good stead in the World War when he was training American doughboys to fight in defense of this country's ideals.

I did not answer that letter, but I could have replied that I knew one man who as a child never played with guns. Yet, when this country called him to service, he earned a badge as an expert marksman after only two weeks of training on the rifle range. It is not necessary to begin in childhood to teach youngsters how to defend a country. The Battle of Waterloo may have been won on the fields of Eton, but the Etonians developed their bodies through sports and their minds through studies — not through popping guns at each other.

Improper literature has a powerful lure. I remember two boys who were arrested in a railway station, one for carrying a loaded revolver. When brought before me the lads told me how they had been inspired by a cheap adventure magazine to try to see the world as the heroes in a story had seen it. The fictional characters had gone from place to place without money, working their way as they went along, and had come back to their homes rich in thrills and experiences. The defendants thought they had discovered a short cut; why work? They told me that they had taken the gun in order to rob one person in each town and then move on. I kept these boys under court supervision for a time and then discharged them. During the period of supervision they were visited periodically by one of our staff and were required to report regularly to their supervisors. Although I have not heard from them since, I like to think we helped them. At least until we do hear from them we'll give them the benefit of the doubt.

Another boy, who suffered from a speech handicap, had run away from home after stealing one hundred and sixty dollars from his father. He wanted to show the world that he could take care of himself. But his funds dwindled, and he adopted a brilliant scheme from a detective magazine. He had not seen his mother for several weeks, so he telephoned her to meet him on the steps of a certain school. Anxious to see her runaway son, the mother complied. But the message was a ruse: while the mother was waiting for him in front of the school, the son went home, sneaked into the basement, and stole his father's service revolver. (The father was a policeman.)

When this unfortunate lad stood before me I asked him what he intended to do with the gun.

'Hold up people to get more money,' was the reply.

He denied that he intended to shoot if he found himself in a cornered position.

'But why did you have bullets in the gun?' I pursued.

'So that people would take me seriously.'

Such ideas can come to the youngster from a detective magazine. One of the officers told me that the police had found no less than thirty detective and mystery magazines strewn around the room in which the boy had exiled himself.

IV

Marijuana ('muggles' or 'reefers' to the street boys) is a popular demoralizing agent to young people today. Originally this drug was smoked by Mexicans, Spaniards, and more recently by Negroes; but today even children of high-school age have access to it. Because there is doubt as to whether or not it is habit-forming, the Federal Government has done little about it. Marijuana is a weed which can be grown in flowerpots and back yards. When smoked in the cigarette form in which it is most com-

mon, it has a bacchanalian effect: the user succumbs to wild desires, and so aroused becomes his imagination that he commits crimes with the ecstasy of a sadist.

Alcoholic liquor, since it is more easily obtainable than marijuana, is responsible for 20 to 30 per cent of all the cases which come into the Boys' Court. Under its influence boys will commit almost any crime, and then they will steal in order to buy more liquor. There are, of course, laws against selling liquor to minors, but they are difficult to enforce. Many can and do lie about their age. Tavern keepers never have time to ask for birth certificates.

As for the radio, movie, and comic strip, these three appeal to youth mainly through their sensational angles. A boy arrested for playing a 'peeping Tom' confessed to me that he had been inspired to unhealthy snooping by such movies as *Love and Kisses* and *Beware of Ladies*. Such radio programs as *The Lone Ranger*, *Gang Busters*, *Warden Lawes*, and *Lights Out* might have been harmless in the old days of earphones, when only adults had enough patience to sit glued to a spot and follow a dramatization through; but today similar programs are blared out so that even a fidgety ten-year-old can follow the story sequences. And the evil feature is that the phases which portray the temporary glories of crime stand out in the minds of juveniles. The lesson that 'crime doesn't pay' is wasted on those for whom it is intended. All the youngsters get out of these programs is the *Bang! Bang! Bang!* and the glory and thrill and excitement. Unless these juveniles have homes which emphasize the rich meat in the nonsensational offerings of radio, we shall continue to have problems of delinquency. The same can be said of the comic strip: as long as parents continue to let their youngsters read about Dick Tracy and Secret Agent Number Nine, Smiling Jack, and the like, just so long will parents and newspapers continue to in-

still into children a distorted and depraved conception of the meaning of real life and living.

A junked automobile is a wheeled Mephistopheles. There are no adequate legal restrictions on the sale of cars, so a group of boys can pool their meagre savings and purchase a vehicle. This is often done during summer to fill in months of idleness. The boy who puts up the most money keeps the car at night. He parks the automobile a block or two from home so that his parents will not find out about the deal. During the first few days the joint owners of the car drive around on gas they can purchase with their own money. But the car is merciless in its absorption of gas, yet that car spells speed and excitement. Climax: the boys pick up a few feet of rubber hose and drain the tanks of other automobiles. Result: the dejected owners of the ambulating junk stand before me charged with crime. Or the climax may be a smashup through reckless driving. Or it may be a sex offense. The end is always the same.

The carelessness of the home brings about 'basement clubs,' found in many sections of Chicago and, I am sure, other American cities. Unsupervised, lads gather here to advance the gang spirit. And gangs thrive on vice and crime. These clubs cannot be broken up by the use of force. They can be melted only by such warm and radiant organizations as the Boy Scouts, the Y.M.C.A., and church groups for young people. Communities should show all their youngsters that clean fun can be obtained through these spiritual groups. And our public schools should be thrown open for use twenty-four hours each day. Make the boy regard the schoolhouse as his clubhouse and he is less apt to be truant. There is no surer symptom of delinquency in a boy than truancy itself.

It is true today, as always, that the root of most crime is at home. Too often do parents fail to interest themselves in the affairs of their children.

Youth is left to take care of itself by parents who feel that a person in his teens is mature enough to take his burdens in his own hands. In such a premature state a youngster will pick up the gayest crowd. And 'gay' is too often 'wrong.'

Nagging parents are just as bad as phlegmatic parents. They make verbal torments for youngsters so that the home lacks the element it should have — inspiration. Naggers refuse to make children think. Subtle moralism, often difficult for a parent to devise, is much better for a home.

But even a good home cannot always curb that archenemy, unemployment. When I first came into the Boys' Court I discovered that 90 per cent of the boys brought before me who were not attending school were without jobs. Some of these lads had left school of their own accord, permitted to do so at a certain age by the Compulsory Education Law, and some had been forced out of school by their thoughtless or selfish parents.

Most boys try to find honest work honestly. But jobs are scarce and discouragement is easy. The unemployed gang together in poolrooms or on street corners. The lads talk over their desires in life and decide that they will satisfy them even if they have to steal.

In an effort to help unemployed youth I tried an experiment. Several years ago I sent a letter to some of the larger business executives in Chicago. In it I said: —

Each day in the Boys' Court I see a parade of boys in conflict with the law. Some are definitely antisocial, and these we treat as such, but many are in trouble because they haven't been able to find work and earn the few dollars every boy feels he needs. Your company spends annually, by way of taxes, thousands of dollars to help maintain penal and corrective institutions which are intended to take care of boys after they get into trouble. Why not make up your mind to invest a few dollars each year in an effort to keep some boy out of trouble? The way to do it is to give him a job — create one, if

necessary — and appropriate five hundred or a thousand dollars to pay him a salary during that period.

Through this appeal one hundred and six boys were given work the first year. Only two did not make good. Newspapers, eager for copy, spread the story of a judge who was trying to find jobs instead of cells for boys in trouble. This brought me a deluge of over two thousand letters asking for jobs. There were amusing requests, like this: —

Could you please recommend some minor offense for me to commit so that I too may be eligible for your employment plan for unfortunate youths?

Or desperate letters, like this: —

Having read about your intentions of finding work for about five hundred boys, I am writing in hopes that you may do something for me. I am twenty-one years old and have lost both parents. There isn't anyone I can depend on to give me a place to sleep and at least one meal a day.

Have tramped the streets for months looking for work of any nature but without success. I tried to get in the army, the navy, and the flying corps, but could not pass because of being three quarters of an inch below specified height. I went for relief and was told that nothing could be done for me because I had no permanent place of residence for the last year. I tried to get into the C. C. camps and was told that to enlist I would have to be on the relief rolls. I passed one entire winter sleeping in hallways, garages, basements, and what not. I swore by the Almighty that I wouldn't again, even if I had to start working overtime with a lead pipe.

And there were unusual letters, like this: —

'Knowledge is power,' said Bacon. That's a hideous lie. Witness the many students who have completed their courses in the various professions and who are helpless and jobless.

I left school two years ago when I was only eighteen and have not as yet been able to secure employment. I was advised to write you a letter, so I borrowed a dime for this special delivery stamp in order that you might receive my letter quickly and grant me an interview, assistance — anything! God knows I need steadying.

I once won a medal for speaking about education, not an ordinary medal, but a state medal: I was a state winner. I prized it and considered it an honor then, but now it is a hunk of iron that sneers and mocks me at every occasion.

I live in Chicago's slummiest district. I have tried to rise above it. But what's the good, Judge? Do you wonder that so many boys go wrong? The very things that make for a criminal career are being forced into my hands, and when things look blurred and you're losing your grip, it's terribly difficult to tell the difference between right and wrong.

The writers of these particular letters need not be worried about — they have been given jobs. But they are only grains of sand picked out of a desert. There are countless lads who have not even postage for a letter.

It is this desert that worries the Boys' Court and me. The Chicago Boys' Court can do a great deal, but no Court can ever do enough.

To me a boy in trouble presents a problem. It is the attempt at the solution of this problem that has proved so fascinating. A so-called bad boy is only a boy with positive or potential qualities — a boy who wants to be doing things. Unfortunately he is not always doing the right things. But it's not the boy who is wrong; it's just the things he's doing that are wrong. There is good in most bad boys, and it is our place to find that good and then direct and guide it before we forsake and abandon it.

That's why I like bad boys.

EVENING MEAL IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY

BY JOHN HOLMES

How is it I can eat bread here and cut meat,
And in quiet shake salt, speak of the meal,
Pour water, serve my son's small plate?
Here now I love too well my wife's gold hair combed,
Her voice, her violin, our books on shelves in another room,
The tall chest shining darkly in supper-light.
I have read tonight
The sudden meaningless foreign violent death
Of a great man we both loved, hope
For a country not ours killed. But blacker than print:
For his million people no house now. For me
A new hurt to the old health of the heart once more:
That sore, that heavy, that dull and I think now incurable
Pain:
Seeing love hated, seeing real death,
Knowing evil alive I was taught was conquered.
How shall I cut this bread gladly, unless more share
The day's meals I earn?
Or offer my wife this meat from our fire, our fortune?
It should not have taken me so long to learn.
But how can I speak aloud at my own table tonight
And not curse my own food, not cry out death,
And not frighten my young son?

NEW COÖPERATION IN INDUSTRY

BY LEWIS H. BROWN

I

THE Seventh International Management Congress, held at Washington in September 1938, was, for the American business men who participated, a novel and interesting experience. This conference, unlike the usual gatherings of bankers, manufacturers, or other trade groups, was only indirectly concerned with the immediate business outlook or the economic problems which make up the ordinary agenda of such meetings. Instead, major emphasis was placed upon an entirely new and perhaps epoch-making development — the emergence of a new profession, that of industrial *management*, and the definition of this new profession's aims and responsibilities as they relate to owner, worker, customer, and the public.

It is indeed significant that leaders of industry are turning to serious discussion of the new social responsibilities which rest upon them, and are devoting themselves to the definition of ethical standards of conduct for all business, whether large or small. It signifies industry's increasing consciousness of the importance of extending and improving its own social relationships.

To the revolutionary changes which have characterized the post-war era, particularly in its latter depression stages, industry has not been immune. Technological changes have come with an unparalleled swiftness; while within business leadership itself a no less fundamental change has been under way, of which the public is largely ignorant.

Too often the present-day industrialist is portrayed as a sort of antediluvian survival — a stubborn, self-centred, tight-fisted, supreme individualist, with a mind hermetically sealed against everything unrelated to his own immediate interests. Acclaim for contributions to the nation's material advancement is no longer accorded him. Rather he finds himself viewed with such suspicion and distrust that, increasingly, every phase of his business activities has come to be threatened with regulation and policing by government.

Yet that old-fashioned picture of the so-called 'captain of industry' is as archaic as a daguerreotype. The old-time arrogant, rough-riding owner-manager began to pass from the scene years ago. His place has been filled by a whole new generation of executives who occupy a strictly professional status and who in no way conform to this pre-war concept of capitalist-entrepreneur.

The members of this new profession are still called business men. In reality they are scientific specialists, and in ideas, ethics, social concepts, and principles of business administration they differ radically from their predecessors.

The very complexities of the nation's industrial life have forced the evolution of this new type of business executive. He must plan ahead with the vision of the engineer. In estimating prospective income and expenditure, he must be as accurate as the mathematician. He must have a knowledge of finance and law ap-

proaching that of the banker and the attorney. Like the research student in the laboratory, he must be keenly receptive to advances in technical knowledge. In directing his staff, he must have the qualifications of the teacher, plus the psychologist's insight into human nature. If the business executive is to anticipate the ups and downs of the business cycle and make his decisions accordingly, he must be much more than a rudimentary economist. He also must find time to keep abreast of the literature of this new profession, which is already as voluminous as that of law or medicine, architecture or engineering.

In addition, he must be acutely sensitive and adaptable to changing social and economic thought. The tempo of the times is such that any static attitude carried over from the past becomes a positive handicap not merely in evaluating present-day conditions but in anticipating tomorrow's developments.

II

The social objective for the new science of management was well stated more than two decades ago by Harrington Emerson. In *The Twelve Principles of Efficiency* (1911) he wrote: —

The Principles of Efficiency set forth a new view of the whole industrial problem. They define something infinitely greater than a system of management. They set forth a morality and provide practical measures for its attainment. . . . It is the declaration of a New Philosophy. . . .

To forward the new morality, to extend the dominion of man over uncarinate energy and its use, to substitute highly paid thinkers and supervisors for devalitized toilers, to help each individual, each corporation, each government to meet its part of the obligation, above all to inspire those executives on whose skill all progress and all wise performance depend, is the justification of these Principles of Efficiency and of Scientific Management.

What Harrington Emerson envisioned was an emancipation from drudgery and

man's elevation in status, with the machine as the servant of the worker. In other words, the test of scientific management was its ability to provide an increased well-being for the ordinary wage earner and his family.

How far has industry progressed toward this goal? How far does it observe the principles, approach the ethical standards and the ideals, to which this philosophy gave expression?

Perhaps America has been overproud of the material progress recorded since Harrington Emerson's time. Nowhere can history duplicate, in this short span of years, such a record of achievement. Merely to record the facts, keep the files and books of modern industry, takes as many clerks as it took wage earners to produce the manufactured goods of a generation ago. The total of wages paid in wholesale and retail distribution in 1935 alone, for example, was three times the earnings for all wage earners in all manufacturing industries in 1900. Within thirty years, there were created for the nation nearly twenty million new jobs in industry, business, trade, and other nonagricultural activities. The national wealth rose from 88 billion dollars to 362 billion, while wages paid in manufacturing increased by more than 500 per cent.

These accomplishments did not just 'happen.' They were the product, not of government, but of a free people, applying to the tasks at hand limitless energy and resourcefulness. They were no less the product of a great faith — a belief in freedom and democracy which for generations had made this nation a shining beacon to the oppressed of every land. But, behind all these advantages, the real driving power lay in the impelling force of invention, research, and creative management, which have been America's distinctive contributions to industrial progress.

What is not so clearly recognized is that labor has won its own emancipation through the development of industry,

and through that alone. Earning power no longer depends upon sheer muscular brawn, but increasingly reflects skill and intelligence. Wages are not set by hours of hard labor but by the productiveness of the machine. We have established a new cycle of production-consumption, unknown in any former age. The wage paid the worker is a primary source of national purchasing power; in what he spends as well as what he receives he contributes to that reciprocal action without which modern industry cannot function.

As the interdependence of different social groups comes to be better understood, so their mutual obligations to each other are more clearly perceived. The holder of an industrial job cannot produce without tools, materials, and money to finance production and sales. The shareholder cannot profit without the time, the ideas, and the dynamic energy of men supervising the uncarnate power that now drives the machines. None can have except as all, working together, produce.

All this activity made for constantly widening spheres of opportunity in which those who were enterprising could constantly better their economic position. The mainspring of our national progress has been the extraordinary fluidity of American economic and social life. The frontiers of the West disappeared almost unnoticed, or, more accurately, became merged in a completely new horizon.

In this evolution of a complex industrial society the social responsibility of management has broadened correspondingly. Management no longer represents, as it once did, merely the *single interest* of ownership; increasingly it functions on the basis of a *trusteeship* which endeavors to maintain, between these four basic interlocking groups, a proper balance of equity.

Today the executive head of every business is accountable not only to his stockholders but to the members of his working organization, to his customers,

and to the public. And that accountability is now being voluntarily observed by industry in addition to being policed by public opinion and by such federal agencies as the Securities and Exchange Commission, the National Labor Relations Board, the Federal Trade Commission, with each body serving as a special guardian for a particular relationship.

III

The full implications which flow from this new concept of trusteeship have not yet been completely grasped by industry, and certainly not by worker and public. The traditional private status of industry has been supplanted, under changing social concepts and regulation, by a quasi-public status. The secrecy, for instance, which was the inevitable accompaniment of an intense competitive struggle for markets, has given place to Klieg lights beating mercilessly upon all business activities. The result is that decisions on industrial and economic policies, which once were made solely from the standpoint of private interest and profit considerations, must now be evaluated in terms of *consequence* — not merely to one individual company, but to an entire industry of which the particular company may be a comparatively minor unit. And these decisions must take into account a new factor of increasing significance — that of *public relationships*.

That industry should have difficulties in readjusting itself to this changed environment thus becomes understandable. For example, a moot question among business executives today relates to the kind and amount of information on operations and profits which should be made available to stockholders, jobholders, and the public. In revealing what is felt to be highly confidential data many corporations still feel a natural hesitation and reluctance. They do not appreciate that this very secrecy has been the root of most of the suspicion and

distrust which have left business so vulnerable to political attack.

To meet this situation, some hundred or more corporations of varying size have now adopted the innovation of issuing comprehensive periodic reports not only to stockholders but to their employees as well. In simple and nontechnical language, balance sheets and profit-and-loss statements are made intelligible to the layman, with the sales dollar broken down into its component elements of cost for materials, labor, depreciation, and so forth. Only thus can be dissipated the myth which agitators and demagogues have used so assiduously: that industry's earnings are 'excessive' and that in their distribution the worker does not receive his proper share.

In view of the distortion to which industrial statistics are subjected these days, it is most important that the true facts of the case be presented in frank and simple fashion by business itself to those who have a direct interest in the results. In this day practically all figures on industrial operations, supplied as they are in detailed reports to government agencies, are now matters of public record. It is highly desirable, therefore, that employees learn exact facts at first hand, intelligently interpreted by the company itself, rather than that they should receive a series of cold accounting statements or garbled, inaccurate, and exaggerated misinformation.

Confidence between management and men and women in the shop and office, essential if the new obligation of trusteeship is to be properly discharged, cannot be created in an atmosphere other than that of candid and complete frankness. But this wider dissemination of information among employees, important as it is, can never bridge, by itself, the gulf of misunderstanding. Hostility and recrimination are not conducive to a spirit of coöperation.

While the principle of collective bargaining is now a permanent part of our industrial procedure, the method of its

application would appear to be in need of improvement. We must go back to the lessons learned in forty years of British experience. Disputes must be kept *localized*, and not referred to distant tribunals; equitable adjustments can be reached only on the basis of intimate contact with the actual facts, not a legalistic record of mere charges, refutations, and counter-charges. They must be confined directly to the parties at interest, and safeguarded against the interference of politicians who seek to gain some partisan advantage. And, above all, they must be kept out of the hands of lawyers who profit from turmoil. Had these factors been present in our mediation machinery, there would have been no loss of more than 93 million man-days of work in the past five years, nor would industry and business have been disrupted to the extent of some 7 billion dollars — a heavy burden to a national economy that had not yet emerged from its convalescence stage.

Industrial peace can be achieved only as there is created a genuine *mutuality of interest* based upon *fair dealing* strictly adhered to, without the use of force or coercion.

This is the goal sought under the National Labor Relations Act. While many provisions of this piece of legislation are widely criticized as being discriminatory and obstructing rather than furthering industrial peace, yet it does mark a long forward step. As experience is gained and as mutual confidence between labor and management replaces present suspicion and distrust, its weaknesses will be corrected not merely by amendment, but through the process of continuous consultation.

The present surface indications of controversy and strife are merely birth pains, completely deceptive as symptoms of what is really taking place. A new order of labor relations is emerging; but as yet this new order has been obscured by dust clouds of words from demagogues and radical agitators who have

sought to extract personal advantage from the existing confusion. There is little doubt that, once the commotion subsides, those who have the interests of labor sincerely at heart and those who, no less sincerely, guide the destinies of industry will be found nearer to fundamental agreement and accord than they have ever been before.

On the one hand, *responsible* labor leadership — as contrasted with those leaders who advocate a philosophy of class hatred — upholds the principles on which rests our free economic system. On the other hand, the new generation of business leaders, trained in the profession of scientific management, recognizes the essential dignity of man as a human being and strives to increase both his standard of living and his productiveness by making him a supervisor rather than a slave of the machine.

This new concept of the mutuality of interest, this goal of constructive collaboration, is foremost among the aims of enlightened industrial management. No one minimizes the difficulties that still lie ahead. Many clearly antisocial practices, such as sitdown strikes, lockouts, production sabotage, gangster methods, and labor racketeering must be eliminated. But honest and sincere efforts toward constructive industrial coöperation cannot help being productive of the harmony so earnestly desired.

I have cited the labor situation, not in any spirit of criticism, but merely to illustrate the difficulties that confront progressive management today as it attempts to meet and discharge its own enlarged social concepts. Industry is sincerely desirous of steadily improving conditions of employment, of lessening the factors that make for job insecurity, of providing continuity of employment to safeguard the economic future for its employees.

But, unfortunately, a competitive industrial system, with wide swings in its production cycle, provides no quick ready-made short cuts to such desirable

goals, nor are there any homeopathic prescriptions which can be applied uniformly to all different types of business. For only as industry operates at a profit can this level of well-being be raised. Higher wages, shorter hours, and better working conditions can be provided, not through 'deficit financing,' but only as industry's income increases each year.

IV

So much for some of the internal problems which today confront the management of American business and industry. Each individual business, of course, operates under conditions peculiar to itself; the kind of labor it deals with, its customer groupings, its markets, its products — all may be vastly different from conditions in other companies. Consequently the specific approach toward the solution of these problems necessarily differs in individual cases.

But, above and beyond methods adopted by the new science of management to resolve these peculiar problems, business men must realize that there is a broader consideration which today is a common denominator for all industry — namely, the still larger question of public friendliness or hostility toward business as a whole.

Naturally, before any firm or group of firms can expect success in public relations, their own houses must be in order; in other words, they must have made progress toward mutual understanding and coöperation with stockholder and jobholder. Granting that, their own special problem of good public relations then merges with that affecting the rest of business and industry.

Few corporation heads feel themselves competent or qualified, either by training or by experience, to serve as experts in a field so elusive and intangible as that of public relations. Compared with politicians, for example, business men are at a sharp disadvantage in attempting to diagnose public opinion; they are

neophytes when it comes to anticipating popular reaction to policies or decisions which must be based upon hard, inexorable economic realities.

I spoke, a moment ago, of that precision which today is the primary characteristic of managerial success. But that quality of exactness of mind, of an almost ruthless and realistic appraisal of concrete facts, becomes a decided handicap to the business executive when he attempts to step into the abstract sphere which has to do with politics or public opinion.

The business man soon finds that industry and politics appear to operate on exactly opposite formulæ. The industrial leader who constantly checks results against costs, performance against time schedules, is a veritable amateur when he is confronted with problems where no such sharp clear outlines exist.

Political questions are determined, not always by reason or logic, but too often by emotion and inconsequential facts. They are motivated by fear, prejudice, deeply rooted traditions, rather than by principles.

The very sharpness of this cleavage in viewpoint between business men and the so-called public places upon industrial leadership today a particular responsibility. Business leaders must cease to 'view with alarm' or issue pontifical statements outside their sphere of immediate knowledge; they must learn to be more imaginative and persuasive. If they are to understand what the man in the street thinks, they must be less cloistered and mingle more with people. To appreciate crowd psychology, they must do as the politician does — actually face and talk to the crowd.

These assignments may appear difficult for men already overburdened with heavy responsibilities. But only through such direct and personal contacts are the fundamentals of public relationships to be first understood and then solved.

Above all, industry must not lend itself to the re-creation of that myth of

the late New Era — the myth of the so-called 'Big Business man.' He has been toppled from his pedestal, let's hope for good. Instead let's keep business as simple and unpretentious as an old shoe.

As there develops within business a new sensitivity to public opinion and popular reactions, the next important step can then be taken: the formulation of a definite creed setting forth the basic aims and principles on which modern industry operates. Such a creed must embody not merely pious words but genuine convictions as to future relationships with employees and the public. It might begin something like this: —

We who are responsible for the management of business in supplying the needs of the public for goods and services, and who recognize our obligations to stockholders and employees, believe

That we should constantly seek to provide better values at lower costs so that more of our people can enjoy more of the world's goods;

That we should strive to develop the efficiency of industry so as to earn a fair return for the investing public and provide the highest possible reward for the productivity of labor;

That we should stimulate the genius of science and utilize the methods of research to improve old products and create new ones so as to provide continuously new fields of employment for the present and the coming generations;

That management should encourage fair trade practices in business which, whether effected by competition or coöperation, will be so shaped as to be for the best interest of our customers and of society as a whole;

That it is management's duty to be alert to its own shortcomings, to the need for improvement, and to new requirements of society, while always recognizing the responsibility of its trusteeship;

That business in this country has never been what it could be and never what it yet will be;

That Business, Labor, Government, and Agriculture, working hand in hand, can provide jobs and the opportunity for all to work for security without loss of our liberty and rights as free men.

NOBILITY WANTED

BY HOWARD MUMFORD JONES

I

IN a revealing article in the *Saturday Evening Post* Mr. Arthur Train, whose *Mr. Tutt* is the delight of many readers, had this to say of the literary world: 'I have read my own stuff in print for nearly half a century — forty-eight years, to be exact. During that time I have seen authors "made" like movie stars, rise to glory, and, like the latter, fall; magazines in myriads appear, only to vanish into space; revolutionary changes in public taste; the honored names of one decade become the hissing of the next, again to achieve the later approval of critics; the art of writing often sink to a trade and authorship to big business.'

To many persons Mr. Train's paragraph will seem a sufficient diagnosis of the ills which afflict American publishing. Some of these ills are universally recognized and deplored, but nobody seems to want to do anything about it. For the first time in its history, publishing faces redoubtable competition from other inventions — the motion picture and the radio; and it is natural, perhaps it is inevitable, that publishing should, in its effort to survive, adopt the weapons of the enemy. The movies advertise in superlatives, the radio plays up 'personality appeal.' Hence the adoption of phraseology from the circus in advertising books; hence the 'making' of books and authors by commercial ballyhoo, the whirligig rise and fall of magazines, the elaborate contracts covering serial rights, motion-picture rights, radio rights,

reprint rights, and recitation rights; hence, in fact, everything that Mr. Train complains of.

But, though I admire Mr. Train's modesty (for he does not describe himself as a misunderstood genius), I doubt whether he has got at the root of our difficulties, which seems to me to be this: why, about twenty-five or thirty years ago, did American literature break with a hundred-year-old tradition, and what can be done to get it back into the tradition to which it belongs? For literature is still a powerful imaginative medium which can support, or fail to support, the democratic tradition in the United States, and for something over a quarter of a century it has in the main unconsciously failed to support that tradition.

Over and against the paragraph from Mr. Train let me place a quotation from De Quincey. The passage is found in De Quincey's discussion of the literature of knowledge and the literature of power. Here it is: 'It is in relation to these great *moral* capacities that the literature of *power* . . . lives and has its field of action. . . . Tragedy, romance, fairy tale, or epopee, all alike restore to man's mind the ideals of justice, of hope, of truth, of mercy, of retribution, which else (left to the support of daily life in its realities) would languish for want of sufficient illustration.' And, a little later: 'It is certain that, were it not for the literature of power, these ideals would often remain amongst us as mere notional forms;

whereas, by the creative forces of man put forth in literature they gain a vernal life of restoration and germinate into vital activities. The commonest novel, by moving in alliance with human fears and hopes, with human instincts of wrong and right, sustains and quickens those affections.'

The essay of De Quincey was published in 1848; Mr. Train's article appears ninety years later. Like Mr. Train, De Quincey was a professional writer — one who earns his living by his pen. The essays which a solitary student now and then opens, to marvel, one hopes, at the richness of their music, were contributed on the ordinary bargain-and-sale basis to the commercial periodicals of the nineteenth-century world. They were written from the same profit motive which leads the contemporary novelist to sell his manuscript to the highest bidder and to bargain shrewdly with Hollywood over the movie rights.

Mr. Train refers to his own writing as stuff in print. He tells us that the art of writing sinks into a trade, and authorship into big business. He says that the reputation of authors, like that of movie stars, is commercially made, and vanishes when commerce is satiated. De Quincey, on the other hand, does not refer to literature as stuff. So far as he is concerned, publishers and literary agents, authors' contracts and serial rights, do not exist. They are the means to literature, not the end of writing. Literature is eternal. Its purpose is to restore to man's mind the ideals of justice, of hope, of truth, of mercy, of retribution. Lest we hastily judge he is talking about the difficult air of the iced mountain's top where Milton is supposed to dwell, he brings the argument down to the commonest novel, which, moving in alliance with human fears and hopes, sustains and quickens the affections.

Now it is easy to dispose of De Quincey by saying he is a Victorian. The open-

ing sentence of my quotation gives him away at once. He speaks of the literature of power as having 'its relation to the great *moral* capacities of man.' It is of course axiomatic that everything moral is Victorian. We have given up the word as obsolescent. We no longer speak of the moral nature of man; we talk about his reactions. We do not think of human nature as something equipped with ideals of justice, of hope, of truth, of mercy, of retribution; we equip it with social attitudes, a psychological slant, endocrine glands, and a set of conditioned reflexes. Juxtapose Wordsworth and any book by Mr. Faulkner or Mr. Hemingway or Mr. Farrell, and we see how wrong De Quincey was in talking about the vernal life of restoration in literature.

The commercialization of letters is no new phenomenon. There are passages in Horace which hint that Roman poets occasionally sold out to the highest bidder; and anyone who reads a biography of John Murray, the great bookseller of De Quincey's day, will learn that the Napoleon of publishers had a canny eye for a profitable cookbook.

And yet the tinge of sorrow in Mr. Train's observations is not mere sentimentalism. A deep, ineradicable instinct tells us that there is more to literature than bargain and sale, adjectives and excitement. We think better of the muse than to bind her to Mercury, god of business. We assume that publishers exist for authors, and are a little ashamed to be told by Mr. Train that authors frequently exist for publishers. We were brought up to think of literature as something fine and a little mysterious, like classical music and the old masters.

To be sure (and in his essay De Quincey points this out) the word 'literature' is, as the Congressman so unfortunately said, like Caesar's wife — all things to all men. If by 'literature' we mean only the literary classics we read in school in order that we may safely forget them,

these do not arouse the ballyhoo in publishers. And at the other end of the scale, if the writers of sensational serials want to be ballyhooed, it is of no consequence whether they are ballyhooed or not. But between these extremes there are scores of authors possessing talent and sincerity, just as there are scores of publishers loyal to the fine traditions of an honorable trade, who are swept regretfully before the flood. If they are to survive, they must give the public what it wants; and what the public wants is apparently determined by those who take the most advertising space to tell the public in startling adjectives that it wants what they want the public to want.

There is no harm in repeating a story of the days when Harold Bell Wright was sweeping the bookstores with his tales of ineffable cowboy virtue. Ellen Glasgow had just completed another of her admirable novels of Virginia life when a representative of her publishers came to see her. 'Ellen,' he asked, 'why don't you write an optimistic novel about the West?' Miss Glasgow's reply was prompt and efficacious. 'If there is anything I know less about than the West,' she replied, 'it is optimism.'

II

That the direction of American letters, especially the direction of American fiction, has been away from De Quincey's assumption is a fact so patent as to require no demonstration. Our literature has at the moment many virtues, — wonderful dexterity, high technical accomplishments, humor of a satiric or ironical order, truth to life (or at least the appearance of truth to certain aspects of life), a laudable interest in social amelioration, intellectual daring, — but it lacks, as Newman would say, the note of nobility. It lacks, in other words, precisely the quality which is central to De Quincey's observation that literature should restore to our minds the ideals

he enumerates, and I now wish to inquire into the causes of this situation.

At first sight the inquiry seems both vast and superficial. A thousand extraneous forces press upon the writer, to which he sensitively responds. We are living in an ignoble and savage time: why should we expect of literature more than the age itself can give? We live in a century which has seen the importance of man to the universe dwindle into nothingness; why should anyone attempt to reinstate him upon his old, imperial throne? We live in an age of big business and ballyhoo, the loud-speaker, the extravagant movie, flaring billboards, startling crimes, enormous crowds, hysterical propaganda, and mass emotionalism; the frail voice of the muse is naturally inaudible among these gigantic alarms. Why should the poet think well of the human race? Ours is an age of gigantic collapse, of enormous armies, of catastrophic wars, of world-wide depressions, of international bitternesses — to call upon nobility, to retreat into fatuous art, is simple cowardice.

These are powerful considerations, but I shall not discuss them. I shall turn instead to consider certain aspects of our own cultural development.

When this republic was founded, there was no doubt in the minds of many intelligent men that a new and better era had dawned. A new nation, founded in liberty and justice, its government the result of rational discussion, its fundamental tenet the principle that every active citizen should count as one and only as one — this meant that, set free from the old errors, modern civilization would flourish as never before. The hopefulness with which the Russian Revolution was first received among liberal minds is a modern parallel to this expectancy.

Civilization was felt to include the arts as well as commerce, and the art of literature was richly to develop when the new republic unchained men's minds from the fatal delusions of Europe.

Having this purpose in mind, the first formal literary group in the country, the Connecticut Wits, sought diligently to create a literature worthy of the new nation. They sang the virtues of the American farmer. They celebrated the American landscape. In *The Conspiracy of Kings, A Poem Addressed to the Inhabitants of Europe from another Quarter of the Globe*, Joel Barlow castigated monarchical vice and eulogized republican virtue. Because the epic was the noblest form of literature, they sought to create the great American epic, and poems like *The Conquest of Canaan* and *The Columbiad* obediently appeared. The work of the Connecticut Wits is unread, their literary canons are obsolete, their style is often in the worst fashion of Regency periphrasis. But all literary fashions fade; what is now important is that they were sustained by the sincere belief that a noble original literature should be created in the United States.

About thirty years after the publication of the final version of *The Columbiad*, Emerson delivered his famous Phi Beta Kappa address, *The American Scholar*. There he summed up a discussion which had been going on for a quarter of a century. His address is based on a noble trust in American life. 'I read with some joy,' he said, 'of the auspicious signs of the coming days, as they glimmer already through poetry and art, through philosophy and science, through church and state.' He did not repeat the mistake of the Connecticut Wits; he did not think that epic poetry was the only proof of literary nobility. 'One of these signs,' he said, 'is the fact, that the same movement which effected the elevation of what was called the lowest class in the state, assumed in literature a very marked and as benign an aspect. Instead of the sublime and beautiful; the near, the low, the common, was explored and poetized. That, which had been negligently trodden under foot by those who were harnessing and provi-

sioning themselves for long journeys into far countries, is suddenly found to be richer than all foreign parts. . . . I ask not for the great, the remote, the romantic; what is doing in Italy or Arabia; what is Greek art, or Provençal minstrelsy; I embrace the common, I explore and sit at the feet of the familiar, the low. Give me insight into today, and you may have the antique and future worlds.'

We have been embracing the common and sitting at the feet of the low almost continuously since the American acceptance of European naturalism, but does our literature give us that insight into today for which Emerson was ready to sacrifice the antique and future worlds? It gives us partial insight, to be sure, but most people do not find glimmering through it the poetry and art, the philosophy and science, which Emerson had in mind. Perhaps Emerson was mistaken; or perhaps, when one considers his serene belief that American literature would have the note of nobility, we have not understood what Emerson had in mind.

A little more than a quarter of a century after *The American Scholar* Whitman published *Democratic Vistas*. In this redundant but striking performance Whitman reaffirmed his belief in the nobility of our literary ideals. Here are some of his sprawling sentences: 'In the prophetic literature of these States (the reader of my speculations will miss their principal stress unless he allows well for the point that a new Literature, perhaps a new Metaphysics, certainly a new Poetry, are to be, in my opinion, the only sure and worthy supports and expressions of the American Democracy,) Nature, true Nature, and the true idea of Nature, long absent, must, above all, become fully restored, enlarged, and must furnish the pervading atmosphere to poems, and the test of all high literary and esthetic compositions. . . . What is I believe called Idealism seems to me to suggest, (guarding against extrava-

gance, and ever modified even by its opposite) the course of inquiry and desert of favor for our New World metaphysics, their foundation of and in literature, giving hue to all.'

Whitman uses words like 'nature,' 'idealism,' and 'metaphysics' in senses peculiar to himself; and, even after one understands his full meaning, it is possible to bring against him, as against Emerson, the objection that his intellectual assumptions are outmoded. But one nevertheless observes that he too thought that the nobility of the democratic ideal implies the nobility of a literary ideal; he agrees with his predecessors that there is a working relation between the republican experiment and the reinvigoration through a noble literature of the moral nature of man.

I turn next to a representative of the most despised and rejected of our literary groups, the writers of the genteel tradition. Critic after critic has made merry at their expense. The year after the essay was published which I am about to cite, the late John Macy wrote sardonically: 'The American spirit may be figured as petitioning the Muses for twelve novelists, ten poets, and eight dramatists, to be delivered at the earliest possible moment.' And of the genteel group the emptiest, in the opinion of some critics, was Professor Brander Matthews. Yet in an essay printed in 1907, entitled 'Literature in the New Century,' Matthews described with startling accuracy the principal elements which have shaped American letters since that time. These were, he said, the scientific spirit, the spread of democracy, the assertion of nationality, and the cosmopolitan spirit. By the assertion of nationality he meant an interest in the melting-pot theory of the national life. By the spread of democracy he referred to the inclusion in literature of the lowest of mankind. By cosmopolitanism he had in mind the acceptance of European experimentation in order to avoid parochialism.

But what interests me even more is the conclusion of his essay, which runs: 'It is the spirit of nationality which will help to supply the needful idealism. It will allow a man of letters to frequent the past without becoming archaic and to travel abroad without becoming exotic, because it will supply him always with a good reason for remaining a citizen of his own country.' Expatriate writers in the last twenty-five or thirty years have not convinced themselves of the soundness of Matthews's statement. Matthews was a university professor, and it is notorious that university professors are amiable gentlemen who cultivate a well-bred distress because there are not more nice books. Having read widely in the literature of the world, however, Matthews nevertheless joins the procession of witnesses in defining a tradition — the tradition that American literature should think well of the democratic experiment and, thinking well of it, become something admirable and fine.

III

The line of my argument hitherto has seemed to carry me into a stubborn hostility towards the world of contemporary books. This hostility is only apparent. It would be as foolish to condemn all recent writing as it would be to assume that all dead authors are good authors. American literature is today the most interesting literature in the English-speaking world — the British Empire has nothing to compare with it.

And there is no one having even a fragmentary knowledge of recent American literature but knows that it does not wholly lack the note of idealism. A poet like Sandburg is in the tradition of Lincoln and Whitman. A poem like *John Brown's Body* would have pleased the Connecticut Wits, it is so magnificently what they wanted to create. A novel like Mr. Foster's *American Dream* holds steadily before the reader the implication of its title. The fiction of

Ellen Glasgow or Willa Cather is in the tradition. The excellence of our historical tales is that they show how the common man during crucial epochs of the past fought for and maintained liberty, as the books of Mr. James Boyd beautifully witness. From the left wing come Mr. Granville Hicks's volumes, *The Great Tradition* and *I Like America*; and it is not necessary to subscribe to Mr. Hicks's political philosophy to see that he is trying to define American idealism and make it a force for social justice and great art. Even the hardboiled school may plausibly claim that it is picturing violence and frustration and cruelty in order that the American conscience may be shaken by a sense of wrong. There is not a reader of this essay who could not add examples to those I have cited.

But, though the note of nobility is now and then overheard, the total effect of American literature upon disinterested criticism during the last twenty or thirty years can scarcely be defined as an effect of idealism. I do not mean merely that the commercial spirit (which Mr. Train deplors) is rampant; I think the malady lies deeper. And I offer the suggestion that a principal cause of our lost innocence has been the careless acceptance of powerful European influences without at the same time making the necessary adjustment of these forces to what seems to be the American tradition about the function of literature in the republic.

What have these influences been? They have principally been the influence of European realism and naturalism; the influence of European theories of the psychological nature of man, notably the influence of Freud; the influence of European politico-social theories, an example being Marxianism; the influence of European inventions in technique, from free verse to the fictional method of James Joyce; and the influence of intellectualist criticism, most familiar in the work of such expatriate Americans as Mr. Ezra Pound and Mr. T. S. Eliot. When, for example, Mr. Eliot proclaimed

that he is conservative, Catholic, and royalist, he may have uttered a philosophic truth of profound importance to himself, but he clearly put himself out of line with the Connecticut Wits and Emerson and Whitman and Brander Matthews.

It is, of course, true that these influences brought with them notable gains. Realism and naturalism broke down artificial barriers and got rid of a genteel veneer. Anyone who passes from the novels of Howells to the novels of Mr. Dos Passos must see that fiction has been immensely invigorated. American interest in the psychology of the subconscious and the unconscious has permitted novelists, poets, and dramatists imaginatively to explore the rich chaos of inner life. American communism, the most literary of our political movements, has developed interesting critics, poets, and playwrights, and compelled us to rethink the problem of the relation of literature to society and of propaganda to art. The adoption of European techniques has widened the scope and the subtlety of our writers. Intellectualist criticism has raised the level of critical discussion and helped to make this century the richest century in critical writing the country has ever known.

But these gains do not hide a fundamental weakness in the situation. That weakness is the failure to integrate what was gained with the substance of the American literary tradition. Perhaps an analogy from painting will make clear what I mean. Since the foundation of the republic, American painters have gone abroad only to return neither European nor American. As a consequence, with a few exceptions like Winslow Homer, American painting has been an awkward compromise between the necessity of choosing themes suitable to painters trained in a European tradition and the desirability of selecting subjects expressive of American life. The problem of light in our climate is, for example, a problem apparently differ-

ent from that offered by the climate and atmosphere of various European art centres, and — I speak under correction — it would appear that the same technique will not do for both. Such, at any rate, is the conclusion I draw from the work of painters like Grant Wood and Thomas Benton, who have, it seems to me, submerged or thrown away European technique for the presentation of vitality so direct that we do not exclaim, on seeing one of their pictures, 'This is as good as anything in Europe of like kind,' but rather, 'This is truly American life.'

The error of the strange European conquest of American literature which is characteristic of the last twenty-five years is not at once apparent for the reason that it has been paradoxically disguised as a realistic approach to the actualities of the American scene. Twentieth-century literature has been consciously and even violently regional and 'American.' For the first time in history American writers have been awarded the Nobel Prize — for example, Sinclair Lewis and Eugene O'Neill. For the first time our literature has such vigor and richness as quite to overshadow the pale culture of the genteel tradition.

Have writers not concentrated upon area after area in the United States? We had not known the whole truth about New England until the rise of Mr. O'Neill. We had not known the whole truth about the Middle West until the arrival of novelists ranging from Sherwood Anderson through Mr. Lewis to Mr. Farrell. The South, formerly romanticized by Page and Cable, is now more truly pictured by Mr. Faulkner, Mr. Erskine Caldwell, Mr. Carl Carner, and that perennial drama, *Tobacco Road*. The West was not rightly analyzed in Owen Wister's *The Virginian*; but in such a novel as *Slogum House*, in such poems as those of Mr. Robinson Jeffers, it is truthfully presented. Why talk about the glories of our blood and state when Columbia is a land containing a

cemetery like Spoon River, a town like Zenith City, a murder like *An American Tragedy*, a population which includes the idiot whose submental processes are set forth in *The Sound and the Fury* and the gentle nitwit whose desire to play with a woman's hair leads to murder in *Of Mice and Men*?

In 1910 the idea of democracy was something we took for granted, and iconoclastic writers were correct in furiously reproaching us for our complacency. We failed to perceive that the American way of life had not brought happiness to thousands and thousands of our citizens. But now that the concept of democracy is threatened by militant barbarism in Europe and Asia, the question is no longer whether the American way of life is imperfect, but whether the democratic way of life offers any security at all in the darkness of mankind.

For, as force and brutality and unreason and horror increase, intelligent men, and many who are perhaps not so intelligent, are beginning to ask whether the idealism of the founders of the republic, of Emerson and Whitman, of Lincoln and Lee, of all those who, here or abroad, fought and died that liberty of conscience and conduct might become commonplace, was not a futile idealism. On the whole the majority of Americans do not yet incline to believe that it was futile. But when American readers are continually assailed through the imagination with pictures of life which in fact deny that intelligent living is anywhere possible, they may find it difficult to keep faith with the democratic ideal.

There is a profound disharmony between the assumptions of naturalism (including much psychological theory), as these are imaginatively worked out in literature, and the assumptions of democracy. If men are more or less able to make intelligent choices, democracy will work. But if man is merely a stupid creature whose supposed intelligence is operated in fact by forces over which his volition has no control, a mechanism

motivated by primitive urges, an atomy subject to insane moments of cruelty and fear which it is the chief concern of the artist to register, an irrational being incompetent to manage his own life, yet highly competent to ruin the lives of others, faith in the possibility of the democratic way of life becomes well-nigh impossible.

If, to take a concrete example, the poems of Mr. Robinson Jeffers set forth the basic truths about human nature, democracy cannot work. The only government which can rule in the world he pictures is a government of force, because only a government of force can suppress and control the outrageous beings that we are. We confront once more the dilemma of the seventeenth century — the old dilemma which faced Hobbes and Locke. Either life is a *bellum omnium inter omnes*, a warfare even more savage than Hobbes imagined it to be, in which case we might as well be ruled by Leviathan, the corporate state; or it offers some opportunity for the average man to be both master of his fate and captain of his soul, in which case government may conceivably rest upon the rational consent of the governed.

The state of the world requires that we reaffirm our faith in the possibilities of the democratic way of life. Literary men have fought for and mainly won relatively complete liberty to write as they please. But when the result of this freedom is an imaginative literature which powerfully demonstrates that freedom is an illusion and volition a fraud, I am puzzled to know where the imaginative defenses of freedom are to be found. Sitting at the feet of the low and embracing the common seem mainly to result in the conviction that the high and the noble are shams, and that if we believe in rationality we are self-deceived. I do not desire a literature of propaganda, God knows; I ask nobody to surrender his honest convictions; I have no patience with that milk-and-water

optimism which futile persons mistake for moral idealism, and I am not interested in the didactic. But writers who cry out against oppression here and abroad do not stop to realize that, when novel after novel is devoted to picturing the helplessness of man, the imaginative inference which readers eventually draw, however noble the writer's original purpose may have been, is that man is helpless. Surely the time is ripe for some inspiring word; surely our artists, themselves believers in democracy, owe us some firmer expression of that belief than we have had in most of the poetry, the fiction, and the drama which have appeared in the twentieth century.

IV

We were once naïvely proud of being different from the effete monarchies of Europe. This belief had its parochial weakness, and those who insisted upon giving literature a wider and more cosmopolitan range were right. In the nineteenth century it was agreed that the problem of American letters was to create a noble literature expressive of the idealism of the republic. Now that our literature has passed beyond parochialism, by a strange paradox, the note of nobility is lost in discord. If optimism was our fault as late as 1910, may it not be that cynicism is our fault in 1939?

The implication of the American experiment and of American letters until recently has been that man, imperfect though he is, may consciously struggle towards justice and rationality. When, however, one examines many of the European influences which I have enumerated, one observes that their implications point in the opposite direction. The implication of naturalism is that men are the products of hereditary and environmental forces they are helpless to control. The implication of Freudianism, as it has influenced American letters, is that the irrational is the most powerful urge in life. The implication of the

Marxian theory of literature is that the class to which a human being more or less helplessly belongs conditions all that he does and all that he thinks. The implication of intellectualist criticism is that literature — true literature — is the property of a samurai class (the intelligentsia), which may properly ignore the vulgar herd. The implication of the American literary tradition, as I understand it, is, on the contrary, that in a democracy forces of reason and justice are released, and that literature, reflecting the ideals of society rather than merely mirroring its defects, will also insist that the human struggle has its nobler side.

It will of course be said that the powerful books of disillusion and despair which have appeared among us are really the products of a noble aim. Our humility would not be so low were our aspiration not so high. But, though this is something the writer may feel, it is not something he necessarily conveys to the reader. The paradox of our situation is, indeed, vast if this is the best defense that can be offered for ignobility!

Our writers seem, in truth, to be democratic by temperament, but anti-democratic in method. They cry out, to be sure, for liberty, equality, and fraternity, but their books too often brilliantly demonstrate that men are incapable of freedom, sympathy, or brotherhood. They have enriched letters by many borrowings, but they have not always seen where the logic of their imitation was leading them. They rightly praise Thomas Mann, but they seem incapable of his simple and eloquent assertion of the democratic principle. What is the good of getting up meetings to denounce the Fascist conquest of democratic Spain, and at the same time writing books to demonstrate that democracy is a failure in the United States? For democracy has not yet failed, though it has been weakened, and the principal reason why it is still a going concern, though battered and

wounded and deserted by authors who should rally to its standard, is that there is a vast deal more idealism and good will among ordinary Americans than ever get pictured in the books that are written about them.

No one ever accused the late E. A. Robinson of being a sentimental optimist. No one looked deeper than he into the abysses of despair. Yet, skeptic though he was, his poetry does restore to man's mind the ideals of justice, of hope, of truth, of mercy, of retribution. I am by no means certain that my analysis is at all points correct, but perhaps I cannot do better, to indicate what I am trying to get at, than to quote from 'Man Against the Sky': —

Shall we, because Eternity records
Too vast an answer for the time-born words
We spell, whereof so many are dead that once
In our capricious lexicons
Were so alive and final, hear no more
The Word itself, the living word
That none alive has ever heard
Or ever spelt,
And few have ever felt
Without the fears and old surrenderings
And terrors that began
When Death let fall a feather from his wings
And humbled the first man?
Because the weight of our humility . . .
Falls here too sore and there too tedious
Are we in anguish or complacency . . .
To pity ourselves and laugh at faith?
What folly is here that has not yet a name?

Emerson, Whitman, Robinson, Frost, Sandburg, MacLeish, and other poets have heard

The Word itself, the living word
That none alive has ever heard
Or ever spelt.

Dramatists are exploring the American way of life and finding in the American story kindness and hope as well as frustration and horror. Novelists over and beyond those I have hastily cited live in the traditional belief that democracy is not an illusion and ethical idealism a mockery. May we not gently require of other writers that, in the old Roman phrase, they take care lest the republic come to harm?

WILLIAM FAULKNER

The Novel as Form

BY CONRAD AIKEN

THE famous remark made to Macaulay — ‘Young man, the more I consider the less can I conceive where you picked up that style’ — might with advantage have been saved for Mr. William Faulkner. For if one thing is more outstanding than another about Mr. Faulkner — some readers find it so outstanding, indeed, that they never get beyond it — it is the uncompromising and almost hypnotic zeal with which he insists upon having a style, and, especially of late, the very peculiar style which he insists upon having. Perhaps to that one should add that he insists *when he remembers* — he can write straightforwardly enough when he wants to; he does so often in the best of his short stories (and they are brilliant), often enough, too, in the novels. But that *style* is what he really wants to get back to; and get back to it he invariably does.

And what a style it is, to be sure! The exuberant and tropical luxuriance of sound which Jim Europe’s jazz band used to exhale, like a jungle of rank creepers and ferocious blooms taking shape before one’s eyes, — magnificently and endlessly interwoven, glisteningly and ophidianly in motion, coil sliding over coil, and leaf and flower forever magically interchanging, — was scarcely more bewildering, in its sheer inexhaustible fecundity, than Mr. Faulkner’s style. Small wonder if even the most passionate of Mr. Faulkner’s admirers — among whom the present writer honors

himself by enlisting — must find, with each new novel, that the first fifty pages are always the hardest, that each time one must learn all over again *how* to read this strangely fluid and slippery and heavily mannered prose, and that one is even, like a kind of Laocoön, sometimes tempted to give it up.

Wrestle, for example, with two very short (for Mr. Faulkner!) sentences, taken from an early page of *Absalom, Absalom!* ‘Meanwhile, as though in inverse ratio to the vanishing voice, the invoked ghost of the man whom she could neither forgive nor revenge herself upon began to assume a quality almost of solidity, permanence. Itself circumambient and enclosed by its effluvium of hell, its aura of unregeneration, it mused (mused, thought, seemed to possess sentience as if, though dispossessed of the peace — who was impervious anyhow to fatigue — which she declined to give it, it was still irrevocably outside the scope of her hurt or harm) with that quality peaceful and now harmless and not even very attentive — the ogre-shape which, as Miss Coldfield’s voice went on, resolved out of itself before Quentin’s eyes the two half-ogre children, the three of them forming a shadowy background for the fourth one.’ Well, it may be reasonably questioned whether, on page thirteen of a novel, that little cordite bolus of suppressed reference isn’t a thumping æsthetic mistake. Returned to, when one

has finished the book, it may be as simple as daylight; but encountered for the first time, and no matter how often reread, it guards its enigma with the stony impassivity of the Sphinx.

Or take again from the very first page of *The Wild Palms* — Mr. Faulkner's latest novel, and certainly one of his finest — this little specimen of 'exposition': 'Because he had been born here, on this coast though not in this house but in the other, the residence in town, and had lived here all his life, including the four years at the State University's medical school and the two years as an intern in New Orleans where (a thick man even when young, with thick soft woman's hands, who should never have been a doctor at all, who even after the six more or less metropolitan years looked out from a provincial and insulated amazement at his classmates and fellows: the lean young men swaggering in their drill jackets on which — to him — they wore the myriad anonymous faces of the probationer nurses with a ruthless and assured braggadocio like decorations, like flower trophies) he had sickened for it.' What is one to say of that — or of a sentence only a little lower on the same page which runs for thirty-three lines? Is this, somehow perverted, the influence of the later Henry James — James the Old Pretender?

In short, Mr. Faulkner's style, though often brilliant and always interesting, is all too frequently downright bad; and it has inevitably offered an all-too-easy mark for the sharpshooting of such alert critics as Mr. Wyndham Lewis. But if it is easy enough to make fun of Mr. Faulkner's obsessions for particular words, or his indifference and violence to them, or the parrotlike mechanical mytacism (for it is really like a stammer) with which he will go on endlessly repeating such favorites as 'myriad, sourceless, impalpable, outrageous, risible, profound,' there is nevertheless something more to be said for his passion for overelaborate sentence structure.

Overelaborate they certainly are, baroque and involuted in the extreme, these sentences: trailing clauses, one after another, shadowily in apposition, or perhaps not even with so much connection as that; parenthesis after parenthesis, the parenthesis itself often containing one or more parentheses — they remind one of those brightly colored Chinese eggs of one's childhood, which when opened disclosed egg after egg, each smaller and subtler than the last. It is as if Mr. Faulkner, in a sort of hurried despair, had decided to try to tell us everything, absolutely everything, every last origin or source or quality or qualification, and every possible future or permutation as well, in one terrifically concentrated effort: each sentence to be, as it were, a microcosm. And it must be admitted that the practice is annoying and distracting.

It is annoying, at the end of a sentence, to find that one does not know in the least what was the subject of the verb that dangles *in vacuo* — it is distracting to have to go back and sort out the meaning, track down the structure from clause to clause, then only to find that after all it doesn't much matter, and that the obscurity was perhaps neither subtle nor important. And to the extent that one *is* annoyed and distracted, and *does* thus go back and work it out, it may be at once added that Mr. Faulkner has defeated his own ends. One has had, of course, to emerge from the stream, and to step away from it, in order properly to see it; and as Mr. Faulkner works precisely by a process of *immersion*, of hypnotizing his reader into *remaining immersed* in his stream, this occasional blunder produces irritation and failure.

Nevertheless, despite the blunders, and despite the bad habits and the willful bad writing (and willful it obviously is), the style as a whole is extraordinarily effective; the reader *does* remain immersed, *wants* to remain immersed, and it is interesting to look into

the reasons for this. And at once, if one considers these queer sentences not simply by themselves, as monsters of grammar or awkwardness, but in their relation to the book as a whole, one sees a functional reason and necessity for their being as they are. They parallel in a curious and perhaps inevitable way, and not without aesthetic justification, the whole elaborate method of *deliberately withheld meaning*, of progressive and partial and delayed disclosure, which so often gives the characteristic shape to the novels themselves. It is a persistent offering of obstacles, a calculated system of screens and obtrusions, of confusions and ambiguous interpolations and delays, with one express purpose; and that purpose is simply to keep the form — and the idea — fluid and unfinished, still in motion, as it were, and unknown, until the dropping into place of the very last syllable.

What Mr. Faulkner is after, in a sense, is a *continuum*. He wants a medium without stops or pauses, a medium which is always *of the moment*, and of which the passage from moment to moment is as fluid and undetectable as in the life itself which he is purporting to give. It is all inside and underneath, or as seen from within and below; the reader must therefore be steadily *drawn in*; he must be powerfully and unremittingly hypnotized inward and downward to that image-stream; and this suggests, perhaps, a reason not only for the length and elaborateness of the sentence structure, but for the repetitiveness as well. The repetitiveness, and the steady iterative emphasis — like a kind of chanting or invocation — on certain relatively abstract words ('sonorous, latin, vaguely eloquent'), has the effect at last of producing, for Mr. Faulkner, a special language, a conglomerate of his own, which he uses with an astonishing virtuosity, and which, although in detailed analysis it may look shoddy, is actually for his purpose a life stream of almost miraculous adaptability. At the

one extreme it is abstract, cerebral, time-and-space-obsessed, tortured and twisted, but nevertheless always with a living *pulse* in it; and at the other it can be as overwhelming in its simple vividness, its richness in the actual, as the flood scenes in *The Wild Palms*.

Obviously, such a style, especially when allied with such a method, and such a *concern* for method, must make difficulties for the reader; and it must be admitted that Mr. Faulkner does little or nothing as a rule to make his highly complex 'situation' easily available or perceptible. The reader must simply make up his mind to go to work, and in a sense to coöperate; his reward being that there *is* a situation to be given shape, a meaning to be extracted, and that half the fun is precisely in watching the queer, difficult, and often so laborious, evolution of Mr. Faulkner's idea. And not so much idea, either, as form. For, like the great predecessor whom at least in this regard he so oddly resembles, Mr. Faulkner could say with Henry James that it is practically impossible to make any real distinction between theme and form. What immoderately delights him, alike in *Sanctuary*, *The Sound and the Fury*, *As I Lay Dying*, *Light in August*, *Pylon*, *Absalom, Absalom!* and now again in *The Wild Palms*, and what sets him above — shall we say it firmly — all his American contemporaries, is his continuous preoccupation with the novel *as form*, his passionate concern with it, and a degree of success with it which would clearly have commanded the interest and respect of Henry James himself. The novel as revelation, the novel as slice-of-life, the novel as mere story, do not interest him: these he would say, like James again, 'are the circumstances of the interest,' but not the interest itself. The interest itself will be the *use* to which these circumstances are put, the degree to which they can be organized.

From this point of view, he is not in the least to be considered as a mere

'Southern' writer: the 'Southernness' of his scenes and characters is of little concern to him, just as little as the question whether they are pleasant or unpleasant, true or untrue. Verisimilitude — or, at any rate, *degree* of verisimilitude — he will cheerfully abandon, where necessary, if the compensating advantages of plan or tone are a sufficient inducement. The famous scene in *Sanctuary* of Miss Reba and Uncle Bud, in which a 'madam' and her cronies hold a wake for a dead gangster, while the small boy gets drunk, is quite false, taken out of its context; it is not endowed with the same *kind* of actuality which permeates the greater part of the book at all. Mr. Faulkner was cunning enough to see that a two-dimensional cartoon-like statement, at this juncture, would supply him with the effect of a chorus, and without in the least being perceived as a change in the temperature of truthfulness.

That particular kind of dilution, or adulteration, of verisimilitude was both practised and praised by James: as when he blandly admitted of *In the Cage* that his central character was 'too ardent a focus of divination' to be quite credible. It was defensible simply because it made possible the coherence of the whole, and was itself absorbed back into the luminous texture. It was for him a device for organization, just as the careful cherishing of 'viewpoint' was a device, whether simply or in counterpoint. Of Mr. Faulkner's devices, of this sort, aimed at the achievement of complex 'form,' the two most constant are the manipulation of viewpoint and the use of the flash-back, or sudden shift of time-scene, forward or backward.

In *Sanctuary*, where the alternation of viewpoint is a little lawless, the complexity is given, perhaps a shade disingenuously, by violent shifts in time; a deliberate disarrangement of an otherwise straightforward story. Technically, there is no doubt that the novel, despite its fame, rattles a little; and Mr.

Faulkner himself takes pains to disclaim it. But, even done with the left hand, it betrays a genius for form, quite apart from its wonderful virtuosity in other respects. *Light in August*, published a year after *Sanctuary*, repeats the same technique, that of a dislocation of time, and more elaborately; the time-shifts alternate with shifts in the viewpoint; and if the book is a failure it is perhaps because Mr. Faulkner's tendency to what is almost a hypertrophy of form is not here, as well as in the other novels, matched with the characters and the theme. Neither the person nor the story of Joe Christmas is seen fiercely enough — by its creator — to carry off that immense machinery of narrative; it would have needed another Popeye, or another Jiggs and Shumann, another Temple Drake, and for once Mr. Faulkner's inexhaustible inventiveness seems to have been at fault. Consequently what we see is an extraordinary power for form functioning relatively *in vacuo*, and existing only to sustain itself.

In the best of the novels, however, — and it is difficult to choose between *The Sound and the Fury* and *The Wild Palms*, with *Absalom, Absalom!* a very close third, — this tendency to hypertrophy of form has been sufficiently curbed; and it is interesting, too, to notice that in all these three (and in that remarkable *tour de force*, *As I Lay Dying*, as well), while there is still a considerable reliance on time-shift, the effect of richness and complexity is chiefly obtained by a very skillful fugue-like alternation of viewpoint. Fugue-like in *The Wild Palms* — and fugue-like especially, of course, in *As I Lay Dying*, where the shift is kaleidoscopically rapid, and where, despite an astonishing violence to plausibility (in the reflections, and *language* of reflection, of the characters) an effect of the utmost reality and immediateness is nevertheless produced. Fugue-like, again, in *Absalom, Absalom!* where indeed one may say the form is really circular — there is no beginning and no

ending, properly speaking, and therefore no *logical* point of entrance: we must just submit, and follow the circling of the author's interest, which turns a light inward towards the centre, but every moment from a new angle, a new point of view. The story unfolds, therefore, now in one color of light, now in another, with references backward and forward: those that refer forward being necessarily, for the moment, blind. What is complete in Mr. Faulkner's pattern, *a priori*, must nevertheless remain incomplete for us until the very last stone is in place; what is 'real,' therefore, at one stage of the unfolding, or from one point of view, turns out to be 'unreal' from another; and we find that one among other things with which we are engaged is the fascinating sport of trying to separate truth from legend, watching the growth of legend from truth, and finally reaching the conclusion that the distinction is itself false.

Something of the same sort is true also of *The Sound and the Fury* — and this, with its massive four-part symphonic structure, is perhaps the most beautifully *wrought* of the whole series, and an indubitable masterpiece of what James loved to call the 'fictive art.' The joinery is flawless in its intricacy; it is a novelist's novel — a whole textbook on the craft of fiction in itself, comparable in its way to *What Maisie Knew* or *The Golden Bowl*.

But if it is important, for the moment, to emphasize Mr. Faulkner's genius for form, and his continued exploration of its possibilities, as against the usual concern with the violence and dreadfulness of his themes — though we might pause to remind carpers on this score of the fact that the best of Henry James is precisely that group of last novels which so completely concerned themselves with moral depravity — it is also well to keep in mind his genius for invention, whether of character or episode. The inventiveness is of the richest possible sort — a headlong and tumultuous abun-

dance, an exuberant generosity and vitality, which makes most other contemporary fiction look very pale and chaste indeed. It is an unforgettable gallery of portraits, whether character or caricature, and all of them endowed with a violent and immediate vitality.

'He is at once' — to quote once more from James — 'one of the most corrupt of writers and one of the most naïf, the most mechanical and pedantic, and the fullest of *bonhomie* and natural impulse. He is one of the finest of artists and one of the coarsest. Viewed in one way, his novels are ponderous, shapeless, overloaded; his touch is graceless, violent, barbarous. Viewed in another, his tales have more color, more composition, more grasp of the reader's attention than any others. [His] style would demand a chapter apart. It is the least simple style, probably, that was ever written; it bristles, it cracks, it swells and swaggers; but it is a perfect expression of the man's genius. Like his genius, it contains a certain quantity of everything, from immaculate gold to flagrant dross. He was a very bad writer, and yet unquestionably he was a very great writer. We may say briefly, that in so far as his method was an instinct it was successful, and that in so far as it was a theory it was a failure. But both in instinct and in theory he had the aid of an immense force of conviction. His imagination warmed to its work so intensely that there was nothing his volition could not impose upon it. Hallucination settled upon him, and he believed anything that was necessary in the circumstances.'

That passage, from Henry James's essay on Balzac, is almost word for word, with scarcely a reservation, applicable to Mr. Faulkner. All that is lacking is Balzac's greater *range* of understanding and tenderness, his greater freedom from special preoccupations. For this, one would hazard the guess that Mr. Faulkner has the gifts — and time is still before him.

CHRIS

BY HUGO JOHANSON

I

As long as the December rain hammered steadily on the corrugated-iron roof all was well within; when it disintegrated into occasional showers we turned fidgety, but bore up under the strain of uncertainty until the showers also failed us and only fitful plunks could be heard. A youth from New Hampshire, his face so crowded with vacancy that it might have done duty as a composite photograph of the assemblage, spoke for us all when he remarked to nobody in particular that life was nothing but a 'durn' gamble. Having our thinking done by a New Englander, and a minor at that, made the situation unbearable. The crowd around the stove broke up and the men dozing on the cots began to stir. A meagre barefooted man, dressed in isabelline-hued underwear of the cover-all pattern, cut so generously that it resembled a flowing cape, slid across the slivery plank floor and flung the bunkhouse door open with a desperate nervous wrench as if he were determined to have his sentence read immediately, even though it should be a sentence of death.

'No jestic,' he whined in the small cowed voice of the born pessimist; and he shivered spasmodically, if from the cold draft that struck him or from the impending necessity of having to go to work on that first afternoon in the relief camp was not evident. Both causes seemed equally plausible, and we joined him, full of sympathy and understanding, in the doorway.

It was clearing. The immense checkered valley was spread out before us, the squares as likely to be vineyards as almond orchards. The level country was now black, now green; the lowest foothills were still burnt umber after the long dry summer; farther up, where they became distinctly swollen, they were flecked with white which gradually turned more and more speckless until it ended in sheer glistening ice on the peaks of the Sierra Nevada. This was scenery at its best and we loathed it; not because it was scenery and grand (we enjoyed the rotogravure section as much as anybody else), but because, unless it began raining again within fifteen minutes, we should find ourselves ankle-deep in the very centre of this scenery, wrestling with it, in fact, in the act of cleaning irrigation ditches—a four months' bout for a purse amounting to five dollars and keep, the grandeur thrown in recklessly as a consolation prize to whosoever could appreciate it.

The darker clouds were soon jostled out of position and retreated toward Yosemite; when the sun broke through we went inside to sulk. 'All right, all right! Everybody outside. Git a move on, men. All right, shake it up!' chanted the ranger in charge a few minutes later, emphasizing the hateful dirge by shaking occupied cots and tickling upturned soles with a pick handle.

We trickled out, a rag fair of dirty dungarees, unmatched secondhand pants

and coats, hobnailed boots and salvaged patent-leather pumps, twisted caps and slick 'beanies,' greasy unblocked Fedoras and Homburgs, a pair of light mauve spats, several plus-fours. Those who had abandoned all sartorial pretensions and were going to seed, either by easy stages with unconscious charm or with gusto sprung from inclination, possessed traces of that captivating dowdiness which we are wont to associate with brigands and certain upper-class Britons; those who still clung grimly to an erstwhile outer respectability only heightened their appalling shabbiness by wearing yellowed collars and frayed, misshapen ties; and they could count on the undisputed right to a centre-aisle nail at any representative depression *vernissage*.

When all had been herded outside and accounted for, the ranger discarded his brusque manner. He flung aside the pick handle as a sign that brute force belonged to the past. Then he mounted an empty box and we crowded around, surmising that a speech was brewing. We were right. The wiry man, magnificently done up in forest green and high boots, kept us spellbound from his first words, which briefly wished us, as fine a body of men as he had ever met, welcome to the camp. He was aware of the makeshift appointments of the camp, he assured us, an unfortunate condition which must be laid to the makeshiftness of the times — times which were not wholly bereft of redeeming features, however, because they had enabled him to turn from the conservation of field and stream to the noblest conservation of all, that of the body and soul of man.

His speech went over tremendously, as it should among men who could recognize and make use of æsthetic bargains when they happened to stumble across them. Hunched shoulders were squared, the imminent conservation of the irrigation ditches was forgotten, and everybody looked down with dewy eyes upon bodies and into souls which at last were going to be tended. Those most touched

cried, 'Atta boy, keep it up! Let her rip! Come again, mister!' while they crowded still closer.

And the ranger kept it up. After slightly dampening our ardor by accenting the necessity of coöperative efforts in order to promote the common weal, he reached a new popular high by announcing that three positions were going to be filled immediately, the lucky ones to be culled from the most worthy and accomplished among those present. Therefore, please, would all craftsmen, artisans, professional men, and men of high integrity, trust, and ambition step to the right; the fly-by-nights, drones, and unskilled to stand fast.

When the scuffle had abated to the extent that the burliest of the fittest had obtained, and were holding against terrific onslaught, the front rank of the right flank, it was found that three men only stood fast. One of them, a New Mexican Indian who understood little English, scrutinized the ground carefully, thinking that, notwithstanding the lateness of the season, a rattlesnake or a tarantula might have started the stampede. Finding no visible reason why he should exert himself by moving, he succumbed again to the pleasant inertia of his race and stood fast irrevocably.

Personally I was too bewildered to move. The suddenness and the brutal frankness of the ultimatum took me by surprise. To make up my mind at a moment's notice whether I was a man of integrity or a drone was more than I could manage. I had *aimed* all my life to be an honest man and I *hoped*, a trifle wistfully, that I wasn't a drone, but that seemed to be the limit of my capability as a surveyor of my moral self. Nor did I care if the question was ever answered; candidly, I preferred to keep the case pending indefinitely, because a true verdict would be hard to reach, and if reached would establish a precedent which, should it by any chance be in my favor, would force me

to live up to it and thus make a hitherto checkered career seem pointless.

As to my manual qualifications I was equally vague. I had done so many things and worked tolerably hard at them; yet, when inventory time arrived, the stockroom was empty. For the moment I could recollect the mending of rabbit fences in New South Wales and a short term brimful with disillusion as cardroom attendant in the Union League Club in San Francisco, both occupations the acme of futility and neither filling the bill of a craftsman, an artisan, or even a professional man. I felt distinctly low-caste and without a proper niche in life until I began to mull over an epithet the ranger had used — namely, that of a fly-by-night. It seemed such an elusive, almost Elysian vocation that I decided to go in for it, especially as I could make a good start by merely standing still. The decision not to put my foot out was strengthened by something familiar pervading the saccharine flow of the ranger's speech as well as certain less sweet lines in his face, which reminded me hazily of a top sergeant I had once known, one of those true appraisers of men who as a prelude to latrine digging always asked all Bachelors of Art to take one step forward. Be that as it might, I had already made my bed and could lose nothing by sleeping in it.

The third outcast was a tall, slightly bent man dressed in black jeans, hickory shirt open at the throat, and an old sombrero void of any distinction except that of rakery. I noticed with pleasure his full-bodied gray moustaches, fistfuls of them, cultivated to twirl vigorously and to strain things through, not to fondle superciliously or to nibble when distracted. Among other good points I remember the meerschaum he smoked, a stinking, lovely relic patched a dozen times with silver plates and brackets; his freshly laundered square-knots belt with a real old-fashioned Turk's head; and the tattooings on his arms — no maudlin nonsense on those arms, like

bleeding hearts pierced with daggers or pouting Red Cross nurses clasping hands across tombstones, but glimpses of a crowded manly past revealed by terse notations (Therese, 1880, Mazatlan; Betsy, Sitka; etc., etc.) underneath faded nymphs *au naturel*. He was more seasoned than aged (though later I learned that he was past seventy), yet he appeared younger, more carefree, and certainly happier than any of the youths battling for a position in the front rank.

But the most remarkable thing about him was that he was the only one usefully occupied. He was carving a cribbage board out of a piece of redwood. Slowly and methodically he was whittling away, turning the piece of wood this way and that to obtain the right slant while enjoying the sharpness of the knife and the aroma of the wood. There was no hurry about him. He took time off to watch the racing clouds and the cranes heading for near-by marshes. He had obviously solved the problem of how to while away the time and still get the most out of every fleeting moment; he lived in a world of his own, where what counted most was to stand in the sun while he created a bagatelle; and you could not help liking him and envying him, too, for that matter.

In the meantime the ranger was beaming affably at the applicants, all of whom sought to catch his attention at once. None of them knew what kind of 'positions' were going to be filled, a fact of no importance because everybody could do everything, was ready to do it, and didn't hesitate to say so. Common laborers bandied highly technical terms, boys in their teens matured visibly, members of a cirrhotic clique spoke quite apropos with masterly diffidence of long years consecrated to the joy of abstinence, war veterans insisted upon preference, two low-degree Masons stood aloof sure of being chosen, a Moose and an Odd Fellow got into a fight.

If the talents present were matched too overwhelmingly for an impartial and

conscientious employer to choose from, or if they were overqualified, I cannot say. All that I know is that the ranger turned abruptly and faced us, the unskilled.

'What's your name, Old-timer?' he asked impatiently.

The man carving the cribbage board tested the edge of his knife against a thumb. Finding that it might be improved, he produced a pocket hone from the innards of his jeans and, showing that he had manners and that he could handle two things at once, spat on the whetstone — and, incidentally, also between the ranger's boots — and said: 'I'll be with you in no time, mister.'

'Come, come! What's your name?' asked the ranger once again.

'Oh, me name, was it? Name's Chris.'

'Chris what?'

'Chris any damn thing!' came the retort in a voice that more than hinted that accidentally being boss gave no one license to engage in familiarities.

'No offense meant,' said the ranger. 'I just want to find out what you can do and what you know.'

'I never did know nothin',' mumbled Chris uninterestedly, while he honed his knife like an expert.

'All right, Chris; you'll do. I'll make you the keeper of the tool shed. How about you, Chief?' continued the ranger, now turning to the New Mexican. No response in any form whatsoever — a sufficing answer, because the ranger dubbed him night watchman on the spot. After an examination which went deep into the multiplication table and disregarded any other curriculum, I became the timekeeper.

'Booh-oooh! Booh-oooh-oooh!' The reaction of the masses was impressive and might have turned into violence if the ranger hadn't known the antidote and applied it quickly.

'Give half of them shovels, the rest mattocks and picks. Let's go!' he cried, throwing Chris a key, grabbing the pick handle, and advancing.

II

The camp had opened that morning. One hundred and fifty men (or what in time of stress might be classified under that description) had been admitted after a medical examination conducted on the line that any disease or physical handicap not so far advanced that its victim was liable to become an item on a mortuary bill presented to the Commonwealth within the next four months was no disease or physical handicap. It was a formidable test, a test sounding the very roots (or bottom, rather) of the state, for among those found not wanting were men from the bread lines of San Francisco, Sacramento, and Los Angeles; men from the Hooverilles or 'villes' with prefixes denoting happier origins; men with the leanings of first-nighters who, having heard the news in freight yards and river bottoms, changed their itinerary in order not to miss a première; men held on 'mopery and dopery' charges in near-by village jails, turned loose on 'probation' by sheriffs whose ideas of advanced penology were to let some other agency do the keeping and reforming while they still carried the offenders on the ration sheet; 'bindle stiffs' and 'highway weeds' stumbling along, seemingly without goal, yet obstinately joining any line in spite of the fact that nobody had had more opportunities than they of testing the truth of the axiom that long on demand means short on supply.

The bunkhouse was a covered loading platform through which ran the track of a jerkwater railroad. On the surface this may smack of too great zeal for carrying transportation into the home, if not a downright hazardous practice, but actually there was little danger of being run down and maimed while going to bed. The rails skirted discreetly one of the walls, the shed was good-sized, and furthermore the railroad company, which dabbled in passenger service and made a point of the views which were to be en-

joyed from the observation car, had evidently come to the conclusion that enough is enough and had erected a screen dividing their trackage from our bedroom. However, it paid us to stop, look, and listen before retiring because, conforming to an age-old rural American tradition, the less seemly facilities were located "cross the tracks."

Other parts of the shed were screened off to house kitchen, mess hall, and office. This arrangement added a great deal of charm to the place. Even a third-rate dreamer had little difficulty in turning the ramshackle bunkhouse into a Grand Hôtel Babylon situated opposite the Gare de Lyon or Kölnischer Bahnhof. The arguments between the pearl divers on duty in the kitchen while they rattled the pie plates that were used as crockery resolved themselves into an urbane murmur that blended perfectly with the pleasant tinkle of silver tureens holding Consommé Italien and giant dishes of Caviare Volga. If you felt like going in for high finance, the clatter of the lame Underwood mistreated hesitantly in the office cubicle spoke of a hectic day on the Bourse and the infernal machinations of international banking. From the gang on the floor around the stove, shooting craps for lima beans and matches, led by the fellow whose store glass eye always went out of focus when he got excited, came the icy, impersonal admonition of a monocled croupier: '*Messieurs et mesdames, faites vos jeux.*'

In the middle of the night it was not the vibrations of a mixed fruit and livestock freight that awoke you but the smooth chain of wagon-lits making up the Balkan express. When the engineer, whose conception of a good joke was to start the bell and give three piercing blasts on the whistle to cheer the bums while driving through their domicile, warned you that it was time to pull the blanket over your head so as to keep cinders out of your eyes, you could hear the muffled sounds and sense the stagnant aroma of the Simplon tunnel. As

you shed the blanket and came up for air again your bunkie's brogans and his box of Copenhagen snuff left open for a midnight snack pinch-hitted for edelweiss strewn on an Alpine meadow through which the express thundered on its way to Constantinople.

Perhaps I was the only one of the inmates who went on Continental sprees, but, judging from the stillness that sometimes settled over the bunkhouse and the faraway look in the eyes of my friends, I think they too went roving even if only entraining from the Third and Townsend depot for an extended tour covering all the eating houses of the line, the expenses probably having been obtained by taking a flyer on a Grant Avenue Chink lottery.

Chris's new job meant more than handing out tools in the morning and receiving them again at night. The tool-keeper had to be a fair blacksmith so that he could sharpen picks and bits and make stoves out of empty oil barrels; soldering, saw filing, rough carpentry, and painting also came within his sphere of usefulness, and Chris could do all these things and many others. He could lance boils, dye hair, let blood, set broken thumbs, affix leeches and Spanish flies, straighten ingrown toenails, read your future in tobacco juice, and eradicate corns, warts, and hangovers, although he wisely confined his practices to work upon others, leaving his own welfare to nature and chance, those two indispensable factotums in his life. He was a sure-fire weather forecaster and horseshoe pitcher; able with divining rod and frying pan; he knew how to stuff birds, skin animals, and tan hides; and he mended clocks, wormed dogs, and gelded anything in need of restraint with a *brio* that was uncanny. In his spare time he was an inventor and had solved theoretically the problem of how to extract teeth painlessly by means of hydraulic pressure. The apparatus worked fine on paper and on serpents' fangs, and it was only the difficulty of finding a

partner with a faultless set of decayed teeth, and a willingness to endure for the sake of science and half of the ultimate profits, that kept Chris from being able to perfect the invention, commercialize it, and retire for good.

Chris wasn't all handiness, though. He couldn't drive a car and he refused to tinker with anything connected with electricity. These were serious handicaps in a mechanized era, but that wasn't all. He was independent to a fault. Ordinarily he went out of his way and worked overtime in order to please you if he approved of your manners; if he thought that you spread your authority too thick he was wont to look you over thoughtfully and inquire 'how come you be doubling for the Lord Almighty today,' and then to lose all interest in uncouth requests and their bearer. After the ranger had been asked this disconcerting question a couple of times he left Chris to his own devices, with the result that the latter became the most useful member of the camp.

Chris didn't sleep in the bunkhouse. He had managed to squeeze a cot into the tool shed, and there he made his home. I used to visit him during the long winter evenings to play cards or to watch him work at something or other. He was not exactly a solitary man, but he was finical regarding company, and he used to say that the presence of a rakehell was easier to put up with than that of a saint. Occasionally he might spend an hour around the stove in the bunkhouse listening to endless arguments: whether the Spaniards or Bill Hearst blew up the U. S. S. *Maine*; whether perpetual motion was feasible (illustrated with charcoal drawings on the floor); how old Mae West might be; whom did Cain marry; whether living in a loading shed on railroad property made you a ward of the I. C. C.; and many other topics likely to arise where deep thinkers gather. He refused to be drawn into the arguments, however, reserving his opinions for the sanctum of the tool

shed, where he liked to discuss the higher things with Tim, the camp cobbler, another old-timer, a solifidian when sober and a hedonist when 'under the influence,' as that refined raconteur wished to have his sterno jags designated. Chris himself didn't 'indulge' any more, but he was extremely tolerant, and he held that any deviltry was permissible as long as it didn't incommode anyone but the perpetrator and was not introduced to an innocent.

As a matter of fact, Chris's open mind and his courage to face disagreeable facts were his long suits. He liked to take his ego apart and rummage among its contents. The findings confirmed his suspicions that he was badly out of step with today. Nothing could be done about it; he was too old to change his pace, and furthermore there was a great deal to be said in favor of yesterday's pace. It took you to the grave just as surely and it gave a fellow a chance to look around while traveling. The cobbler acquiesced. According to him, automobiles and airplanes had no right to existence unless it might be as a means for 'getting to hell by express.'

Chris's view about today's excessive pace was understandable in view of the fact that his main occupation had been that of a wagon teamster with prospecting as a hobby and side line. He hadn't found much gold, probably hadn't looked very diligently for it, but it had made an ideal excuse for roaming around with a jackass and sleeping underneath the stars. The West Coast had been his stamping ground and California the centre point from which he had radiated south and north, as far down as Vera Cruz and as high as upper Yukon. The rest of the United States and the world at large he knew by hearsay only, or had read about in the papers, and, as experience had taught him not to take much stock in what the papers said, he didn't claim to know much about those parts.

Chris was one of the few Americans who really love their country; and yet he

entertained no illusions about God sitting up late at night worrying about every single one of the forty-eight states. He used to say that sometimes it was a mighty trying place for a man with no ambition to live in. Of course, it wasn't the country's fault. It was the peculiar outlook of the people living in it that made you appear a good-for-nothing unless you shared their hurrys and worryings or went clean out of earshot. Too young in years as a nation and too eager as individuals, they hadn't got used to their beautiful new toy yet, and in their anxiety to get the most out of it they were using it too hard, meanwhile wearing their nerves to a frazzle. Chris didn't like to see anything mistreated, be it man or mule, mountain or meadow.

He knew of but one kind of ambition that brought happiness. His father had come from 'some place back East' and settled in Nevada to 'git away from things.' Nevada had taken care of that, and the old man had been the happiest of men ever after, whistling and singing all the time. Chris guessed that he had taken after his dad, and to prove this he used to execute something he liked to call 'Napoleon's March across the Alps' on his pocket comb sheathed with toilet paper, while beating time with his boots so lustily that the picks and shovels rattled like arms and the excitable little cobbler got notions in his head and paced the floor, one hand stuck into his vest like the late Emperor himself.

Otherwise Chris was reticent about his past. Every member of the camp was supposed to sign his 'scandal sheet' — that is, a sort of condensed life's history consisting of a few cold facts to be used for statistical purposes. To most of the men this was a prime opportunity to take a pot shot at an old enemy — red tape — and they availed themselves of it readily. It was part of my duty to act as questioner and fill out the forms. I was not in the least surprised to find that the rather tepid believers had overnight turned into a wild-eyed bunch of 'Flagel-

lants' and 'Confucianists' and, in a few elegant cases, smirking Buchmanites. 'To be informed in case of emergency' they gave me a blanket warrant to choose between the White House and a certain prominent glue factory; and, it goes without saying, the 'Occupational Diseases' most in vogue were delirium tremens and kleptomania.

Chris was less glib. It was with difficulty that I could persuade him to give the matter even a thought, and after this stage had been reached he needed several days to make up his mind to the effect that he had no education, no occupation, no religion, no living relations, no known disease or bodily incapacity. He affixed his signature under duress to this *nudum pactum* with inch-high crumbling letters while cursing legalized snooping and asking what the Bill of Rights was good for, anyhow.

If Chris's penmanship was archaic, he read with celerity and pleasure, although he was critical in a chuckling way and he refused absolutely to be imposed upon by the printed word, especially as it appeared in tracts, political pamphlets, and newspapers. He had never lived long enough in any one community to become eligible to vote; and because he abhorred machine thinking, and because, in his opinion, sitting at anybody's feet, no matter if it was Marx's or Morgan's, was a lowly position, he would doubtless be classified as a political untouchable. This doesn't mean that he was antisocial. He had views (somewhat spectacular) about contemporary American thought and institutions and, if in the mood, he didn't hesitate to speak his mind. But he was too enlightened in a primitive style and he knew his limitations too well to sit as judge over others; these faculties, coupled with his conviction that right or wrong cannot be clearly defined, made him what he was, a truly livable man.

Naturally, he had his mild pet aversions like everybody else. The 'Infantile Pot of Peddling' was one of them.

He never volunteered an explanation of what this mysterious vessel might be, but, as his censure of it took place while he scanned the financial pages of some newspaper, it does seem likely that he had the Junior Chamber of Commerce in mind. Like so many other idealists and transients, Chris didn't know the value of money, and in his dealings with tradesmen he invariably had been left holding the dirty end of the stick, a stance bound to irritate a fastidious man.

III

The ranchers living in the neighborhood of the camp were hostile at first. They thawed out slightly when they found that we were harmless; later, when it became evident that our labor in the irrigation ditches saved them considerable sums of money, they turned glumly neutral and tolerated us as a necessary evil like the nettles and the potato bugs which He, in His unfathomable wisdom, had seen fit to disfigure the countryside with. The intelligentsia adorning the county seat (which contrived to support a Junior College) saw us in another light. *Middletown*, which reached interior California rather late, was just then being thumbed through. As sociology is catching, and has the potentialities of a dandy parlor game if played in a zone deloused and shorn of irritants and inhabited by a breed guaranteed not to wince when prodded in the cosmos (and not tainted with a perverse longing to analyze the analyzers), our hitherto neglected ragamuffinry became quite the rage.

The ranger trained us to put clean sand in the spittoons and drawers on our limbs at the slightest sound of a broad *a*, and the bull cook threatened to quit if he had to stand by in his off hours ready to clear the poker table and lay out the Gideon. Some of the men who had been roustabouts around carnivals and side shows were smooth talkers and knew to a T how to cram greedy gullets.

The process was profitable, too. A Dean of Women, chaperoning her tittering flock through the bunkhouse, was good for as much as twenty-five cents if treated with the correct mixture of boyhood in the slums; youth in the reformatory; early manhood in Sing Sing; moral rehabilitation on Flanders field; relapse; and now, at long last, the only true light.

The coeds scribbled dutifully on their pads, but needed a more lurid treatment in order to reach for the handbag. Fellows with a nice divorce-and-bigamy line took charge then, and if they, for some reason, were unable to deliver, our last reserve was brought into play, a one-time copy reader who wore a tam-o'-shanter and believed in Peter Pan haircuts, the only man I have known who could make an *Œdipus* complex pay dividends.

Our male visitors, generally men of small stature but able to expand surprisingly when addressed as 'perfesser,' were less inquisitive and more generous. They felt happiest when, using a carton of cigarettes as a magnet, they would induce us to cluster and partake of dull homemade movies and multicolored charts. Although they meant well, they were carriers of unhealthy influences. Men who formerly had managed to be lucid while using honestly tempered words like 'loony,' 'jernt,' and 'noodle' now lost themselves in an oral wilderness made hideous by 'bizarre,' 'milieu,' and 'mental equipage,' and the fundamentally sound discussions around the stove deteriorated from then on.

After the campus people had had their fill, our fame as an outlet for thwarted inhibitions spread to political circles, and apprentice politicians, morbidly in love with their own voices and gestures, pounced upon us. One Sunday afternoon we were ordered into the mess hall for a lecture. The speaker, a young heavy-set man with forceful delivery, did well. He eased us by making light of the depression, he made the foreign-

born tingle with rosy prospects as he sketched the careers of Congressman Sol Bloom and General Lafayette, he fed the native stock Daniel Boone, Paul Revere, and Monticello, he cranked us up with Bunker Hill and then soft-pedaled us with tender reminiscences of Sunday school until we wondered if we were made of steel or putty. When he ended by pointing out that the nation rested on pillars made secure by the thriftiness and individual forethought of the constructors of yesterday and the caretakers of today, the applause and general reverberation were most satisfying. After a glass of water and glowing acknowledgments from friends and relations on the rostrum (the immediate vicinity of the cookstove, which hadn't yet quite cooled off), he said that he would be charmed, indeed, to hear Vox Populi. Those sitting next to 'Pox' Poppone, the only member of the audience whose name, in some measure, resembled the one mentioned, tried to stir this usually very hectic speaker into action, but without success.

Chris saved the somewhat tense situation. We felt proud of Chris then. Perfectly at ease, neat, even distinguished-looking in a who-cares-a-darn manner, tall and lanky though stooped, all gristle and bone, a smile on the thin lips and a twinkle in the faded blue eyes that might indicate anything from mild derision and naughtiness to plain joy of being alive, he arose slowly and faced the speaker. On behalf of his fellow members of the camp, Chris wished to thank the honored guest for his powerful oration. He shared the sentiments put forth by the previous speaker to the utmost extent; nay, if permitted (much beaming and hearty applause from the rostrum), he might be able to elaborate, to venture further into the matter of our great, hallowed national characteristics, thriftiness and individual forethought, by way of making public gleanings reaped by him when wandering among outlandish people living in sloth and

decay. In short, he wished to stress that whereas among the least civilized Mexican Indians one man's tortilla is everybody's tortilla (even a hapless gringo is welcome to share), and among the sadly neglected Eskimos one man's blubber is everybody's blubber, in our benign country one man's ham and eggs are that man's ham and eggs exclusively, and . . .

Here Chris's tortilla and blubber exposure was interrupted by another speaker.

Tim, the camp cobbler, had been 'under the influence' for several days, but Chris had 'worked' on him during the forenoon, and shortly before the lecture began he had installed the little hedonist in a dark corner, convinced that he was too exhausted to start any new mischief. Nothing untoward happened until Tim heard the familiar voice of his old pal. Perhaps he thought that Chris was in trouble quarreling with the strangers grouped round the cookstove, or perhaps he butted in from sheer force of habit. Anyway, Tim straggled up to the rostrum, his old Puckish face contorted like a gargoyle's and his pants put on backwards, chanting: 'One man's pulque everybody's pulque, one man's kava everybody's kava!' As he collided with the cookstove he spied a clergyman belonging to the guest speaker's entourage. This gentleman's well-nurtured frame and freshly shaved pinkish cheeks must have aroused the innermost hedonic cravings in Tim, because he grabbed a cleaver and began an unrestrained war dance to the accompaniment of

'One man's long-pig, everybody's long-pig,
One man's long-pig, everybody's long-pig.'

His choreographic efforts were too rap-turous to be kept up long. Suddenly he collapsed in a large dishpan of peeled potatoes, which were soaking in cold water, and wept vehemently. 'White fella's booze, that fella's booze,' he sobbed; then the slippery potatoes slid away underneath him and he buried his

tortured features in the water and spouted and snorted like an amphibian.

The would-be cannibal and his antics brought down the house. One hundred and forty-eight men with a crude and noisy sense of humor cheered and whistled, pounded the pie plates on the mess tables, howled and slapped each other on the back, and otherwise went clean out of their minds; the six guests, white in the face from rage and humiliation, collected their things and trooped out, followed by the heartbroken ranger, who tried to put balm on well-nigh mortal wounds; and Chris, his eyes twinkling brighter than ever, rescued the dripping Tim and hauled him off to the tool shed.

The incident, a fusty ritual elevated by an act of Satan into healthy comedy, ended as a farce tinged with melodrama. The recensions were not favorable. MOSCOW SUPPLYING UNEMPLOYED WITH FUNDS TO PURCHASE STIMULANTS; LAIR OF RABBLE ROUSERS AND AGITATORS UNCOVERED; LOCAL RELIEF CAMP HOTBED OF COMMUNISM; CAMPUS CITIZENS CITED CONVEYORS OF RED CONTAGION — thus read some of the headlines that consternated us.

A parched posse led by 'Pox' Poppone tried to worm out of Tim how to get access to the 'stimulant fund,' but the cobbler had turned solifidian again and was too busy getting his shoemaker's tools out of the pawnshop by the application of faith to be of any help. As if this weren't enough tribulation, a small

caravan of automobiles drove up to the bunkhouse and loud-talking men with strong breaths and artificial heartiness secluded themselves with the ranger. Little Tim was brought before some sort of liquidation tribunal, found guilty of treason (the charges of alcoholism and misconduct were dismissed, a nolle prosequi being entered and granted), and deported to the Skidroad, the nearest American equivalent of the salt mines. Chris lost all interest in the camp then, and a few days later he resigned.

Chris left early in the morning. It was a warm, sunny day in March, and the men were lolling outside the bunkhouse waiting for the trucks which were going to take them to work. 'Where you headed for, Chris?' someone cried. Chris smiled and pointed at the mountains, which seemed so close, yet were fifty miles away; then he turned about and walked down the road leisurely. One of the many camp curs had cast its lot with him and dashed back and forth wild with expectation of the pleasures of the trail; otherwise Chris left as poor as he had arrived. If he had stayed another week he would have been eligible, like the rest of us, to draw five dollars for four months' work.

Chris was old and destitute, doomed both as individual and as type, but he left with his tattered guidon nailed; and as we watched him disappear we knew that he carried away riches the like of which none of us possessed.

THE ETHICS OF ADVERTISING

BY WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE

I

Not long ago I saw a book published by the Harvard University Press, written by Ralph M. Hower, Assistant Professor of Business History in the Graduate School of Business Administration at Harvard, which told the life story of the advertising agency, N. W. Ayer and Son — and, as they say in doctors' theses, 'with special emphasis upon the life and career of F. W. Ayer, the founder of the firm.' The book took me back fifty years and more to the day when I was a young printer, reporter, circulator, advertising solicitor, and publisher by turns. In the eighties, when the firm of N. W. Ayer and Son came into my life, F. W. Ayer had been running the business twenty years. I am one of those who 'knew him when.' And this book recounting the growth and expansion of advertising in our national life set me to thinking not only about the 'when,' but about the how and the why of the tremendous part commercialized publicity has played in the economic life of the people of the United States. Let me begin with the story of my first contact with N. W. Ayer and Son.

I was working for an editor and publisher who was also a state senator, and who was devoting more time to statesmanship than to the newspaper business. He was picking up a more or less honest political dollar outside of our noble profession. I was running the paper while he ran the country and the environing cosmos. I had been a printer, and my eye was irked by the blurred and indis-

tinct impression of the old types we were using on the newspaper. We needed what was then called a 'new dress.' I knew what everyone knew who was in the newspaper business in those days as printer, advertising salesman, or editor — that new type could be had for a newspaper by making a contract with the N. W. Ayer and Son advertising agency.

The process was this: you wrote to the Ayer firm indicating what kind of type you desired and how much, picking out the style from the catalogue of the Keystone Type Foundry, which the Ayer people largely owned. They sent you a contract in which you agreed to print at a stipulated price advertising as they would send it to you, in payment for the type. In our case the contract covered two years and amounted to three or four hundred dollars. The new dress came. Our paper sparkled, and in due course N. W. Ayer sent us the advertising, for which we also paid them a small commission. They doubtless made a good profit on the sale of the type, and they charged the advertisers whose copy they sent us a commission for handling their business. They were the agents for three parties with rather diverse interests: the newspaper, the advertiser, and the type foundry which they owned.

The kind of advertising they sent us fifty years ago in the middle and late eighties was mostly for patent medicines. In the copy the advertisers promised to cure consumption and cancer, indiges-

tion, asthma, kidney and venereal diseases — indeed, all the ills that the flesh was heir to. On our little paper we took the advertising and never looked at the copy. It did not occur to us, nor to editors generally fifty years ago, that there was any moral turpitude in filling our paper with promises which would delude sick people and might bring them to death. We editors and publishers — and, so far as I know, all advertising agencies in that far day — had the same general attitude toward sufferers from physical ailments that the citizenry of Salem must have had when they hanged the witches, or that the good people of Blackstone's day held toward hanging for theft. We were rugged individuals. Probably many of us used Piso's consumption cure, Doan's kidney pills, and Pink Pills for Pale People. We Americans generally in the 1880's saw no reason why we should not medicate ourselves. The sun of hygienic knowledge had not risen for the upper middle class to which the editors and publishers were supposed to belong. We walked in darkness together, aiding and abetting what now would seem like major social crimes.

Eventually the little country paper on which I was working in those days ostensibly paid N. W. Ayer for that 'new dress.' But the real people who paid for that type were the poor sufferers who bought those nostrums.

As I have said, most of the advertising which came to country papers from outside of their trade territory was for patent medicines. Occasionally a sewing-machine manufacturer or a builder of cabinet organs would advertise in the papers of the larger towns and small cities. And it was in those days that soap makers and purveyors of tooth paste and mouth washes began to invade the columns. Two baking-powder firms had a tremendous price war. A manufacturer of rat poison made the slogan 'don't die in the house' nationally famous. Smoking tobacco was rising on the advertising horizon. Chewing to-

bacco was an old settler in the advertising domain. Cigarettes were déclassé. Newspapers that sold space to cancer cures probably would have hesitated about advertising cigarettes. Some newspapers refused the few liquor advertisements that were sent around, and at the turn of the century one of the great agencies now surviving had real trouble getting country newspapers in prohibition territory, which then geographically was about a third of the United States, to accept beer advertising.

It may have been qualms about advertising liquor which finally extended to those patent medicines whose basis was alcohol. Possibly the national phobia against liquor which appeared in the last decade of the nineteenth century and the first decade of the twentieth opened the eyes of the people in general and the publisher in particular to the iniquity of most of the advertising copy of makers and vendors of patent medicines. Editors in those days did not seem to mind taking any kind of rascally stock-promotion advertising. We said, 'Let the buyer beware.' In the eighties and nineties the business office of the newspaper swallowed, without gulping, advertising of fortune tellers, astrologers, healers, or traveling quack doctors, and in some cases fairly reputable city newspapers took 'personals' which were thinly disguised advertisements for prostitutes. This kind of local advertising aroused no public clamor. A few preachers fidgeted. A few 'holier than thou' agitators scowled, but in the eighties and nineties that was about the extent of the public indignation over fraudulent advertising.

All advertising, speaking broadly, in the United States was esteemed by substantial business men to be just a wee bit off-color. The flashy advertiser of dry goods, clothing, or food in a town or city was almost beyond the pale. A number of conservative firms proudly disdained advertising. When sometimes they did buy newspaper space, it was

under pressure which was thinly veiled blackmail. But if the home merchants advertised heavily, even in necessity, their business status became slightly dubious. It was said that they had to advertise to keep their doors open!

When many newspaper publishers got their advertising by fear and favor, why should national advertising agencies on the seaboard who sent business to inland newspapers pay serious attention to the copy which they sent? Why should they be squeamish? In many cases the editors owed the national agencies for type. In other cases the agencies had contracts with the editors at cutthroat prices for a certain amount of space, and if an over-nice editor gagged at the copy the agency pointed to the contract or refused to send him any further advertising if he rejected part of it for any cause.

The agency in that last quarter of the nineteenth century represented the newspaper and the advertisers as well, an anomalous position. It held a gun in the ribs of both its clients. The whole business of advertising in that period in the United States was scaly, tainted with scalawaggery and founded pretty generally upon acquisitive instincts. Yet it was expanding under the American instinct for organization. Expansion came first by accident, then by experiment, and finally by experience which begat wisdom. As advertising grew thus by the trial-and-error method, ethics in embryo were developing.

II

So, at the end of fifty years in the newspaper business, I look back over the generations and can trace a widening purpose, a system of ethics as it has developed in the advertising end of American journalism. No one has directed this development. No federal law has guided it, no great leader has sounded the clarion note to announce the birth of newspaper advertising mor-

als. Yet it is today a fairly husky infant, though not full grown, by any means. But when I was a youthful publisher just tiptoeing out of my teens, if some soothsayer had then foretold the miracle of growth that I have seen in advertising ethics, the code today would have seemed an impossible utopia.

Also, as any function of life expands, it grows in power with its usefulness. Nothing could illustrate this truth better than the widening economic influence of advertising in the American social picture. This turn toward judgment and wisdom came almost unconsciously, certainly with no legal prodding. As we publishers came into the new century a feeling began to prevail among all who handled advertising — advertising agents and also their clients — that stupid antisocial advertising was bad for business. The feeling was not definitely formulated, but advertisers of food and clothes, household necessities and luxuries, began to feel uncomfortable when their advertising appeared in a newspaper where the virtues of a certain syphilitic specific were extolled. At the same time, here and there in magazines, in books, and on the Chautauqua lecture platform — a major forum of righteousness forty years ago — voices were lifted against the crimes of patent-medicine advertising. Occasionally high-toned newspapers like the *New York Evening Post* or the *Boston Transcript* or possibly the *Chicago Daily News* or the *Kansas City Star* printed a grumbling editorial about dirty or fraudulent advertising. And one paper after another cut out the copy of the poison peddlers and patent-medicine venders. The vast majority of newspapers, however, could not afford to be 'choosy' in such matters.

About this time — that is, in the first decade of the century — two strong voices were lifted against patent-medicine advertising: *Collier's Weekly* employed Mark Sullivan to 'muckrake' the business, and then Theodore Roosevelt in the White House opened his campaign

for the Pure Food and Drug Act, which he signed as a law in June 1906. For two years, while public sentiment was crystallizing around this act, the voices of protest against the fraudulent claims of patent-medicine dealers rose louder and louder, and at the same time the wave of public sentiment against dirty advertising was accelerated by the quiet protests of the home-town advertisers of legitimate wares.

Probably without Theodore Roosevelt, without Mark Sullivan, and without the minor muckrakers who gathered around their banners, the legitimate advertisers — clothing stores, department stores, for instance, and grocers — would have brought quiet pressure against publishers who admitted to their advertising columns the glaring claims of patent-medicine swindlers and their associates, the astrologers, fortunetellers, healers, prostitutes, get-rich-quick stock salesmen. The progress of legitimate advertising in replacing much of the swindling advertising was a sort of glacial process. We publishers all were guilty but unconscious of guilt in the eighties and nineties. We had a conviction of sin in the first decade of the nineteenth century, and many of us — probably, I should say, the majority of the American newspaper publishers worthy of respect — began to do works meet for repentance in the nineteen-hundreds.

The Pure Food and Drug Act of 1906 aroused us. The sad fact is that every great advertising agency, and so far as I can remember most of the important American newspapers, violently opposed that act. In those days no moral turpitude was attached to an advertising agency which sent around to its newspaper clients warning letters declaring that if the Food and Drug Act was passed newspaper advertising would be tremendously reduced. These letters must have brought to the heart of an honest publisher some sense of what he was doing in abetting fraud, but he — meaning the average good-natured newspaper publisher who

was looking after his bank account — was not quite intelligent enough morally to take a public stand in favor of the bill. The Pure Food and Drug Act passed in spite of newspaper protest, or, what was the same thing, with the public acquiescence of the newspaper publishers who privately were writing letters to the Congressmen in protest against the bill.

III

It is interesting for a newspaper man to read this story of N. W. Ayer and Son, this typical story reviewing the moral evolution of American advertising so far as it has gone in the newspaper and magazine publishing business. As I turned the pages I could see before my eyes and in my memory, gathered there in the book, the story of an important democratic process, an evolutionary process, the growth of ethics in a wide field of American life.

We have not, as American newspaper publishers, reached anything like perfection. In many of our newspapers and in a few magazines — sadly enough, in religious periodicals — the old swindlers still continue to defile their temple. In passing, it should be noted that the last group of newspapers to reform was the religious press — particularly that section of the press which appealed and still appeals to the larger denominations and to the little churches of St. Moron in the lower strata of our economic life. Alas, the lower lights are still burning with a smudgy oil. The answer of the publishers of these third-rate religious papers, great and small, would be, 'What other sources of income have we? Dry goods don't need us, foods avoid us, automobiles and radios give us little business. No one is eager for our columns but the charlatans.' In order to preach salvation and the higher morals, too many religious magazines today depend for their income upon the money that comes from rascals who seek to poison and cheat their subscribers. After all, it

is not the publishers' fault. The presence of these miserable quacks in certain sections of the religious press indicates the dull, unsocial minds of certain candidates for salvation.

But, by and large, newspapers and magazines that appeal to the intelligent in every community have learned — perhaps 'learned' is too definite a word — have come to feel the conviction that the advertising of legitimate products is heavily discounted in the minds of the best buying customers when that advertising appears in the same issue of a newspaper that permits scalawags to lay their snares. Editors and publishers have seen the light, not as a spotlight in the hands of the accusing law, not even as a red 'Stop' sign at the head of traffic. They have 'sensed' that honesty really pays — strange as it may seem! Law has had little or nothing to do with what reform has come to advertising ethics in the last fifty years. I doubt if law would have helped much. The passage of the Pure Food and Drug Act did not check the conscienceless publishers. They went into other areas of swindling. But nevertheless the glacier of public sentiment moved business. The lust for profit was guided by a prevailing belief that the best source of income is not the quick 'hot' dollar in advertising, but the ultimate dependable continuous flow of the honest dollar.

Advertising as a social and economic factor of American life was not unique in its moral development. Honesty did not come into the organization of any commodity industry in the settlement of this continent until the owners or controllers of each particular industry had tried crass dishonesty and found that it did not pay. This is true of transportation, communication, oil, steel, textiles, coal, copper — the whole commodity lot. So, little by little, without the interference of law but through the operation of some kind of inexorable specific gravity which requires honesty to make any industrial organization

work to the greatest efficiency, as a nation we are slowly reaching a competent moral equilibrium in our industries. Every new change, every invention, every social shift, makes a recheck and a readjustment in common honesty necessary to progress. Sometimes laws finish the job, but generally they merely express the truth established in custom that already is commonly acknowledged.

IV

So it happened that, at the opening of the century, advertising was automatically straightening its crooked channels, preparing to serve in our American democracy. In this century, advertising has become the marketing agent that creates the necessary new economic wants which in turn keep the mill wheels whirling and men at work in what was once upon a time — at least well before October 1929 — a comparatively well ordered national industrial economy. For instance, wireless telegraphy came, then the radio. News columns in newspapers and articles in magazines carried the story of Tesla's researches and Marconi's invention. The people read of radio and were unmoved. Not until advertising appeared tantalizing our people with the delightful uses of radio did the manufacturers see trucks backing up to their doors to carry radios into commerce. Similarly, when the news story of air-cooling appeared in the public print, nothing happened; but when advertisements, with prices and descriptions, began to present the comforts of air-cooling, a new industry developed. Thus different commodities were marketed by creating new wants, and an expanding economy was established. Word-of-mouth advertising eventually would have done the same thing, but would not have done it so quickly.

Consciously, let us say, acquisitive methods of advertising — of economic temptations to spend — turned the trick, started the mills, built up industries; and

all because, for a generation, advertising had been cleaning its own channels, making itself more efficient by sweeping out some of the fakers, many of the scoundrels and frauds, and, by so doing, establishing a national faith in itself. At the same time, it was lubricating its gears by cutting out unnecessary commissions and reducing the friction of conflicting interests between the advertiser and publisher. It was as though the American spirit, a conscious Yankee tinker, had been puttering around with this vast psychological machine which promotes advertising, making it ready for the day when democracy would need an expanding market to establish some semblance of democratic equality that should produce a prosperous land.

With the machinery of advertising lubricated came the servicing machinery of social credit. We borrowed by the billions through the issuance of stocks and bonds, through the contrivance of bank credit and brokers' loans in that last decade of our prosperity. We invented an almost superhuman financial machine grinding out billions in credit to float the commerce that advertising promoted. But alas, we forgot that the other name for credit is debt. We bit off more than we could chew. Advertising no longer could distribute the goods of industry. It failed partly because we could not settle our debts, though of course there were other reasons. As the last decade has passed, advertising has grown in grace and so has grown in power, but it has not enough power to start the wheels again. That it is a tremendous source of economic stability in our American life, however, a vital source necessary to an expanding economy, no one seriously and intelligently can deny.

But with the very power which has developed by advertising, by distributing hundreds of millions of dollars in advertising to American newspapers, magazines, radios, and billboards, a grave potential danger to our democracy has

arisen. Single agencies often take over the whole business of a national commodity's advertising. It is an organized commodity — as, for instance, steel, food, copper, oil, textiles. Hundreds of the by-products are advertised through one agency. When democracy tries to regulate that basic industry, — as, for instance, government has taken over the regulation of transportation as to capitalization, rates, intercommodity competition, — it is easy for the agency controlling an appropriation of many millions to write confidential letters to newspaper and magazine publishers calling attention to what may be real or fancied faults in the proposed regulating law and asking in a quiet, friendly way for coöperation to check the legislative trial-and-error methods of democracy.

On the other hand, as consulting director of public relations, a newspaper advertising agency advising the heads of any of our commodity industries may direct them politically. The agency may tell its business clients where to reach powerful sources of publicity. It may not only influence editors and publishers, but may easily and cunningly be a most devastating weapon in the hands of a powerfully organized antisocial force to thwart the will of the people of the United States. We must not forget that a generation ago our advertising agencies tried to check the passage of the Pure Food and Drug Act. They did cripple it. Certain agencies within the last eighteen months have tried to check just and equitable laws directed at fraudulent advertising and merchandising of injurious food, poisonous drugs, and shoddy clothing. The force of this evil influence in our democratic institutions is too real to be minimized. But this is no time or place to 'pass a law' controlling the advertising agencies.

V

First of all, public opinion must continue to work. The social conscience of

men who run advertising agencies must be quickened. Publishers who sell their advertising space through the agencies must face the reality of potential corruption. Finally, the patrons who buy goods which advertisers would sell must look sharply to see that they, as purchasers, are not abetting bribery in its most insidious form. Indeed, all three partners in the function of advertising must come to understand that this force, centred in a dozen national advertising agencies with power to thwart free democratic purpose, cannot be exercised without honest caution, without high patriotism. We have reason to hope that the democratic processes which a generation ago slowly reduced the quantity of antisocial advertising may steadily change and direct this economic force into the progressive energies of our social, economic, and political life. Advertising has been and is a great weapon of our democracy. We must learn how to wield it under modern conditions. Yesterday's technic will not do.

We have set up a smooth-running, powerful machine in American advertising. It is not without the friction of some social irregularity, and lacks, of course, the perfection it might have if we were one hundred and thirty million angels. But for one hundred and thirty million

human beings this institution of advertising, as I have seen it grow, as I have seen it correct its own mistakes, as I have seen it created as an agent for a necessary social service, has been one of the major aids in erecting our civilization. I would ask no blessing upon a young publisher in his twenties more bounteous than this which has been mine: to see in 1989 the same degree of ethical development, of moral sense, and of social responsibility in those who control the machinery of advertising that I have seen since 1889. Mine eyes indeed have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord. But He is not here yet.

It makes me glad to look back at the day when this weapon of economic democracy was a blunt, clumsy, and even a dangerous tool. I am sure that the democratic process in any branch of human endeavor will do what advertising has done under my eyes in sixty years if only men who love democracy will have faith and patience. They may depend upon the freedom inherent in democracy to solve human problems bewildering our countrymen. In American democratic growth there abideth these three: purpose, intelligence, and patience. Often I feel that the greatest of these is patience — patience served by well-tempered wrath!

NOW WE ARE TEN

BY GEORGE ALLEN

NINE Muses sulk, their social work diminished,
Now that the tenth Muse comes; her house is finished,
With sewers, pipes and heating all complete,
Down at the bottom of the Muses' street;
Kraft Ebbing did her kitchen, Freud her study,
A mystic rose in dressing room is ruddy,
While Havelock Ellis, read or left unread,
Presides the guardian genius of the bed;
French windows from the public rooms escape
Into the garden, which is every shape,
Discreetly hedged (with gaps for peeping through),
And paved with crazy paving old and new;
Mendelian flowers their choicest tints begin
To mix, the gardeners watering them with gin;
Sweetly they blush, all Helicon is blush,
The nightingales gape tongue-tied into hush,
Satyrs crowd round, soft nymphs awake from slumber,
And *Country Life* prepares a special number.

And here the friends of Helicon unite
For the housewarming; they are loud tonight.
Declaiming each his own, with none to hear,
The poets of the present day appear,
All in their order, busy at the bar —
Anthologies will tell you who they are:
Old Tories, hounded out of home and metre,
Dreaming of spacious days when song was sweeter;
Surviving Georgians, conscious of old worth,
Still comforted by clods of English earth,
Prescribing for all kinds of present ills
Mother Earth, Mother Sea and Mothersills;
Columbia's woodnotes, Pound and Robert Frost
And E St V Millay (*Love's Labour's Lost*);
The static images of Imagists
Carved full of form, but let him read who lists;
The wise old rebels who would like to be
Reborn or die, but how they cannot see;
And those who travel down the path to Rome,
Russia, Vienna, any place but home,
Castles in Kafka, Innisfree or Spain,
Byzantium, Samarkand, New Hampshire, Maine;
Lawrence from Taos, all who tell of Lawrence
Tepid with unpremeditated torrents;

The Shropshire Lads, the Sussex lads (with beer)
Escape, traumatic complex, all are here,
The Lady Precious Stream of consciousness,
The Trobriand Islanders, Los Angeles,
The good, the even better, and the poet,
The bad, the worse, and those who still don't know it;
Even the poets of the people go
Speaking for once a tongue the people know,
Elliptically they move, a social band
Taking the golden road from the Waste land;
Good-bye to cactus, now they sing of fat
Potatoes for the proletariat,
Though some of them on cactus thorns still sit
With private fun buoyed up (they publish it);
Last but not least, though often on the shelf,
An author whom I like to read, myself;
But all alike are happy, old and young
Of every shade, all to one song give tongue;
About themselves all sing; the song is hearty
And fitting at a literary party.

But look, her sulking over, every Muse
Comes to the party and is in the news:
Now Clio poses for the March of Time;
Thalia giggles, every laugh a dime;
Euterpe whistles little solo whims
On her tin whistles; Polyhymnia hymnas;
Wanting to dance, the maid Terpsichore
Gathers her stags, hangs up her harp on hickory;
Urania dances relatively well,
Not better, for her many light-years tell;
Only Calliope is sad, her song
Once epic now is merely much too long;
But, if you want a sublimation, see
The once cathartic Muse Melpomene —
Lonely she sings, the youths prefer to go
Dancing and making love with Erato,
Who dressed in misty blue remotely shows
The tenth Muse taught her most of what she knows.
Enough: the mistress comes — Now we are ten.
She is the queen of Muses and of men,
Of public and of private prose or verse
The only judge, for better or for worse;
Narcissus leads her home, and on the air
Echo announces her beyond compare;
Beyond description are her dress and looks —
Better to drink her health and burn our books.
The Nine bow stunned, then rise and sing her on,
Psychology is come to Helicon.

WE HAD UNTIL THE HARVEST

BY MAVIS CLARE BARNETT

ST. AVOLD (MOSELLE)
June 23, 1939

NOTHING has changed. The taxi stops as usual before Number 1, rue Foch, and we scramble out. My brother-in-law pays the driver. My sister and I turn to enter the house. Nothing has changed. Here are the high iron gates, their old-fashioned finials overhung by the chestnuts and acacias. Here is the long side wall of the house with the outside stair attached at the farther end, and the shutters and dovetailings of faded green. Here is the little carriage house, no carriages in it now, let to a little old townswoman we call Madame Marguerite. At the main door the taximan deposits my bags with their steamship labels. I am at home again.

It might be last summer, I say to myself as we ascend to the entrance hall. Nothing has changed. In spite of two mobilizations and the fear which has been imposed on this region, nothing has changed. Then I see, tacked on the wall in front of me, a cardboard notice: *République Française, Préfecture de la Moselle, mesures de protection contre les effets des bombardements et des attaques aériennes*. This was not here last summer. These are the measures for safety issued last September during the crisis. My sister wrote then how the *gendarmes* had been to the door with instructions that the great refuge cellars under the house must remain open, day and night, for use by the townspeople in case of air raids. I glance at my sister. She nods, smiling a little.

'Don't be disturbed by that,' she says. 'We have until the harvest.'

'Until the harvest?'

'Yes, when Hitler failed to do anything about Danzig last April it began to be said everywhere that he would wait until after the harvest. Cheer up, darling — we have two months!'

Two months — the duration of my visit. Two months! So very short a time, it seems to me. Yet from the way my sister speaks I realize that to Europeans it has meant a very decent respite, these months when they can be certain nothing will happen, these months while the grain is growing.

'You can't understand that in America, can you?' my sister asks. 'You don't know how lucky you are!'

No, I agree silently, I suppose we do not know how lucky we are. Yet what an ironic sort of 'luck' to one who loves England and France as I do.

'Come,' says my sister, and opens the door into my own room, with its familiar dark-red walls and its wainscoting and woodwork painted a palish mauve. (My sister is not responsible for the color schemes in her house, which is rented for her family by Sarre-et-Moselle, the great coal-mining company where my brother-in-law, a Frenchman by birth, is *ingénieur civil des mines*.) I toss my hat and gloves on to the bed, and go over to the window which overlooks the side garden, with its chestnuts and acacias. Beyond the gates a street cleaner is at work; children are playing near the café of the Trois Rois, on the

corner. I listen to their voices, and to the diligent scrape and pat, scrape and pat, of the old man's brush as he coaxes the refuse together. It is all exactly as it should be. This moment might be the continuation of the summer before.

After tea we go into the upper gardens, through the *office* and the kitchen, past the little back courtyard with its dilapidated balconies still daubed with a suggestion of blue paint.

We go through the little door out to the garden, with its green overhang of elderberry and lilac and honeysuckle. How sweet it all smells: the sunshine, the earth, those white wheels of elderberry bloom, the currants red and lustrous on their standards. We go to sit in the grasses, facing that hodgepodge of kitchen and courtyard and hay-barn roofs: sway-backed, sagging, the tiles round like halves of flowerpots overlapping one another, blackened by weather, yet looking quite red still in the sun. Birds are twittering up there among the chimneys.

How peaceful it is! Odd how one still invokes that word, peace. For any enterprising newspaper reporter would describe this garden as 'under a war cloud.' I squint up at the blue summer sky. Not a cloud anywhere, most assuredly not the sort a cartoonist would draw, heavily outlined in black with an explosion of exclamation marks after the central word: WAR! Nothing of that here. Here there is nothing but sunshine, and little frictions of wind among the ivies and grasses beside me.

Then I remember that here, in this very tangle of growth, one of the cellar chimneys is concealed. If I were to poke among the brambles and put aside the ivy leaves I could find it: an open bricked descent into those depths below. Last summer we made a tour of the cellars, Louis, my brother-in-law, going first with a flashlight. We had to creep along through that blackness, chill with underground air, feeling our way by means of a hand laid on a solid stone wall, or a foot

cautiously placed ahead for the next step.

These cellars extend under the town for several kilometres, and there are various entrances, one at the foot of the Bleiberg, the hill which rises behind the lane at the back of our gardens. Last summer the cellars seemed an adventure, a jolly, frightening mystery to be explored. Now they have a grimmer significance. Where is the peace I was so certain about only a moment ago? The sun still shines on those mossy bits of roof. The little wind comes rustling through the ivies. This time I shiver. My sister looks at me inquiringly.

'You're not cold, are you, darling?' she asks.

June 24. — Last night I heard the hay wagons coming in. Under my open window in the darkness they sounded loud as artillery, and I thought at first that they were artillery, for I remembered from last summer how we used to hear troops in the night, marching toward Metz or the frontier. But last night it was not soldiers. It was the hay wagons coming in from the fields. I know, because I got up to look, and dimly in the darkness I could make out the shapes of the lumbering great loads, topheavy and untidily rounded, the loose hay dragging on the cobbles like the swish of heavy skirts.

It set me thinking — load after load of green hay coming in like that at midnight. I remembered what my sister had said about the harvest. I remembered how yesterday in the train we had journeyed for hours among the hay-fields. Kilometre by kilometre we passed them, journeying through Lorraine, where the fields were like green stripes on the plain, and where already much of the hay was cut and lying raked-up in little mounds. We saw farm horses standing motionless, and peasants in blue dresses, with white handkerchiefs tied over their heads, forking up the hay.

Even then I had begun to think. We

had just been reading in our Paris newspaper how the Reich has called out girls and students to help with the harvest, how there is talk of a greater harvest than usual, unless the rains interfere. Always the harvest — the harvest. Yet this is only the hay. The barley and the wheat are still to come. Again I think of that clause: 'unless the rains interfere.' Last summer we had almost continuous rains.

June 27. — This morning I go with my sister on her shopping rounds. I like these little shops in St. Avold. The *commerçants* are very friendly, very much interested in *les américaines*. So far as I know, we are the only Americans who ever have been in the town. I want to see the fat old man in his *képi*, who sits beside his barrels of fish in one of those beautiful stone doorways near the Place; the old candlemaker, with his innocent blue eyes, who makes his long white church tapers by hand; the girl assistant in the Banque Populaire, who goes constantly on errands, riding her bicycle. What has happened to these people during this year? How have all these cries of 'Wolf! Wolf!' affected them?

Posted up on the wall are advertisements for beer and cigarettes and the *Loterie Française* of the month. And there is one conspicuous command: *Souscrivez aux bons d'armement*. But, I remind myself, there was one of those here last summer.

We go first to the *Crémèrie Centrale* for eggs. The owner, a grave-faced, pretty woman, was born in Berlin. Her shop is very clean and smells of the dairy, with the cheeses of the region set up on the shelves in their round wooden boxes, the Camembert and the Münster, and under great glass bells the Port Salut and the pale Gruyère, and the Roquefort in silver paper.

At the *boulangerie*, too, the woman is a German — Kloster is her name. She has almost no French, but that does not

affect her sympathies. Last September, my sister tells me, she stood behind her counter, her eyes swollen from weeping, as she pushed the bread at her customers, gathering up their francs and dropping them into the cash drawer as though they were of no importance.

The little girl at the *épicerie*, Madame Schmidt, is going to have a baby. She and her young husband live over the shop. Her child is due in the early autumn. What does that mean? What will be happening here in the early autumn? She does not look worried, but she adds up our bill very carefully, and she does not slip a bonbon into our bags as she used to do last year.

As we pass the fountain once more, I ask my sister about these Lorrainers. What are their political sympathies?

'French,' she unhesitatingly assures me.

'But can you be altogether sure — so many German names?'

'Yes,' she answers, 'I think so. Remember, two generations ago they were all French. It was only between 1870 and 1914 that the Germans came in here.'

'True,' I admit. 'But since the war France has been so lenient. The government has not insisted that French be the only language spoken. It has not been a case of *La Dernière Classe*. Why, even after twenty-five years all signs and notices here are printed in both languages, and you tell me that every Sunday the church holds one Mass in German. And we hear German spoken on all sides, even by children born long after 1914.'

'Yes,' my sister agrees, 'all that is true. But I still believe the sympathy here is French — perhaps because of this very leniency.'

Yet, who really can say? There has been no clamoring to return to the Reich, even though in that corner café, on Sunday nights, we hear drunken workmen roaring out songs about the Fatherland. But as yet Hitler has not turned his eyes toward Alsace and Lorraine, has

not been interested yet in stirring up the minorities here. Indeed, he protests that he does not want this region, that he has magnanimously relinquished all claim to it, even though these were Germany's lands!

June 30. — It is announced over the TSF that Hitler intends to visit Danzig in about three weeks. This is very sudden, very disturbing. Have we trusted too much in the harvest?

I am wondering if I should send my trunk to the steamship company for storage, since, if a crisis does come, we might have to leave in a hurry. It is difficult to know what to do.

I begin to realize what last September meant. My sister does not like to speak of it, but I remember her letters. She had been out that Saturday morning to buy her next day's roast. On her way back she had seen the large white posters, with the crossed tricolor at the top, which placarded the Mairie, calling up the classes. At Sarre-et-Moselle, Louis had been notified, and had returned from Merlebach at once, arriving home at almost the same moment as my sister, with her roast of beef in her bag. (Louis returned the roast to the *boucherie*, and was given credit for the next time meat might be wanted!) Then they had perhaps an hour in which to pack the suitcases they were permitted to take, to lock up the house as it stood, with all their possessions in it. Louis found time to bore holes in the tin breadbox so that my sister could carry her cat, Frou-Frou, south with her to Veauche, to my brother-in-law's people. At Metz, Louis had to go to his post in the Maginot Line.

The confusion of the crowds at the Metz station was frightful, women fighting their way into the railway carriages, screaming and uncontrolled. Soldiers were everywhere; troop trains were filling up. Louis took charge of one third-class carriage, establishing what order he could, finding a place for my sister, handing in children and luggage, re-

straining the hysterical crush. In Paris it was even worse. No porters were to be had, no taxicabs. At the Gare de Lyon she caught her train south, sitting up all night in an overfull compartment, Frou-Frou mewling inconsolably.

We can laugh at it now. But on September 24, 1938, there was no inkling of Munich. And last September my sister had been married only four months.

July 9. — The crisis, if it can be called a crisis, seems to have blown over. After the scare of headlines and wireless reports the news is that Hitler has postponed his visit to Danzig until the end of August, at least — perhaps longer. This seems significant. One cannot help feeling that the firm stand taken by France and England in the spring is responsible for this. If only they will continue to stand firm, there may never be actual war. Yet — who knows?

July 11. — Today we go to tea at the château, at Hombourg-Haut, with Madame M——, who is the daughter of the *Sous Directeur* of Sarre-et-Moselle. We take a *bavette* for her new little son. The château is old and delightful, with its eighteenth-century façade, its graveled courtyard and *perron*, and the great park behind. Over the *brioche*s and the *confiture* we chat of many things. We speak of this current crisis, of September — both the September behind us and the one to come.

'These Septembers!' cries Madame M——, with a laugh and a shrug.

Her baby, like many of those being born this summer, is a September crisis baby.

More and more I am impressed by that attitude here, by the sangfroid, the calmness, the determination to go on as though nothing were the least unusual. The excitable French, we have been apt to call them. But that is not true — not any longer.

Madame M—— has sent none of her possessions away yet to safety.

But last week, in Merlebach, at the home of the *Ingénieur en Chef*, it was a different story. There Madame de V—— apologized for her teapot and her cups. The best things had been sent south to her sister, she said. But Merlebach is a stone's throw from the frontier, in some sections scarcely that. After tea that day we walked out to the field where the markers stand, the 'F' carved on one side, the 'D' on the other. Along the wood, directly facing us, we could see the tangles of barbed wire, and opposite, by some of the Sarre-et-Moselle buildings, machine guns were being installed, even as we watched. The roads are blocked at frequent intervals by barriers like those at railroad crossings, always with soldiers on guard. This is true not only in a village like Rosbruck-Nassweiler, where the frontier runs through the middle of the street (the Germans erected a high iron fence along it last summer), but at other points nearer Merlebach and St. Avold.

A few nights ago when we were returning from a dinner party we were stopped by officials, but when the Sarre-et-Moselle car was recognized our papers were not demanded. It is wise now to carry one's passport always. Everywhere the French are tightening up. But it is necessary, in this region which lies between the two lines. For here we are living on the wrong side of the Maginot Line, and the French themselves, if necessary, will blow up this strip of country with its valuable coal mines.

People here, I find, do not talk a great deal about politics. That is part of the attitude which they have adopted toward this 'war of nerves.' When we are out in company my sister and brother-in-law are questioned about their recent holiday on the Rhine, or I am asked — though more out of politeness, I think, than for any other reason — how America feels about all this. Great respect is shown for President Roosevelt; the French speak of him as a friend. But they find it difficult to understand Con-

gress and its present stubbornness over this matter of the Neutrality Act, particularly since they feel that the American people as a whole are in sympathy with the democracies and what they are facing. Can I explain this?

I try, but it is hard to convey to them that it is personal rancor against the President which is largely responsible for the action of Congress — or rather, for the lack of action. France is at present so unified under M. Daladier that Frenchmen find any such party dissension a little strange — possibly a little out of date. What they are apt to forget, of course, unless they are reminded, is that the United States is more than thirty-five hundred miles away from Hitler. That is quite different from living fifteen minutes from the frontier, as we do in St. Avold.

July 14. — *Le quatorze juillet! Vive le quatorze juillet!* Last night St. Avold celebrated with a *retraite aux flambeaux* and a dozen *bals* in the various cafés. When we heard the first of the band music, we dashed out to join the crowd already gathered by the fountain in front of the Mairie. There the town *pompiers*, in helmets shined until they were almost white, sat in a circle working away at their brass instruments with all their breath. The saint on the fountain had a hoop of lights about him, bright as brilliants, and there were more lights around the flag-hung balconies of the Mairie. Children carried paper lanterns, bobbing about on sticks.

Oh, it was very gay! The music, of course, was dreadful. But what of that? Everyone enjoyed it, and there was great applause for the firemen and cries of '*Bis! Bis!*' whenever they crashed to a climax and were silent for a few minutes, wiping their mouths.

Presently we strolled on toward the Place de la Victoire, in the centre of town, and the fireworks began.

Then the *pompiers* came marching, and we followed them up the street to

the nearest *caserne*, where the cavalry was assembling for the *retraite aux flambeaux*. It was like an appearance of knighthood as they began to gallop past with a great clatter of hoofs, all those officers riding with trumpets attached to red baldrics, the flames streaming backwards from the flares they carried, while rockets described bright arcs overhead.

We do not go to Metz this morning, as we did last year, to see the great military review, but we listen to the broadcast. It comes over the air quite well: the rumble of tanks and cannon, the whistle of the train going along that high bank by the field, even the orders for releasing the carrier pigeons.

We tune into Paris as well, for this year in Paris the celebration is the greatest that France has ever known, on this one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the taking of the Bastille. There are immense parades down the Champs-Élysées to the Arc de Triomphe, colonial regiments marching, British bombers flying overhead with the French. Our announcer suggests that if, in 1914, such a military demonstration had been made by France, with Britain joining, then there might have been no World War. Well, that is one man's opinion. But if it is true that such a mustering of forces can impress Hitler and hold another war at bay, by all means let us have these displays of men and machine guns.

July 15. — The world has settled into the summer doldrums — so says the Paris edition of the *New York Herald Tribune*. The summer doldrums — a good phrase. For what can we do these days but wait? Hitler, so we are told, has gone into retreat at Berchtesgaden, in that steel and glass 'Eagle's Nest' of his, on the top of the Kehlstein. He, too, has to wait. Even dictators cannot dictate to the wheat. There has been talk (from Germany) about hurrying the harvest. But the harvest cannot be hurried.

Everyone we know is away. Madame C — and her two boys are in England; Madame M — has gone to Brittany.

In the upper gardens nothing seems to grow except the salads. We begin to think our gardener has played a trick on us and has planted nothing else. Doggedly every night we eat them, those crisp green leaves turned skillfully in the bowl by Louis until they glisten with oil.

Frou-Frou has more energy than any of us. She exerts herself at least once each day to catch a fly.

We have settled into the summer doldrums. Nothing happens. Time seems stationary, like the great five-fingered shadows of the chestnut leaves here on this old marble sill.

But in the fields the grain is growing. We can no more halt the grain than we can hurry it.

July 20. — The rains are beginning. At last, after days of intermittent cloudiness, of showers and sprinkles and small downpours, the rains are beginning. 'Unless the rains interfere' — is there still hope of that?

I put on my brother-in-law's old black rubber coat that reaches to my shoes. I am going out to the gardens.

In the kitchen courtyard it is raining smartly on the paving stones, streaming from the tiles, dripping in sheets of silver drops from the faded blue rails of the balconies.

I climb the old wooden stair to the hay barn. Here there is a comfortable clatter on the roof that echoes down the whole shadowy length of the place. This, at last, seems to be a rain that can be depended upon, a rain that will not stop suddenly to be dried away by the sun. I slide back the rusty bolt in its stone groove and go out the garden door. Long and straight and vertical the rain is falling. Past the cabbages and the haricots I make my way, pushing between gooseberry bushes that drench me even more.

If it is raining like this in the garden, I say to myself, it is raining throughout the

region. It is raining on both sides of the frontier, for the entire sky is low and gray. Perhaps this is the rain we have been waiting for, I say to myself. Perhaps this is the rain that will hold up the harvest.

Standing here by the gooseberry bushes, I can see the long, connected lines of the rain settling down for days on this countryside, disintegrating the gray landscape, shutting it in, isolating this region in mist and bad weather, beating down the barley, soaking the wheat, bowing the oats with their delicate stems that droop a little under the weight of their small, dry danglets. Already, I say to myself, we have the symbol of that Downing Street umbrella, that *chamberlain* which the French have adopted with so much enthusiasm. Possibly the rain and the umbrella together may still get Europe out of her difficulties! Yet, what if they do not? What if they fail?

Suddenly as I stand here fingering a green-striped gooseberry, so wet with rain, all my flippancy leaves me. Now I see only this country that I love so much, the fields, the stone farms, the villages clustered together with their red roofs, Longeville and Bionville, Coincy and Landremont and Fouligny, Hombourg-Haut and Hombourg-Bas. They are all alike, these Lorraine villages, no matter what their names: a handful of old cottages joining crookedly down a single cobbled street, with stone-enclosed manure heaps in every dooryard, and farm wagons standing empty with their ladders up. Black hens scuttle underfoot, children in pinafores play by the fountain where the farm horses are brought to drink in the evening with their harness off. Old men and women with faces as beautiful as though they were carved out of wood sit on the benches outside every door; the younger men crowd the *bistro*, with its little bar stacked high with mugs and glasses.

Nothing must happen to these villages, not a second, not a third time. They have suffered enough here.

The rains are beginning. But can we hope for anything from the rains?

July 30. — No, in spite of the rains the barley is ripe. The barley is being harvested. Today we walk on the Bleiberg, and when we are tired we sit in a barley field, with our backs against the straw-colored stacks. How fragrant they are, like hay. There are larks about, out of sight but not out of hearing. Long and jointed, the varnished straws droop from the sheaves; the pale, flat, stiff-bristled heads look disproportionate in size as I gaze past them to the other stooks beyond.

It is Sunday afternoon and very quiet. From this height we can look down on a great section of the country, on woods, dark as pictures, on red-roofed villages, and far away we can see the smoke from the mines, from Carling and l'Hôpital and Creuzwald, and, still beyond, the purple-blue hills of Germany, like a haze in this late summer afternoon. How still everything is, how peaceful: nothing but those tireless little larks up there in the sun. Peace — how the word persists in my mind.

But the barley has been harvested. The barley is standing in its stooks. Only the wheat is left. And after the wheat, what then?

August 1. — More troops are going past the house these days. This only means increased manœuvres along the frontier. There is nothing to worry about — not yet. These men are not in khaki. They are wearing the old horizon blue, and their uniforms are dirty and draggled enough, faded, gone almost yellow where the flaps of the long coats are buttoned back. The men have their flat helmets strapped under their chins; their hobnailed shoes are noisy on the street.

These soldiers are only boys, unshaven, weary, shambling along four abreast until some sharp command makes them straighten their shoulders.

Gun carriages follow, and smaller carts drawn by mules with some lazy *poilu* stretched out on a block of hay. Great khaki-hooded wagons lumber along. Then come the kitchens, smoking away, coals burning under the stove lids, bundles of faggots stacked beneath, kettles swinging. There are provision carts with sacks of potatoes and onions and flour.

Often in the dawn now I am wakened by this marching, by the noise of innumerable feet on the cobblestones, by the rumble and jangle of guns and *camions*. Between the slats of my shutters, when I get out of bed to look, I can see the ranks going past, the almost ghostly divisions, heads bent forward almost as though they were running, from the weight of what is on their backs. Motorcycles bring up the rear, and bicycles, and a few stragglers on foot. The sound of the marching dies away in the direction of Metz.

There is nothing to fear — yet.

August 5. — The word ‘Danzig’ is coming to the fore again. Since early July it has almost disappeared from the vocabulary of our wireless announcer. But now when we listen at seven o’clock in the evening, still seated at the dinner table, to the news from Radio Luxembourg, we begin to hear this ominous word once more. ‘Danzig’ — is there no escaping it?

On August 27, the newspapers say, Hitler will make his next speech.

August 10. — Today we drive to Nancy, in order to do some shopping. It is a fine afternoon, a little truce to all our rainy weather. But the rain has not held up the harvest. Rain or no rain, the barley has been got in, loaded on to the broad farm wagons, piled into freight cars on railroad sidings. Now the wheat, too, is ready.

Everywhere, on all sides, as our car speeds along this road between the double lines of plane trees with their

bands of whitewash, no matter where we look the country is dotted over with the brown wheat stacks, thousands of small brown cones scattered over the face of this entire, wide, far-reaching plain. In geometric formations they extend before us, these endless rows of the harvest. The country might be a gigantic chess-board and these the brown pawns, stood in position, a pattern that confuses the eyes, shifting and repeating incessantly. Unlimited the harvest looks, unending; toward both horizons the golden-brown landscape stretches away, dotted over in every direction with the stacks of the wheat.

The road to Nancy is full of history. We pass Château-Salins. We pass the village of Moncel, directly on the old frontier. Only remnants of its demolished walls stand now among the rows of new plaster houses. Moncel has been completely rebuilt since 1918. In the meadows, trenches can still be seen, not yet brought under by the grass, though it has been more than twenty years. Such pleasant meadows these are, full of wild flowers and black-and-white cows. Somehow it is impossible to see shells exploding here, ripping up these pastures, sending these inoffensive clods erupting skyward. Yet here are the old crater holes, conclusive evidence.

I close my eyes to the harvest. After all, I remind myself, that is only hearsay. No one can be certain that the harvest is the deadline.

August 18. — Tomorrow we leave for Boulogne-sur-Mer. On Sunday I sail for New York.

This morning my sister and I get up early, for the market. I want to go to the market once more. I want to see those rows of old butter-and-egg women sitting back to back on that long bench in the middle of the Place, their baskets held tightly in their black laps. I want to see the piles of fruits and vegetables, the cauliflowers and carrots and mushrooms, the plums and nectarines. I want to see

the stalls of *patisserie* products, and crockery, and wearables. I want to see the quantities of young pigs in their straw-filled boxes that clutter half the open square. The whole thing is like a little comedy played against the unreal backdrop of these old houses, with their red roofs and their rows of shutters, with the trees of the Felsberg rising beyond. When shall I see it again? Next summer?

In the shops I have last-minute errands to do, commissions for friends at home, little purchases for myself. I am glad of an excuse to go the rounds again: to the Banque Populaire, to Au Nègre for the milk chocolate I like best, to the *boulangerie*, to the *épicerie* where I can say good-bye to Madame Schmidt.

As we turn home I feel extremely sad. In case of trouble, what will happen to all these people? They are only poor shopkeepers; they have nothing but their stock of merchandise. If they lose that they lose everything. I have grown fond of them during my visits here. I want them safe.

All summer my sister has said very little about the situation. I have seen her lips tighten over some piece of news from the T S F. But for the most part she has adopted the French attitude of calmness, of gayety, of belittling everything but the moment.

But this morning she comes to sit on my bed while I am packing my bags.

'How I wish Louis and I were going back to America with you!' she says. 'What must it be like to be really safe — to have a house you never have to flee from! Oh, it isn't fair — it isn't fair!' she cries suddenly. 'What right has one man to do this to the world?'

I do not blame her for her outburst. What right has one man, indeed? It is a terrible world for the young who should be happy, with their entire lives ahead. It is worse for them, perhaps, than for the middle-aged and the old. The young have a right to dreams, and plans, and hopes. They have a right to a future.

My sister loves France with all her heart, but I know that at this moment she is thinking of a little home in a safe American town.

Tonight I go out to the gardens for the last time. In the darkening hay barn the sun is very red on the tips of the brush pile. For a moment I stand here contemplating that radiance. Then I undo the little door and come out into the path. Everywhere there is the scent of the lavender phlox. As I appear, birds go flying off in a dozen directions, but they return very shortly to perch again on the old tiles of the roof. The garden is very still; there is a gravity of twilight in all parts of it, now that the sun has gone from behind the twisted apple boughs.

As I sit here, my hands clasped about my knees, watching all this, loving it all, evening begins to close the garden in, darkening its boundaries, obscuring its shapes — a very gradual process, but let five minutes pass, ten minutes, and I know beyond doubt that it is so. The dusk cannot be stayed. Slowly it darkens around me, more light going every instant. Trees blur together, and bushes; only the immediate dahlias are distinct, and the lettuces that keep a kind of green glimmer in their frills. There are no birds now. But a bat comes out, a dark flying thing that wavers past me and disappears into the deeper dusk.

The smell of the phlox is not so strong now. But the damp chill is bringing out other scents, the crude, not unpleasant odors of earth and plants and grasses. In the Place the bells are striking eight-fifteen. Full twilight comes on early these nights, at the end of summer. My feet are cold, and I am stiff, sitting so long like this on the border of the flower bed. I go in.

When I enter the studio I am surprised to find my sister in the midst of packing her most prized possessions. Several times we have discussed the advisability of doing this, but I did not know that she had finally made up her mind to it.

Yet I do not need to ask why. I know. Tonight the news was more disheartening than ever. We have had Förster's bitter speech on August 11. We have had Count Ciano's visit to Hitler on August 13. Since these events it is constantly reiterated by the Germans that they mean to have Danzig at any price. Danzig — the 'Free City'! How ironic it is.

Newspapers strew the floor, and Frou-Frou is having a fine, noisy game among them. My sister bites her lip to keep back the tears. This is the third time she has packed up her treasures and sent them off to Veauche. In the entrance hall Louis is at work on a wooden packing case. His hammer has a desolate sound echoing through these rooms, rapidly becoming dismantled as my sister removes candlesticks from the shelf, or a row of books from some end table. Louis's wicker trunk stands open in the middle of the room, ready to hold vases, and bedding, and prints, and my sister's fur coat, and her choicest Italian table linen.

No one speaks. What is there to be said?

In case of war, soldiers would no doubt be quartered in this house. It is centrally located and has quantities of rooms, all of them large. Yet it is impossible to send all personal possessions away. It costs too much. The furniture would have to remain. Perhaps Madame Marguerite could be prevailed upon to give houseroom to some of the more valuable pieces: the old Alsatian chairs, the sixteenth-century Florentine chest. But if war comes no house in this region will be safe. St. Avold is directly between the Maginot and Siegfried Lines.

The fire dies down to a few red ashes. Frou-Frou grows tired of her assault on the newspapers and goes to sleep, her paws tangled in excelsior. My sister works on quietly, without comment. Louis finishes his box. He drags it into the studio and we all are busy for a time, packing it full of books. Only the trunks

are left, to be filled with clothes and other immediate necessities.

There is no definite crisis yet. But my brother-in-law is taking his uniform and his pistol (he is a full lieutenant, in reserve, for the Maginot Line). There might not be time to return here, though they plan to be back in St. Avold before August 27. That seems to be the one date we can pin to for possible action: August 27. What is Hitler going to say then? What is he going to demand? Or will he try to take Danzig first, by some *coup*, and make his speech afterward, as is becoming his custom?

By eleven-thirty the boxes are ready. Louis nails them up. We stop our work.

We go into the kitchen to brew some *tilleul*. The hot tea is soothing to the nerves. We need to sleep.

As we sit at the kitchen table, weary and dispirited, Louis tells us that today, at Merlebach, he learned from one of his fellow engineers that in Germany the harvest is all gathered. At Folschviller, at the shaft there, miners come over every day from Germany to work, under the same agreement by which Sarre-et-Moselle is permitted to mine coal under German territory, until 1941. These miners have been kept at home the last few days, drafted for the harvest. Everyone has been drafted, it seems: women, children, workmen, officials, it has made no difference. By government decree the harvest had to be in by the middle of August. News like this, of course, does not get into the papers. But the miners themselves have told it. They have had to explain their absence from work.

'So in Germany the harvest is in,' I remark.

Louis nods.

In our Lorraine fields the stacks are still standing, the binders still at work.

'Then the harvest, according to the Germans, is over?'

Again Louis nods.

We gather up our cups, rinse them under the tap, and put them away.

We have had until the harvest.

FOR ARMISTICE DAY, 1939

BY RICHARD ALDINGTON

AT dusk on the tenth of November, 1918, the battalion of which I was signal officer halted at the Mons-Maubeuge road, a little to the north of Maubeuge. We had been marching hard all day vainly trying to establish contact with the retreating enemy. At dawn the next morning the colonel ordered me to march headquarter details back to Bavay, some miles to the rear, and find billets. I was surprised and a little shocked at this order. It seemed to me that our plain duty was to pursue the enemy by forced marches and bring his rear guards to action. But I was in no sense displeased; a few days' or even one day's rest would be very welcome. Rumor had it that the fast-marching Light Infantry would take our place.

We were in complete ignorance of the real situation. Since we had entered the burning city of Cambrai in October we had seen no newspapers, our letters from home told us nothing, and life had narrowed down to marching and fighting. We all believed that another two years must elapse before we got to Berlin.

About halfway on our march a staff officer rode up, and shouted to me that an armistice had been signed and would come into effect at eleven. He waved his hand in answer to my salute and galloped off. We had been fed so long on falsely optimistic news that I didn't quite believe him, especially as there was heavy gunfire to the north, which I believe was some peppy Canadians having a last-minute show on their own. Later,

round about noon, the colonel showed me the official notification. I found an abandoned hovel, lay down on the dirty floor, and slept the sleep of exhaustion. The war was over, and we could rest at last.

After dinner that night, as soon as etiquette allowed, I left the officers' mess and walked out alone. It was a mild dark November night with a few misty stars, and some of the men were using up Very lights and SOS signals as fireworks. But what impressed me was the silence. For the first time in those endless years there was no night firing. Minute after minute passed with that beautiful silence flowing by like a soundless river of peace. Yet the habits of war had become so mechanical, the idea of peace was still so new and unbelievable, that I had unconsciously taken my gas mask and steel helmet.

The feelings and reflections of that insignificant young subaltern can be of no interest or importance to the world, except that they were typical of what millions of young soldiers were feeling and thinking that night. In the capitals and great cities of the Allies the civilian populations were shrieking and dancing in an orgy of hysterical triumph and rejoicing. But in the armies there was silence. Long before the cult of the Unknown Soldier and the Two-Minute Silence, the surviving soldiers in the battle area celebrated the eleventh of November in silence. While the imagination of civilians was intoxicated by the vivid but empty word 'victory,' the

imagination of the soldier was heavy with ghostly silent battlefields and the innumerable lines of crosses. No doubt it was right that the civilians should rejoice and the soldiers mourn. An army is a body of young men dedicated to destruction that the rest of the community may survive. How natural that it should count its losses while the community rejoices in its own safety.

So that at first my thoughts were of the Somme and Arras battlefields, where so many interminable months of my life had been passed. And in all of them I mentally revisited places (now lost to my memory) where a cross or a little cluster of crosses marked the end of men with whom I had lived and marched and fought. Then came, with a shock of surprise, a slight feeling of pride in what we had done. That invincible German army had not been so invincible after all.

Two recent memories came to mind. One was of a division of French cavalry passing through our lines in pursuit of the retreating enemy. Under their neat steel helmets I recognized types of all the historical French armies of the past. There was the lean sallow mediæval man-at-arms whose ancestors had met mine at Crécy, Poitiers, and Agincourt. There was the Renaissance soldier with trim pointed beard and intelligent eyes, the careless laughing soldier of Louis XIV, the Napoleonic *grogard* with heavy drooping Gaulish moustache, but above all the new hard-faced soldier of the World War. In them I saluted the imperishable vitality of France.

The other memory was also not a week old. It was of the Third British Army pouring through the square of an old French town, also in pursuit. I watched them for hours — infantry, artillery, supply transport, cavalry, passing, passing, passing. There was something almost terrible in their grim determination, in that superb demonstration of power, for they passed in silence. The songs and whistlings with which they

had kept up their spirits in disappointment and defeat were gone. They kept their breath to march on. You heard nothing but the rumble of wheels and the rhythmic tramp of feet, urgent, hastening, *left-right, left-right, left-right*, the men's bodies bowed a little forward in the urgency of pursuit. It was quite terrific. We, who had taken that town a few hours earlier, watched them pass, not without emotion.

Human nature being what it is, I thought of myself. Again with a shock of surprise I realized that the provisional minute-to-minute surviving was gone. Many months before, I had exceeded the average expectation of life of an infantry subaltern. By all mathematical rules I ought to have been dead long ago. And my amazing luck had held to the end. Instead of counting my possible future life by hours, I could now count it by years. It was a gift almost of immortality. Of course, I realized, with a comical solemnity, that I was now an old man — I was just twenty-six — and therefore could not expect to make any great success in the world. But there would still be books to read and write, places and old buildings and pictures and sculpture to see, — I might even see again the Italy I had planned to revisit in September 1914, — and there would be gay evenings with friends (those who still lived) and walks over roads with no shell holes in them. . . .

Not until three months later, when I was demobilized, did I discover that the most unwanted, disliked, and cold-shouldered person in the civilization he was supposed to have saved was the returned soldier. He was severely satirized on the London stage — sure mirror of public opinion — for wanting to exist as anything but the servant of the successful profiteer, the gentleman 'of national importance' who was too precious to lose in battle.

What right had cannon-fodder to survive?

But what of the great aims for which

we had fought, the terms of the Armistice and the terms of the Peace to come? I knew nothing of the Armistice terms, for I was not consulted. As to the Peace, I assumed that, since we had now kicked the Prussian good and hard in the pants, we should make a just, generous, and lasting peace with the admirable German people. Like millions of other Allied soldiers, I had saved one thing from the wreck of all hopes and beliefs — an almost fanatical faith in Woodrow Wilson. How that civilian knew what we were thinking and feeling was a mystery to us, — who found most civilians incomprehensibly bloodthirsty and vindictive, — but he had done so and we believed in him. If he had told us to shoot our own generals I think we would have done it. Marshal Foch was officially commander of all the armies of Europe, but their true commander was President Wilson. If only he had known it! We knew we were only the cannon-fodder which had chanced to escape, but we also *knew* that Wilson would make the world afresh, not for us — we were old men, finished, used-up — but for those who came after us.

Now there is war again. The children, the babies, the unborn, for whom we fought in the sure and certain hope that what we suffered would never be endured by them, face each other once again on the battlefields of Europe. There is no

need for me to repeat the grievous tale of the blunders of French, British, and American politicians which created Hitlerism and forced this new war on an unwilling world. Once again, we are all guilty, and America nearly as much as the rest. I say 'nearly' because the old quarrel was not America's, and because I believe that America entered the last war for no paltry material motive but with the high moral purpose of ending war forever and building a new world. But heavy, heavy is the responsibility on those who withdrew American coöperation and cool common sense from the chaotic turmoil of post-war Europe. If only you could have been a little patient, if only you could have realized that the war-tormented peoples were not quite sane. . . .

It is too late, and recrimination is vain. Now I am haunted by the thought that American idealism will again precipitate this great nation into war. I hope it will not be so. In the last war, America did its generous best, and failed — whether through its own weakness or the weakness of others, I do not presume to say. But now it has only one task — to preserve in peace those inheritances of European culture which the coming years will see destroyed in Europe. The only possible future for Europe is that it shall be recolonized in years to come with the civilization preserved in an intact America.

LAST HOURS IN GERMANY

BY HERBERT G. SONTHOFF

IT is not customary for Berlin taxi drivers to talk to their passengers, but when we stopped somewhere on Unter den Linden to let a long line of military trucks pass, my driver turned and asked casually, 'Read the papers this morning?' He handed me the *B. Z. am Mittag*, the morning tabloid. 'PACT BERLIN-MOSCOW,' its glaring letters said, with a few triumphant subheads below.

'You know,' he went on, 'Hitler is really a great guy. With that pact the Poles haven't got a chance. I bet you not one of these boys,' and he pointed to the heavy tanks now rattling by, 'will have to fire a single shot, or maybe just a few bullets to clean up the place. But this time there won't be any dead lists in the papers, and we'll have plenty to eat. No sir, Hitler won't get us into war. I don't want to be in the trenches, but I'd go — and I tell you, I'll never have to go. The British will never fight.'

He was a young man and said 'Heil Hitler' when I left the cab.

There was the 'man in the street.' To me he exemplified completely the effect of the Nazi propaganda machine. The way of thinking of the German people, based on their readiness to believe and trust their authorities, has been shrewdly utilized by their present rulers. I never believed in the reports of underground movements in Germany. What is essential to the formation of independent opinion is insistence on the right and opportunity to listen to the other side. But in Germany we have had small opportunity for that, what with the press, schools, movies, everything informative, cultural, and intellectual, *gleichgeschaltet* — lined up and coördi-

nated with the idea *Ich bin nichts — Deutschland ist alles*. Whatever Hitler and his men did, whether they rationed food, controlled the universities, or persecuted the Jews, was declared to have been done in the interest of Germany, therefore was right and was so accepted. The people's natural sense of justice, righteousness, and fairness was submerged in a wave of nationalism, gradually producing the readiness to distrust everything 'foreign' and believe what the Wilhelmstrasse chose to lay before the public.

I had a luncheon appointment with Bruno and his father. Bruno was a former classmate of mine; we used to climb fences together and shared our earliest romances. Now I frequently teased him about the seriousness with which he took his leadership of a local Hitler Youth squad.

The old man was alone when I walked into the restaurant. 'The little *Führer* is late,' I said.

'No,' his father replied, and hesitated until the waiter had set the table and left. 'Haven't you read the news? He got his army order this morning to report immediately in Silesia.' He looked very old suddenly. 'You know,' he resumed after a while, 'I have been all through the last war and I don't want my only son to get killed for what they call National Socialism. But I don't think there will be any war. The people won't stand for another war in so short a time, and Hitler is too smart not to realize that. He's just bluffing. Remember the *Anschluss* and Munich and the Memelland.'

We ate in silence. When we got up, I

asked him to tell Bruno that I would never forget him. He held my hand for a moment: 'Don't think I have turned Nazi, but what can we do? There is no way of standing up against it. The young don't know anything else, and the old can find no political idea strong enough to replace this system. And how should we get together, anyway?'

Here was the other side of the story: surrender of once-cherished principles in consequence of the constant hammering of propaganda bombs on the weak fortress of individual conviction, a passive acceptance of anything official, tinged with suspicion and weary indifference.

And the young? When I talked with high-school or even university boys and the discussion turned to political matters, I would find them hardly ever able to be objective. They had not been *taught* to be tolerant. If I suggested, 'But there may be justice on both sides of this argument,' they showed suspicion and would say, 'You have been abroad, haven't you? Well . . .'

In their eyes I was a 'bad German.' They were the coming generation, and I realized that I should have to suffer from this attitude as long as I stayed in Germany. To some of us the principle of *audiat et altera pars* seems more essential than thoughtless devotion to 'my country, right or wrong.' It was for this reason that I finally took advantage of the chance to leave that came to me by improbable good fortune.

This was my last day in Berlin, and I had about an hour free until my next appointment. I walked into one of the inexpensive movie houses around the Friedrichstrasse station. The newsreel was on. There were a few pictures of manoeuvres of the English navy, but they were not hissed. Göring reviewing air-force troops caused applauding murmurs and consenting smiles. Goebbels, shown as he opened some party gathering, was met with dead silence. Hitler, photographed as he rode up to the new chancellery building, received a few fe-

male 'Heils,' but the crowd remained tensely quiet. I recalled the times in 1933 and 1934 when every newsreel carrying pictures of the *Führer* caused wild and roaring applause.

Werner was one of my best friends. He had recently taken his doctor's degree in Berlin, and he was working in a semi-governmental agency. I called for him there, and we took a last long walk through the Tiergarten.

'You are going,' he said, 'and you ought to go. Tell them over there that Germany will become again what she once was — not a first-class military power, but stronger in science, philosophy, and poetry than ever. National Socialism is just an interlude, dark and terrific, but there will be a new dawn. They think I'm a Nazi and therefore I can and must stay — there must be people ready for the change when it comes.'

'It won't come in our time.'

'It will, soon,' he replied. 'We are ready for anything now. Some of Hitler's moves, like the taking-over of Czechoslovakia, the Russian alliance, and now the occupation of Poland — all of them actions diametrically opposed to solemnly proclaimed Nazi principles — have completely destroyed the mental balance of the people. They have lost all their feeling of security. The pact was a terrible shake-up of their morale. Nothing will be unexpected now.'

I got on the ship twelve hours before they closed the border. In New York a girl reporter asked me the usual questions. 'What are your plans?' 'I have come to look for something.' 'Oh!' she said. 'A sense of life,' I continued, and had to laugh at the startled look on her face.

A few days ago a letter reached me, written by a German student after the outbreak of war: 'War is terrible, but there will always be wars. The world is fighting another war against Germany, and I am glad to take up arms even though I may not survive. Germany must live, no matter under what political system. She must win, and she will.'

THE DUTY OF A PACIFIST

BY C. E. M. JOAD

WHEN the last war ended I said to myself, 'Remember that, whatever happens in the world, nothing can be as bad as this was. Remember, then, that however bad the alternative may seem, you are always to prefer it to war.'

Now that war in Europe has come, and the breath of it is in our nostrils, I have bethought me of this vow made over twenty years ago, and wondered whether its injunction should still be observed. On the whole, nothing that has since happened — not even the excesses of the Fascist régimes, and they are admittedly worse than anything which I could have conceived to be possible when I made the vow — has induced me to gainsay it. In this war, as in the last, I am at heart a pacifist, and there arises, therefore, for me, as for many of us, the vexed question, What is the appropriate — or perhaps I should say the least inappropriate — rôle that a pacifist in wartime can play? There is no satisfactory answer to this question, but since it is one which is likely to agitate an increasing number of young men not only in the western European democracies, but also, it may be, in America, I offer in this article a contribution to its answer.

I

I think it is a good thing that there should be men who refuse in any circumstances to take part in the killing of their fellows at the orders of the State, or in assisting others to kill them. Such men

are not only a credit to their race in the present; they are its hope for the future. For they are in very truth pioneers, pointing the way to a higher level of creed and code and conduct than our species has yet achieved. As such they belong to a familiar historical type.

History bears frequent witness to the posthumous ennoblement, by the children, of the men whom the fathers stoned and crucified. It is no new thing for the heterodoxies of the past to be enshrined in the Prayer Books of the present, and for the abominations of the present to become the accepted commonplaces of the future. It is, indeed, by precisely this process — a process whereby the outrageous insight of the gifted pioneer becomes in due course incorporated into the accepted outlook of the ordinary man — that evolution advances. Hence, I should regard the man who is prepared as a conscientious objector to war to suffer for his faith as the equivalent in the moral sphere of the genius in the æsthetic and the mystic in the religious; as being, that is to say, one of those endowed with special insight who are sent into the world to give conscious expression to life's instinctive purpose, and to point the way to a new level of evolutionary development. Because they believe, they will in time be believed.

The very fact that such men *are* pioneers means that their way is not and can never be the way of most of us. Before the present war is over, those who refuse to obey the orders of the State

may well be shot in this country as, during the last war, they were shot in other countries. The decision to follow a course which may end in martyrdom is not one which a man may recommend to his fellows; each must make it for himself. For my part, I cannot take it upon myself to give advice to another which might lead to his choosing the martyr's way. Though I think it is a good and perhaps a necessary thing that there should be martyrs, I do not think that they should be many. Martyrdom is a vocation, and those who choose it without being called are apt to develop, not into martyrs, but into prigs.

Hence, the only duty that I would urge upon the pacifist in the next war is that of survival. This duty is, I suggest, enjoined upon him by two different sets of reasons, the first selfish, the second unselfish. To take the selfish first, war is, in his view, a form of madness. In wartime the world goes crazy. But why, he may well ask himself, should he participate in its lunacy? Still more, why should he suffer for it? For he is after all — assuming, as he must do, that his own view is correct — a sane man; and why, he may ask himself, should a sane man permit himself to be driven to his own destruction by a world of lunatics bent on theirs? Why should he even endanger his sanity by courting suffering and martyrdom? In all martyrdom there is an element of madness. When once the pacifist begins to suffer, to be harassed, bullied, imprisoned, or maltreated for his opinions, he will begin to lose the calmness of mind and the objectivity of outlook in which his sanity consists and upon which it depends. In particular, he will begin to suffer from the complex of persecution.

In wartime every man's hand is against him. Thrust into a defensive position, he is faced continually with the necessity of arguing in defense of his opinions; the most friendly discussion is apt to end in a row, the most casual conversation to provoke him to testify

to the faith that is in him. It is extremely difficult in these circumstances to avoid the feeling that one is being persecuted. It is also difficult to avoid a feeling of self-righteousness. The persecuted man and the self-righteous man adopt an overdetermined attitude to the opinions for holding which they are persecuted, in respect of which they feel self-righteous. Deprived of both impartiality and objectivity, they cease to be good guardians of those opinions.

Yet, always assuming that the pacifist is right, the very fact that he *is* single-handed in their defense is a measure of the importance of the opinions he defends. When few hold the truth, the greater is their duty to the truth that they hold, and in saying this I pass from the selfish to the unselfish reasons for survival. Granted that the pacifist believes that his opinion is right, he cannot but wish his opinion to prevail. Granted that he thinks war to be wrong, he cannot but wish it to be terminated at the earliest possible moment. And so he must be on hand to catch and exploit the inevitable mood of war-weariness, when it comes. He may even, subject always to the qualification that he must survive with powers of mind intact, seek to hasten its coming, presenting in season, but not out of season, the opinions which, flouted in the first phase of belligerent ferocity and panic fear, find a ready lodgment in the hearts of those who suffer or are weary. And, presuming for a moment that there *are* victors in this war and that his country is among them, he must be on hand to soften, so far as he can, the terms of peace, and to see that from the ruins of the next war there emerges machinery for the prevention of future wars. The present League *might* have evolved such machinery; it *would* have done so but for Versailles. But the desire to disable the conquered foe was too strong for the victors, and the devil's crop was sown whose harvesting is now upon us. It is the pacifist's duty to ensure that no similar desire

shall be allowed to militate against the success of the next settlement, and, that he may perform his duty, he must first survive.

Finally, believing that his opinions are right, he must seek to ensure that the number of those who share them is as large as possible. It is his duty not to diminish that number by dying for the opinions he wishes to propagate. Thus I conceive it to be the business of the pacifist in the next war to preserve his life, his health, his sanity, his fair-mindedness, and his poise by every method at his disposal, and, short of killing or assisting to kill his fellow men, to perform such services as the authorities may require of him.

Fear of the charge of priggishness makes me hesitate to add a further consideration, yet I find it difficult to refrain. There exists in human societies something which we call culture, something which it is very hard to define. For my present purpose, I should describe it as the deliberate maintenance, by a substantial proportion of the members of a community, of certain standards of value in living and thinking. In morals, culture expresses itself in tolerance and humanity, a tolerance which is prepared to allow freedom for opinions and habits which are repugnant to oneself, a humanity which refuses to believe that, if a man's politics or morals are bad, they will be improved by subjecting him to gross physical pain. In thought, culture expresses itself in a skeptical habit of mind which, refusing to believe that the truth on most topics of human controversy is known, refuses also where the truth is unknown, to supply the place of knowledge by converting its conjectures into dogmas. Where the truth is unknown, the cultivated man will not account differences of opinion as a reason for making the world uncomfortable for anybody.

In spite of, or because of, his repudiation of dogma and certitude, the cultivated man is the guardian of tradition

and the preserver of knowledge. It is at once his duty and his pleasure to keep alive the knowledge of the past of the race, of its aspirations, its crusades, its glories, and its blunders, and of what great men have thought and said memorably about human life. In the sphere of art, culture expresses itself in the recognition — a recognition whose sensitiveness the cultivated man seeks constantly to make keener by practice — that there are certain standards of beauty; that, judged by these standards, some works are good and some bad; and that it is a man's duty to discover and to love that which is good. In science and philosophy, the cultivated man sets a value upon mental adventure for its own sake, is willing to seek truth wherever it may be found and to follow a chain of reasoning wherever it may lead. He knows that there is no alleviation for the sufferings of mankind save veracity of thought and of action, and the resolute facing of the world as it is.

Now in wartime the qualities of the educated man are derided and his virtues contemned, while the standards to which he pays tribute are in danger of being utterly submerged. That a man should lay claim to the possession of these qualities, that he should regard his life as being, in however imperfect a degree, an embodiment of these values, argues a degree of complacency which few would, I imagine, wish to have laid to their charge. It is enough that he should know the values, recognize the standards, and seek to cultivate the qualities. If he does these things, and in the degree to which he does them, I should be prepared to call him a cultivated man. Valuing the testament of thought and beauty which has come down to us from the past, he will regard it as a heritage of which he is a trustee with duty to transmit to the future. There is a real danger that in the present war the treasures of learning and culture which have been garnered by past ages may be destroyed, and that mankind may

enter upon a new dark age. In the face of such a danger those who are conscious of their debt to the past may feel an obligation to repay it by constituting themselves the guardians of its culture; those who acknowledge the values of truth and beauty will seek to keep alive the recognition of truth, the appreciation of beauty, in a world which, as the war proceeds, grows increasingly intolerant of the first and hostile to the second. Now, that they may perform this office, they must first survive — and survive, so far as may be possible, with vision unclouded and standards unlowered by the savagery of the times.

II

How is such survival to be achieved? If the pacifist is to exist in a community at war, he must reconcile himself to the fact that, unless he is prepared to take heroic measures, he is by the very fact of his existence in some measure assisting the community and so, presumably, condoning its warlike actions.

Heroic measures would presumably include martyrdom deliberately sought, putting one's head into a gas oven — a course at one time recommended by Professor Broad of Cambridge — and, most heroic of all, getting oneself arrested and then persistently breaking every prison rule it is possible to break, with the object of maximizing the number of wardens required to look after and punish one, and so withdrawing the largest possible number of men from active participation in military duties. But these heroic courses are, as I have already indicated, only for the chosen few. Unless he is prepared to take them, the pacifist must reconcile himself to the fact that by virtue of existing and working he cannot help rendering assistance to his community. For, to exist, he must purchase the necessities of life, and help the wheels of industry to turn. In wartime the community's economic life is one of the foundations of its military ac-

tivity; hence by assisting the economic life of the country he is also assisting its military activity.

As has often been pointed out, no clear-cut line can be drawn between direct participation in military activities and activities which have no connection with fighting. If you yourself do not fight, the probability is that you will be setting free another man to fight for you. Even if you are not setting free another man to fight for you, you will find that you are setting free another man to perform work such that its performance sets free another man to fight for him, and so on. There is thus no clear-cut line between work which assists the carrying on of the war and work which does not. Short of heroic measures, you cannot contract out of the community to which you belong.

Nor is it only in wartime that this undesired assistance is given to the war machine. The pacifist gives it in peace every time he pays his income tax or pays his rent, and by paying his rent enables someone else to pay *his* income tax. Therefore, by merely performing his duties as a citizen, he is assisting the community to pursue a policy of which he disapproves. Now most pacifists do in fact pay their income tax; do, therefore, in fact assist in enabling the State to equip itself with the instruments of slaughtering their fellow men. In thus rejecting the heroic measures which the extreme logical implications of their faith would seem to demand, they have already opted against martyrdom. I would suggest that, having by implication made up their minds on this issue before war breaks out, they should in wartime act consistently with the course already adopted in peacetime.

Now, though it is not feasible to draw a clear-cut line of logical division between those activities which help a community at war and those which do not, there are nevertheless degrees of participation and assistance. There was popular among Greek philosophers a figure

called the *Sorites*. One took a very large number and subtracted from it the number 1. The unit 1 is a very small number; if one subtracts a very small number from a very large number, one is left with a very large number. One repeats the operation indefinitely, and on each occasion, by the same reasoning, one is left with a very large number. As a result of the repeated subtractions, one is ultimately left with the number 1, and, according to the argument, therefore 1 is a very large number. Nevertheless, 1 is not a very large number.

By similar reasoning, since the disemboweling of an enemy soldier with a bayonet is an act of war, it follows, since the one activity shades into the other by a number of imperceptible gradations, that growing turnips is an act of war in precisely the same sense as disemboweling the enemy soldier is an act of war. But clearly it is not. That it is not, I think, may be seen from a consideration of the five categories to one or the other of which possible forms of employment may from this point of view be allocated.

There is, first, the category of fighting; that is to say, of trying to kill other human beings with all the resources that science has placed at the disposal of the killer. A second category is that in which one assists the fighter to fight without actively fighting oneself: one makes aeroplanes and munitions, drives lorries, makes uniforms. In a third category are the activities involved in repairing the ravages which result from fighting. This category includes the ambulance and medical services, the putting out of fires, the making and repairing of trenches, the patching up of fighting men so that they can fight again, and so on. In a fourth category is work which has no distinctive relation to war, since it must be done in peacetime no less than in war, but which is nevertheless necessary if war is to be carried on. Such work includes the growing and importing of food, the making of boots and clothes, the running of railways, the mining of

coal. Fifthly, there are activities which have no distinctive relation to war and are not necessary if war is to be carried on; for example, the making of music, or of musical instruments, or the selling of jewelry.

Now pacifists will not, I imagine, wish to undertake work falling into categories one and two; it is unlikely that they will be allowed to continue to do work falling within category five. There remain categories three and four. Work in category three may — probably will — involve danger, and will, therefore, give comfort to those pacifists who are driven by an uneasy conscience to desire to subject themselves to the same risks as the fighting men. You cannot contract out of your community spiritually, they will tell you, any more than you can contract out of it physically. When war comes you will feel it intolerable that, because of your opinions, you should be in comparative safety while others are running the risks which, whether you agree with them or not, they believe themselves to be incurring on your behalf. The only way to make the situation tolerable is to see to it that your risk is not less than theirs. Those to whom this argument appeals will feel strongly impelled to take up work falling within category three.

But there are others to whom the argument does not appeal. They will wish to have as little to do with the mass lunacy and slaughter as may be, and they are apt to take seriously my injunction as to the importance of surviving with sanity unimpaired. For such as these, work falling within category four is indicated.

III

I may perhaps be forgiven if I end on a note of personal confession. In the last war, work falling within category four would have suited me well enough. I wanted to keep clear of the war as far as the war would let me, and my attitude

was that of the conscientious objector who opted for alternative service. My feelings now are different. As one grows older, one becomes psychologically embedded in the community to which one belongs. While in thought one becomes more detached, — inevitably, since detachment is the outstanding sign of intellectual maturity, — in feeling one becomes more entangled. I cannot now cut psychologically adrift from my fellows with the ease that was possible to me as a young man. As they feel, hope, fear, and desire, so within limits must I.

When the war broke upon us, I was in the country trying my hand at amateur farming — an admirable category-four occupation. If I had felt then as I felt in 1914, I should have been content to stay where I was and to grow food. But, away from the centre of interest and activity in London, I was restless and miserable. In the country I felt isolated and marooned. I too, it seemed, wanted to be in the thick of things. It was rumored that work in government departments would be available for people in my position, and I applied like the rest. After all, I should have made a bad farmer, but, having had a civil service training, a reasonably effective civil servant. In a government department I shall do my best to assist in the efficient conduct of the war.

My feelings, I confess, surprised me. I comforted myself by reflecting that Naziism was, after all, a horrible thing; that, though this was not the way to deal with it, nevertheless this way had apparently been chosen; and that, short of actual fighting or munitions making, I should like to do what I could to help make this way effective. Not very heroic all this, you will say. I know that

it is not. A man ought to have the courage of his logic, you will add. But my logic tells me that, once war comes, there is little or nothing that the pacifist as pacifist can do save wait for the turn of the tide and be there to take advantage of it.

A poor sort of zealot this, you will conclude, who thinks that war is never justified and always wrong, yet is prepared to take government work when war comes. But I am not a zealot; I am, I hope, a reasonable, common-sensible sort of man. It is at any rate as a reasonable man that I have here tried to present some of the reasons for pacifism, seeking to appeal to the good sense rather than to the emotions of my readers. Now it is the part of a reasonable man never to be so sure of his opinions as to be prepared to sacrifice either himself or anybody else to his conviction of their rightness. He will bethink him always that he may be wrong and will remember that a cause is doubtfully served by its martyrs. There have been altogether too much enthusiasm and sacrifice and zealousness and heroism and martyrdom and dying (and killing) in the world. There are too much in the world to-day; a little less enthusiasm, a little more skepticism, a little more readiness to take thought, a little less eagerness to take action, and the world would be a happier and more comfortable place.

Finally, it is the part of a reasonable man, when two evils are presented to him, to choose the lesser. I do not wish to pretend that I am happy doing government work in wartime, but I am less unhappy than I should be if I were to stand aside from the community by cultivating a priggish complacency, or seeking to defy it by courting the endurance of martyrdom.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

ESSAYISTS young and old, known and unknown, are invited to compete for the Club. A prize of \$250 will be posted each month for the most distinctive essay of a thousand words. It gives us great pleasure to confer the November award on Robert Shelby Darbshire, of Stanford, Kentucky, a newcomer to the *Atlantic*.

TENANTS

'PITY the poor Southern tenant'? I do. But I pity the poor landlord, getting poorer, with a problem of physical, mental, and moral therapy on his hands, whose solution he can neither provide himself nor pay taxes to get solved.

Lately, the tenant whom we will call Mr. Gorpers came to the end of my patience and his tenancy. He has gone where he may keep open house for his even less desirable relatives, at a distance from my corner. Mr. Gorpers's parting words were 'I never was better treated by nobody, nowhere.'

While I was helping to catch the chickens, one of them flew up an elm. 'I'll git *her*,' said Mr. Gorpers, producing a Colt like a cannon from about his workaday person. 'When I goes, I goes, and chickens goes with me, dead or alive.'

It later turned out that the chicken belonged to another tenant. When I reproached Mr. Gorpers, he showed at once a fine sense of discrimination of where the landlord stands (or lies prostrate) in the matter of tenant fowls. 'There was nothing in that chicken that warn't *yourn*, nohow.'

The tenant always has many children. These children and their friends climb every roof, break limbs in my carefully pruned fruit trees, throw about sticks and stones and glass and rags and broken toys. They hurt themselves. They get suddenly and tragically ill. They die needlessly. You may diet the baby for 'summer complaint' and the parents will feed it pickle. You may pay a good doctor for pneumonia and they will take the advice of a quack and buy a cough mixture (at \$1.50 a bottle) for 'water on the lungs.'

Mr. Gorpers himself owned that he was no great hand at a garden. I fully agree with this understatement. He would sow a few beans if someone gave them to him and if he wasn't 'afeard the bugs would git 'em.' Never yet has a tenant sowed his own seed. He would

appreciate sweet potatoes and even set the plants out, but would not work them. I have all but used the lash to get the tenants to manure their gardens, prepare them in time, set out enough for summer and winter too, and then keep the weeds down. But the garden is 'woman's work.' And the women, according to Mr. Gorpers, 'is not what they was before them high-minded shoes come in.' Nor will Mrs. Gorpers put up anything but a few quarts of blackberries. 'Pears like the other stuff goes bad.' This is not for want of garden truck or fruit, for always I provide enough and to spare in my own orchard and garden.

Fuel? I have a farm littered with 'down wood' from a storm. But the tenant cuts a young walnut or steals my coal or the sticks from the tobacco barns. In this respect, however, Mr. Gorpers must have his due. He is 'handy with an axe as a snake with pizen.'

Mr. Gorpers has another talent, for hunting.

'Mr. Gorpers,' I have said, 'sell your dogs and feed your children.'

'Chillun?' said he. 'These hounds has more sense than chillun.' Then he added with finality, 'Huntin' is my pleasure.'

I was indiscreet enough to suggest that he would get more pleasure out of well-fed children than well-fed hounds, but he pitied my unbelief.

'I reckon we all git what's comin' to us.'

You have seen pictures of the house of the poor tenant labeled 'unfit for human habitation,' and I admit that I would not wish to inhabit the palazzo Gorpers. If I did, with hammer and nails at hand for borrowing, it would not remain as it is now. You have seen the picture of what the tenant has reduced a good house to. For want of half an hour's leak-stopping on his part or notice to the landlord, rafter, chimney, floor, joint, and foundation have to be repaired. New wallpaper is instantly splashed, spat upon, scribbled upon, greased with grimy fingers, torn, used (as

is the woodwork) for a pincushion. The ceiling is shot through. Plaster is knocked off. Windows are broken by children or because they 'won't open.' We used to have a third cottage, but the tenants used most of it and all the apple trees for firewood. Screens last a few weeks, and in any case are always kept open by the children for handy throwing out of slops or the convenience of dogs. Rodent and insect life abounds in all tenant houses, no matter how much the landlord provides in the way of poison or trap. Rentals are dear, at \$4.00 a month. Are these people human?

I have tried to indicate that they are human, pitifully human, all too human. I know that they are ignorant because they will not go to school. I know that they are undernourished because they neither inherit the balanced diet of the European peasant nor will consider adopting one. I know that they are weary after the day's work and unprovided with servants and plumbing that make cleanliness easy for us. I know that they are a submerged class. Who is to blame? You may blame the landlord, the lack of ownership, the capitalist system, the President, the Civil War, the Southern sun. Some people even blame the tenants themselves. Pity them you must. But what is to be done about them? We suffer from them. The land suffers from them. The country suffers from them. Society is in danger from them. And what can be done with Tovarish Gorpers but pay a month's rent to his next landlord and endeavor to nourish 'no hard feelings'?

And so Mr. and Mrs. Gorpers took their solitary way through Eden, attended by three dogs, six children, some sixty hens — leaving, with touching confidence, their 'meat-hawgs' for me to feed until 'the first cold for hawg-killing.'

ROBERT SHELBY DARBISHIRE

HAPPINESS

I HESITATE to speak on a subject so often discussed and by such competent investigators, the more so because my modest contribution may be called anything but modest by some readers. And not only that: I may be set down either as a liar or as a victim of a diseased imagination. I hope I am not the first, and if I am the second, then let me be victimized to the end of my days, and much oftener than has been the case in the past.

What leads me to break silence is a recent conversation in which I played the part of a listener. Several people contributed, and all agreed that there is not, and probably never has been even for short periods, such a state of being as would be described by the words 'pure happiness.' Love was considered the nearest approach, but was ruled out as being marred by the thought of unworthiness, or unattainability, or transiency; there was certain to be some defect, however slight, so that happiness in love could never be said to reach perfection. That may be. But there is a happiness, I know, not concerned with love, which may, with truth, be called flawless.

It is a solitary, individual kind of happiness; perhaps I had best call it felicity, to convey some conception of its nature. Wordsworth's 'Ode on the Intimations of Immortality' is concerned with it, of course, but whether the intimations are of that seems to me questionable. My own intimations might better be called brief realizations of felicity on a plane of being terrestrial and extraterrestrial at the same moment. But they are so definitely concerned with this good earth that, could I enjoy them oftener, I could wish for no heaven save this we have.

It is usually in periods of idleness that the blessedness comes. The surroundings are not important, although I have never experienced it in any city. I have known it while sitting with friends engaged in commonplace conversation, but I enjoy it oftenest — if one may use the word 'often' in connection with so rare an occurrence — when alone, out of doors, and far from human habitations.

One of my early 'visitations' — for I am at a loss what else to call them — came when I was a boy of eight, or thereabout. It was in the never-to-be-sufficiently-lamented days of dirt roads, and I was standing on a hill beside such a road, watching a farmer's wagon, loaded with wheat, and with one wheel chained as a brake, descending the hill. There had been a shower of rain, and the chained wheel left a shining bluish track in the damp clay. As I was gazing at the track the happiness flooded over me, transforming and transfiguring everything. I was too young to know what to make of it — I am still too young, or too old — and if I said anything to myself it was, probably, 'Gee whiz! I wish I could feel like this all the

time!' In my treasury of boyhood recollections, there is none I prize more highly than this one. The glory of it has not yet faded.

Other such experiences followed. I will mention one which came when I was a young man of twenty. I don't remember the place, except that it was not far from a little Iowa town set in the midst of some of the most beautiful pastoral country in the whole of the U. S. A. I was sitting in a field, under some trees, talking with a friend. But I am not wholly certain of the talk; we may have been merely sitting. In any case, I was 'beatified' once more, and there is no possible way of describing such an experience. Only those who have had others like it will understand what it is. I said nothing to my friend, but I was astonished years later, upon meeting him again, to hear him say, in the midst of a talk about many things, 'By the way, do you remember a day, long ago . . .' And he went on to speak of the very place and moment. I said, 'Yes, I do remember, distinctly,' and there we left it. Neither of us tried to account to the other for the quality of that shared experience. For all I know it may have been a shared 'visitation.' If so, it is the only one in my treasury.

And now for a recent one, for I still trail wisps from the boyhood clouds of glory. I was cycling along a stretch of road that I know well, having traveled it numberless times during the past fifteen years. At least, I thought I knew it well, having never before seen it in the light that rarely comes. But now it came, and I found myself on one of the veritable highroads of heaven. Everything was changed: the trees, the sky, the mountains, the lagoon, the sea beyond, and two natives working out their road tax by cutting the grass and weeds along the borders of the road. 'Road tax,' 'weeds,' do I say? How far the words come from reporting either the celestial occupation or the carpet of green that called for it! And the swish of their sickles was the very music of the spheres. Alas! By the time I turned in at my place, I was merely J. N. H. once more, pushing an old bike whose chain wanted oiling.

Moments, yes, and few and far between, but I am sure that many of us have them. And when we hear someone say that there never is nor can be such a thing as pure happiness, we reply: 'Speak for yourself, sir, but not for us.'

JAMES NORMAN HALL

THE WELCOME

I'd rather face a herd of elephants than a roomful of women. Perhaps it is because as a child I never liked my face, yet if I went anywhere I had to take it with me. All my life I longed to be pretty. My mother always told me goodness was better than beauty, but I would rather have been pretty than good.

'Here's the house,' I groaned, putting on the brake reluctantly. 'I wish it hadn't come so soon!' I got slowly out of the car and went up the steps. I was glad my daughter didn't worry about beauty and appearance and things like that. Girls were so sensible nowadays, I reminded myself. I could see Jen's starry brown eyes sparkling with laughter. She never worried about her looks. I would do anything to keep that happiness on Jen's face.

As I tapped on the front door I said to myself, 'You just shouldn't have come. You could have made some excuse.' I could hear the girls all chatting and laughing at the top of their voices.

One high voice said, 'You all know our Literary Club. Well, girls, they just wouldn't stand for her.'

I didn't recognize any of the voices, and I didn't belong to any club either. They seemed so happy all together in there, I hoped no one had heard my knock, and that I could get away without being noticed. It was like the time we moved to another part of the town and I had to go to a new school. My mother took me. She looked so pretty with a hat with feathers. My pigtails stuck out on each side of my face, and I wore a black coat of my father's cut down for me. The class was assembled, and they all sat and stared. If I could even think of something witty to say, something to make them laugh so that they would forget to look at my coat and my face!

It was mid-term and all the gangs were made up. I stayed on the outskirts of my schoolmates' lives. There was an air about them of being liked, of belonging. Little curly-headed girls walked about at recess, arms entwined, and I shook my pigtails and ate alone, fiercely, the food choking me.

I would tap once more. I knew all the girls would lay down their forks and stare at me as they had done that first day at school. I wished I had worn my new dress instead of my suit and sweater.

Well, I was glad they didn't hear. At least I could say I had knocked twice.

Nora swung open the door. Her face was beautiful in its welcome. She put her face forward to kiss me, and I had not expected her to kiss me, so that when I reached my face forward hers had retreated. We laughed then, and clapped our cheeks softly together, and she called out, 'Oh, girls, here's Joan! Now our party's complete!'

Her welcome carried me into the room. I found I knew nearly all the girls. They were happy and beautiful and glad to see me, and I began to eat my lunch, and was one of them.

I remembered when I wanted to go home from school with Muriel. My mother said, 'Why should Muriel want to see you? She was with you all morning in school.' Then when I went to Ida's home and we sat over the fire with nuts and arithmetic and cookies, my father, who always wanted us at home, said, 'Why did you stay so long? They must have been sick and tired of you.'

Next morning when I saw Ida coming round the corner of the schoolyard I hid, for I knew she must be tired of me. But Ida was hurt, and thought I did not care for her any more. I cried that night for the complexity of the world.

Nora was handing me more coffee, and Agnes asked the room in general, 'What do you think of the new book by Saroyan?' Not one of them had read it except me, and as I sipped my coffee I told them my opinion, and they listened as though I had something worth while to say. My father never let us have opinions.

Fern had read a review which I didn't agree with, and we discussed it while the others listened.

Cora said, 'You look so pretty.' She must have been joking, for I needed a new wave and my hair looked fluffy and different from everybody else's.

I went into the bedroom for a handkerchief, and in the mirror I saw a woman with a light in her face. I soared back to the living room.

The talk swung to needlepoint now. I knew a trick for keeping the background stitching even. Cora is marvelous at knitting and Agnes knows everything about cutwork, but they are not so smart at needlepoint. Their welcome was extending every way, I thought, over and around and through me.

I looked at my watch. Five o'clock. Nora

said she was sorry when at last I had to go. I knew, because you somehow always know these things, that she meant what she said.

The afternoon sun painted a smile on the curved windshield of the car. I climbed in and touched the starter. My nose looked longer and thinner in the mirror, and I leant back till I touched the comfortable seat all the way up.

I swirled into our driveway. Jen met me at the door. 'Joyce asked me over for a little while,' she said. 'We might do our homework together. Could I?'

'Sure,' I said. 'Jump in, and I'll run you over. Stay as long as you want to.'

Jen settled herself in the seat beside me. 'Mother,' she said, 'I wish I hadn't freckles on my nose.'

I looked straight ahead. Surely the modern girl didn't worry over little things like that!

Jen looked at me admiringly. 'Do I have to wait till I'm grown up to be pretty?' she asked wistfully. 'Didn't you always have that good-looking nose?'

'I was always a pretty little girl,' I said firmly. 'And you are very like me.'

SASCHA CUMMINS

THE ORIGINALS

It's all not just for the sake of change.
Men partially will follow fashion,
Thinking some duty to the present
Requires an understanding of
New cars announced in spring;
And the newest music makes them dance;
Yet all of this is nothing like
A young girl's passion to arrange
Some gay and unaccustomed thing.
It's all not just for the sake of change.
Whatever's made that's really new
Compels so much men's admiration
It stops their unaccomplished tongues
And makes their searching feet stand still
At what in no trunk tarnishes
And never rots in any rain,
And is not destroyed by its history,
Like linen or like stone.
Seeking the good they found the strange.
It's all not just for the sake of change.

REUEL DENNEY

Mr. Denney's first book of poems, *The Connecticut River*, has been selected for the annual volume in the Yale Series of Younger Poets.

THE STATE OF THE LANGUAGE

'For the ear trieth words, as the mouth tasteth meat'

A BRIEF ANATOMY OF LITERISH

By Literish I mean that comparatively modern special dialect, not quite English, in which book reviews are written — not all book reviews, let us hastily and happily add, but an overwhelming majority of the fashionable ones, such as (under the right of reasonable quotation) the publishers cull choice morsels from in their advertisements.

What is the most egregious — in Literish, *outstanding* — of the identifying stigmata of this peculiar lingo? By general consent it is the adjectival vocabulary that constitutes the principal labor-saving device of the profession. A rollcall of the reviewers' pet adjectives is out of the question in our space, but a brief selective list can represent them as truthfully as a lexicon. I present a few lifted from a single issue of a literary periodical, with figures in parenthesis to denote the number of times some of the most frequent appear therein: —

astonishing (6), exciting (8), unforgettable (4), brilliant (11), challenging, readable (6), arresting, delightful, effective, moving (7), thrilling (9), inspiring, amazing (5), startling (8), stimulating, indispensable, engrossing, invaluable, significant, entertaining (5), sparkling (5), revealing (7), revelatory, hair-raising, illuminating, diverting, vivid, glamorous, colorful, vibrant, provocative, memorable, captivating, breathless, breath-taking, heart-warming, gripping, haunting, rousing, stirring, disturbing, absorbing (5), biting, searching, striking, amusing (7), sympathetic, convincing, impressive, irresistible, outstanding (8), fascinating (13)

I don't mean to say that all reviewers habitually use all of them, and, thank heaven, some reviewers use scarcely any; but no reader of reviews will need a set of graphs to persuade him that, taken together, they provide a composite and résumé of any week-end's reading in what passes for current literary criticism. There is no single word in the lot that, *e natura sua*, means or remotely suggests books and writing as against any other province of human affairs; and yet if you were to show the list as a whole to fifty reading persons and ask them to state what province of affairs it suggests, at least forty-seven of them would answer in chorus, 'Book reviews!' To such an extent has the practice of this learned profession become reduced to standardization and cant.

Now, what family resemblance do the items of this rather strange vocabulary share? What is their dominant common characteristic? One familiar answer is that they are worn-out, threadbare words, victims of so much heedless wear and tear as to have lost all usefulness to a self-respecting writer. Stale they certainly are; yet I doubt that this observation quite accounts for the cumulative blight that is upon them as a class. (Probably most of us tend to overvalue mere novelty of diction, anyway.) What more deeply damns them is the very aforesaid fact that they are not words expressly about books and writing at all. They are words about readers and the experience of reading — impression-words, emotion-words, ego-words, registering nothing but the critic's claim to sensitivity.

He deposes that a given work or chapter or passage is *revealing*. To tell us anything about it as communication he would have to say what it reveals, and to whom. Making the word a sort of general shorthand for his favorable impression, he has only told us an irrelevant fact about himself; a confidence in the class of 'I enjoy winter sports.' I assure you in fluent Literish that a book is moving, thrilling, inspiring,

haunting, disturbing. All I have really disclosed is that *I* profess to be moved, thrilled, inspired, haunted, disturbed. What of it? Why should you care? I have put myself in your way, and to get at the book via this detour you would have to know me as few people know even themselves. It is asking you to go a long way around for an uncertain reward.

The worst of it is, you cannot even be sure that these stock emotion-words record any emotions truly felt by the critics themselves. The whole of *Literish* is shot through with a subtle dye of insincerity. Seven times in eight the fellow who describes a work as deeply moving just means that he thinks he *ought* to be moved by it, or that he would have been moved if he had come upon it when he was younger and had not read so many books, or that he can imagine more simple and less calloused readers as being moved by it. Many a book that he calls indispensable on Saturday he sells to the bookstore for a quarter on Monday. Of many a romance that he describes as unforgettable he will say within a few weeks: 'Let's see, wasn't that the one about — what *was* it about?' His favorite cliché is to promise you that, having read a certain book, you can never be the same person again; but *he* is the same person, and he continues by the week and the year, as book follows book, to go through the motions that are expected of him and to write the same impressionistic review in the same *Literish*.

The late Anatole France took on much to be answerable for when he composed the epigram, 'The good critic is he who relates the adventures of his soul among masterpieces.' This celebrated definition has simply taught a horde of persons who feel little or nothing about imaginative literature to pretend that they have souls, that the reading of books is their souls' great adventure, and that every season's list of every publishing house (12,000 new works a year in America alone) is sown with masterpieces — in short, to be book reviewers. Of the results produced by the rank and file of them no truer word can ever be spoken than that pronounced by Joseph Conrad when he called the typical weekly review 'a feat of agility on the part of a trained pen running in a desert.'

THE DRAGNET

FORCE AND CULTURE. An injunction by unsigned postcard adjures me: —

Add to your list of words misused these four: *cultured*, *cultivated* (are we *cultivated* gentlemen, like good vegetables?), *forceful*, *forcible*. (Do you write in a *forcible* way? Do I? Only when I try to 'cram it down someone's throat.' I find that most writers call either the delivery of a speech or the feeding of a prisoner *forcible*; one would suppose the former to be *forceful*.)

Alas, this anonymous gentleman will have to get his aid and comfort elsewhere, for it is my opinion that he is being stern about distinctions that lack all support but that of a personal fancy. *Forceful* means characterized by force — yes; but so does *forcible*, when it does not mean compulsory. Why not, in a language in which *bark* is the integument of a tree, the conversation of a dog, and a vessel of a certain rig? *Cultured* means having culture, and *cultivated* means having cultivation. Like good vegetables? Why, yes, precisely. The cultivation of vegetables involves the suppression of weeds, the enrichment of the soil, just enough loosening to let roots grow, and just enough firming to make roots hold — altogether a perfect and profound account of what happens in the well-cared-for mind. A mere metaphor, this? Well, how much of language is, at bottom, anything but metaphor?

WILSON FOLLETT

The Atlantic Serial

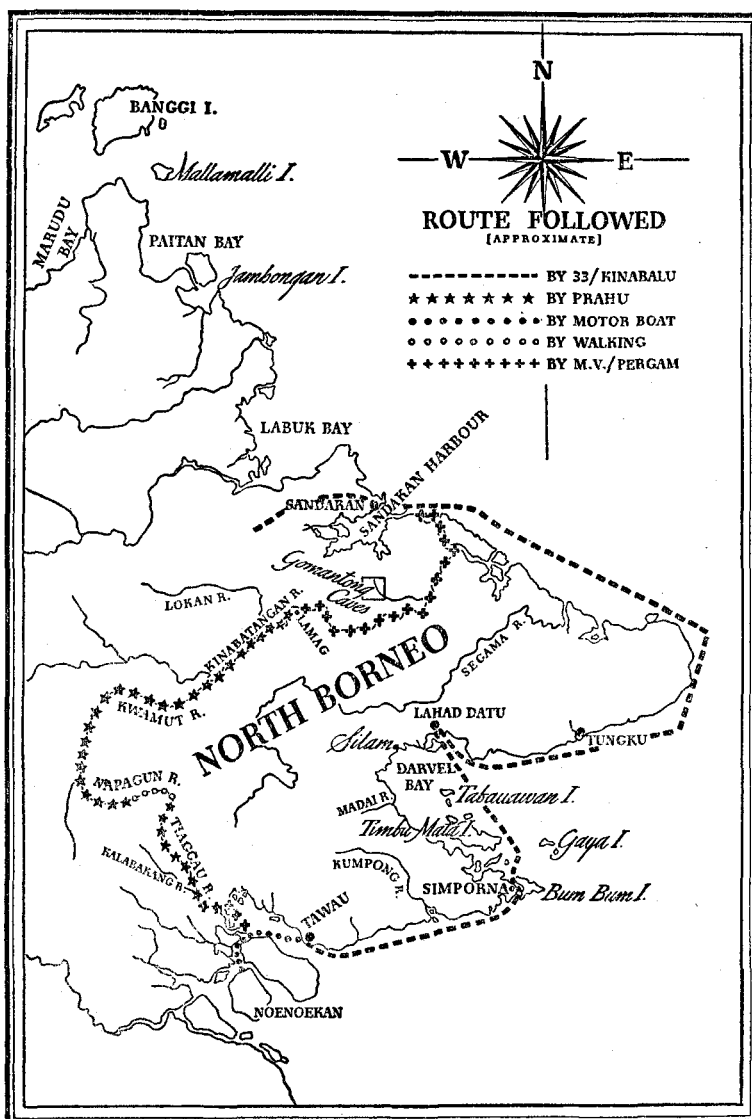
LAND BELOW THE WIND

CHAPTERS 6 - 10



BY

AGNES NEWTON KEITH



Land Below the Wind

BY

AGNES NEWTON KEITH

Winner of the Atlantic \$5000 Prize

Here is the true story of an American girl who married an English official and went with him to the farthest outpost of the British Empire. Her husband is one of the seventy Englishmen who direct the destinies of some 270,000 tribesmen in North Borneo. Conservator of Forests, Mr. Keith

spends much of each year in the jungle and far up the waterways of North Borneo. And with him goes his wife. Such expeditions call for fortitude, everlasting good humor, and a power of observation such as few women possess. In her words, as in her pen-and-ink sketches, Agnes Keith makes clear her devotion to a land whose animals and forests and head-hunters are legendary.

Her book is a long one, and we must add that the printed volume will contain as much fresh material as the chapters we have been fortunate enough to serialize in the magazine.



LAND BELOW THE WIND

BY AGNES NEWTON KEITH

VI

'To eat the wind' (in Malay, *makan angin*) means 'to walk for pleasure.'

If I am met on the road by some old mother or some young man, when out for a morning walk, we greet each other thus:—

'And where are you going so early, Mem? Are you out to eat the wind?'

'Greetings, Old Woman, it is so. I am out to eat the wind.'

Adventure for me has three stages. There is the first unshackled interval before starting, when my dreams are bounded by nothing, north, south, east, or west. There is the second interval when, footsore and insect-bitten, aching-backed and broken-spirited, I wish that I had never come. And then comes the third interval—and in *this* interval I know that such adventures are the caviar of my existence compared to which other events in my life are *Schwarz-brot*. In this interval the fantastic, the unreal, the magnificent, and the unimaginable, which might have occurred only to other people, are occurring really to me. And then I know that it is right that such things must be paid for in discomfort, discouragement, and weariness; it is right that they are not free.

Stout-hearted people seem to escape the second interval of discouragement,

and rush valiantly into a third interval of endurance and resolution which makes them thrive on hardships. They become like lions, exultantly licking their own wounds back to health again. I admire them and envy them, but I cannot emulate them. Compared to them I have only the lamb's place in adventure, which is in the stomach of the lion.

From the time my husband said to me last June, 'Are you coming to Ulu Kwamut¹ with me?' and I answered him 'Yes,' I was both hot with expectation and cold with premonition. I wasn't afraid of possible dangers on the trip, for if I were as dependant as an incubator baby my husband would still bring me back alive. But I knew that there was nothing which could insure me against the discomforts of jungle travel with which I was so familiar. And my spirit which was bold at home in the library was a craven with wet feet in the rain.

Thus when I looked up at the books on the shelves about me on the day that we were to start, my eyes rested with especial pleasure on the title *Everyday Life among the Head Hunters*. It was a reassuring idea that the head-hunters had everyday lives.

The other titles that I saw on that shelf led my mind on to where it wanted

¹ Upper waters of the Kwamut River.

to go: *Home Life of the Borneo Head Hunters; Head Hunters Black, White, and Brown; Head Hunters of Borneo; Primitive Peoples of Borneo; Pagan Tribes of Borneo; Pagans of North Borneo.*

And on another shelf: *Men of the Inner Jungle; Where the Strange Trails Go Down; The Pirate Wind; Borneo, Stealer of Hearts.* I saw that the pioneers of Borneo had dreamed long years before me.

Then I turned to my typewriter, and wrote a last letter home:—

We are leaving Sandakan today for a trip into the interior of North Borneo, through territory that is the last stronghold of the head-hunters. Although I have been on a number of trips with Harry before, and I have met many interesting and amusing natives, they have never seemed to be the same wild men of Borneo that people have written about. They always turned out to be the brothers of Arusap's friends, or cousins of Saudin's wife, or old men who asked after Governor Humphreys, or young men who asked about flying machines. But now we shall be going through a district where there has been almost no European travel. The natives who live there are the head-hunters of North Borneo, and are still reputed to take heads. There, if any place, we should meet the wild men of Borneo.

I sealed the letter, and sat for a minute wondering if other people ever felt as skittish as I did when they were looking bold. Then I left the room and closed the library door behind me. Vicarious Borneo adventure lay there; I was going out now to a real one.

The Chinese women *kulis* were carrying our *barang* (luggage) out to the bus.

'Have you forgotten anything?' Harry asked.

'Probably, but even if I remember it I can't get anything more into the *bongons*.'¹ We watched the bedding rolls go down the garden path; we watched the camp beds, the medicine box, the carrying baskets. . . .

'There's too much luggage!' Harry said.

¹ Lightweight carrying boxes measured to fit the back of a native *kuli*.

Before we were married my husband lived on rice and game when he traveled. He didn't use a mattress, he didn't take a tent, and he didn't take a wife.

'Yes, I know there is, but what can we leave out?' I always felt apologetic at this stage. 'Here is the list of the pieces and what is in them.' I read the list aloud:—

6 *bongons*—food, cooking and eating utensils, bedding and towels. Mutual use Harry and Agnes and Arusap.

2 *sikutans*,² holding camp beds and mattress rolls. Mutual use H. and A.

1 tent fly—H. and A.

1 medicine box—Harry. Equipped for every emergency except childbirth, and could probably assist with that.

1 .22 rifle—Harry.

1 shotgun—Harry.

1 rucksack—films, camera, cartridges, pipe and tobacco, fishing lines, pickling bottle for insects—Harry.

10 flower presses for collecting specimens—Harry.

1 *sikutan*—Arusap, personal.

1 *bongon*—Harry, personal.

1 *bongon*—Agnes, personal, and a miracle of compact packing!

'That's the list. Is there anything we can leave behind?' I asked.

'Nothing except you,' said my husband, and this was too near the truth to be laughed at.

Arusap followed the *barang* down the path to the bus. He was carrying one basket full of eggs, and another basket full of vegetables, and Ah Yin was following him with the blue cotton umbrella which she was telling him not to forget on my account. Harry looked after them protestingly, but the will to resist was broken. And then we also went down the path to the motor. I knew that when next we should come up that garden path there would be jungle mud in my toenails and campfire smoke in my hair, strange scents in my nostrils, and the memory of the things that I wanted to know in my heart.

'Good-bye, Ah Yin.'

² Native rattan carrying baskets.

'Good-bye, Missee. You take much care. I one man alone now, I very lonely. Good-bye, Master. Good-bye, Arusap. Peace go with you!'

'Peace remain!'

I looked back at our sheltering home. I was intensely anxious to go, but I guessed that I should probably be intensely grateful to get back home again.

This was a trip which we had tried for several years to make. We had set the date three times before, bought the provisions and packed the *barang*, and then been prevented from going — once by an emergency call on my husband for other work, and twice by floods on the rivers we planned to travel on, which in time of heavy rainfall were not navigable.

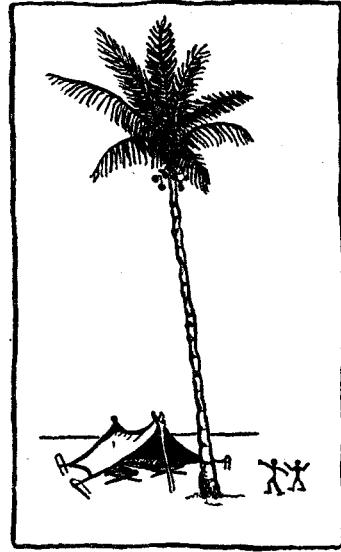
Our plan was to go by coast steamer to Tawau on the east coast of North Borneo, and then to travel overland from Tawau back to Sandakan, a trip through an inaccessible part of the country. As there were neither tracks nor trails in this section of the jungle there was no European travel there, and part of the interest of the trip lay in the fact that the natives of the area had no contact with, and little experience of, white men. The river travel would be accomplished in small native canoes known as *perahus*, and the jungle travel would be on foot.

My husband believed that there were good forest areas and desirable agricultural lands along these rivers and covering the watersheds between. If there were, as he hoped, good forests, it was important that the areas should be protected and preserved. He also expected to find certain rare and hitherto uncollected trees peculiar to Borneo.

Twenty-five years ago the headwaters of these rivers had supported flourishing native kampongs; now these villages were buried in secondary forest growth, and the natives had vanished. A wish to know more about their disappearance was also in our minds.

The lurid memory of the tragic story of the Flint brothers, Walter and Raffles,

had been largely responsible for the journalistic reference, among Europeans of North Borneo, to this part of the country as the last stronghold of the head-hunters. For the story of the sanguinary Flint expedition of 1890 up the rivers



which we now planned to travel was one of the most hair-raising of the half-told stories of North Borneo. In my mind there had always been the desire to hear the other half of the story from the lips of the natives themselves. I hoped that now I might be going to do so.

The trip could only be attempted in one of the so-called dry months, June, July, or August. The rivers involved were in the hydrographic centre of the east coast, and were subject to flood to such an extreme degree that you could not tell from hour to hour whether you could continue your travel on them. Borneo river travel is always uncertain, for when the rivers flood you cannot travel, and when they do not flood they fall too low for travel, and a loaded *perahu* dragged by natives through the boulders of dry rapids is slow motion, even for Borneo.

But there comes a brief fluxing interval between spate and low water. Then your *perahu* takes wings, your boatmen

sing, your body glows with enterprise, and you forget the hours of waiting, and remember only that the water is cool and the sun is hot and the day is clear, and the whole long river belongs to you.

So we were going in June. At home it was the month for brides and trousseaus, for graduations and summer vacations. But in North Borneo it was the dry month.

I was bothered by only one thing. All winter I had been having spells of fever which did not by blood test show to be malaria, but which resisted every treatment. I did not mind in Sandakan, as Ah Yin ran the house better than I did, and I could lie in bed and read until the fever relaxed its grip. But I knew that I could not take my bed, book, and fever with me up the Borneo rivers.

When we decided on the date of the trip I made a hasty visit to the doctor, who recommended an anti-infection serum. The Dispensary was out of the serum, as a party of American gold prospectors had bought the entire local supply, and the new serum which had to be ordered from Singapore would not arrive for three weeks. This meant that I should have to take all of my injections the last week before our trip commenced, which would leave no margin for unfavorable reaction.

The serum arrived. I took seven armfuls in two thin arms, and went about in a state of spiritual vigor and physical decay. Should I be able to start? said Harry. That had nothing to do with it. I knew that I was going to start.

I did my packing in a feverish state. Fortunately there was not much demand on me in the line of packing. Ah Yin allowed me to pack my own personal possessions, but not those of my husband. Arusap did the food, bedding, tent, and camping equipment. Harry did the medicine kit, the armory, the photographic supplies, and the contributing influences to culture, which always included *Blackwood's Magazine*, an omni-

bus volume of stories, a family cycle novel, and his pipes. Everybody appeared to have more packing responsibilities than I did, but the paradox was that if anything was missing from what anyone packed I was the one to blame. This prevented my accepting with a carefree spirit the back seat which was offered to me.

So I made lists. I made Arusap a list, written in Malay, of the food, camping equipment, et cetera, for which he was supposed to be responsible. I gave Ah Yin a list of things to pack for my husband. She checked off all items immediately with a red pencil, and hung the list in the kitchen with the dinner menus. She then packed what she thought best for him to have. This was all right for Ah Yin, who was not present to hear his language when he unpacked.

On this trip I had been successful for the first time in packing everything for myself into just one *bongon*. Harry always said I could travel with him only if I could go as he did, with the same light luggage as he used, and traveling at the same rate. Although I did not really travel at the same rate, at least I traveled as far by nightfall on each day as the *kulis* and the luggage could travel, and measuring by that rate of speed I was not holding up the party. Harry's edict I knew was right, as the trips were Government expeditions, and not conducted for my edification.

And so I had one *bongon*. It took me three days to pack it. In the end I had created a perfect design out of many-sized articles and vari-shaped pieces, and had formed an analogous whole from liquids and solids.

I needed a greater variety of clothes than Harry, who used only shorts and jerseys. I took shorts for active jungle travel, long trousers for appearing in native villages, and culottes to wear when traveling in native boats. The culottes were anticipated to protect me from too violent sunburn, and from *kurap*, an infectious skin disease which

many natives have. I always took culottes, I always expected to wear them, and I seldom did. Shorts were better. On a hard trip freedom of action and escape from the horrible hindrance of clothing was the only thing worth while. Skin diseases, sunburn, and lost beauty did not enter into the reflections of a tired body, and I discovered that the briefer the trouser the lighter the foot.

I had also in my *bongon* six jerseys, six pairs of rubber-soled canvas shoes, a dozen pairs of socks, a negligible bulk of underwear, a leather coat, a kimono, four nightgowns, journal, ink bottle, nose spray, sewing kit, drawing paper and pencils, and a pillow, a luxury for which our bedding rolls did not allow.

All of this was contained in an oblong *bongon* of light three-ply wood, one foot by one foot by two feet. This was Harry's own design of carrying pack for jungle tours. The box was measured to be narrower than a *kuli's* back, so that it would not catch on trees. It was fitted with carrying straps, and it must not weigh when filled more than thirty-five pounds, as it was designed to be one man's burden. Unless the sliding lid slipped, the contents of such a *bongon* were almost secure from water.

'Where does Winki meet us?'

'In Tawau, and then we spend the night at his camp on Sebatik Island.'

Dr. Wenk, the oil geologist, was at that time engaged in making a geological survey of North Borneo, and when he and Harry discovered that they were both projecting a trip through the same district they had decided to go at the same time and take advantage of a single organization of native boats and boatmen and launch.

'I wonder how we shall all get on together,' I ruminated. 'I suppose that Winki and you and I will know a lot more about each other by the time we come back from this trip.'

Winki met us at Tawau and we sailed back to Sebatik Island with him behind

the black and yellow sail of a pirate *bagong*, with our city shoes piled in the bottom, and our socks wadded into them, and our feet bare and comfortable. Harry said the boat was a *bagong* such as the old Borneo pirates used to use. Winki said it was a *gobang*, and Arusap said it was a *pakaran*. In arguments like that it was well to have one person such as myself along who knew nothing about it.

We were going up the Kalabakang River by launch to the village where we expected to get our native boats and boatmen. As I still had fever, I slept all day on the deck, opening my eyes only at intervals to watch the long swaying line of river that trailed behind us, and the imperative arrogance of the *nipah* palms which flung their sword-like shadows across us. When Harry awoke me at noontime to move me into the shade the *nipah* palm outline had softened into the featheriness of forest tops. The colorless shine of midday was about us. Air, water, insects, and even the life within ourselves, seemed to have become stagnant in it.

The next time I awoke it was to be rescued from the rain, which plunged through the bridge-house windows and beat on the decks. But before we had time to finish a pot of tea in the cabin the rain had passed, and the decks were sweating and the trees were steaming and the air was as still, as thick, as hot, as before, and even less breathable.

That night Harry and Winki put their cots up on the bridge, and I stayed in the cabin, as the deck space was limited. The cabin was in the exact centre of the boat, with doors on two sides and windows on four sides, the engine room to the back of it, the sleeping deck for the boatmen to the front, and passages along both sides.

There was a wooden grating in the cabin on which we stood while we bathed, and during the bath the water poured generously over the luggage.

There was a commode which stood high on a stand like a throne, and was flood-lighted by shafts of light from all the windows. The bunk had two portholes opening over it which were level with the deck outside, where the ship's crew slept. I could think of nothing to make the cabin less convenient, unless it was to take the bunk out and replace it with the Diesel engine.

We anchored up the river that night. Degrees of heat when one is completely uncomfortable are difficult to judge, but a long time after it was so hot that I thought it couldn't be hotter, it still continued to be hotter. When I finally slept I dreamed that I was in a kettle stewing over a slow fire, while the fat on my body clarified into grease and the flesh fell from my bones.

I have decided now that all native headmen look respectable. For a long time I used to hope otherwise, but now I know that you can't get away from that look of eminent probity.

And thus it was with the Orang Tua¹ of Kampong Kalabakang who came to meet us in his *perahu*. His naked brown chest, and the tattooed designs on each shoulder which indicated that he had to his credit the taking of human heads, in no way interfered with that look of respectability.

Here was a good old man, his face said, who had lived an honest life, had gone to church every Sunday and given dimes to his grandchildren, who had never known violence except to condemn it or sex except to apologize for it, an old man eminently respectable.

Or, here was a Murut headman in only a loincloth, private and sex life unknown, violence suspected. Respectable?

Nevertheless, that's the way he looked.

His *perahu* was surrounded in the water by smaller *perahus* that darted about like startled fish. These boats

¹ Literally 'Old Man,' term of address used for the headman of a native village.

were manned by the Old Man's children. The relationship was as complicated as that in the verse:—

Brothers and sisters have I none,
That man's father is my father's son.

For convenience' sake they were all known as the Old Man's children, and it is not my intention to suggest promiscuity in a character whom I have just established as respectable.

Small men these natives were, of that rich polished-wood color which goes so well with the out-of-doors. Most of them were naked except for their rust-colored loincloths. These natives, who are known as the Tengara Muruts, made me think of the men of Arusap's tribe, the Bokun Muruts, and this association made their Mongoloid features seem familiar and pleasant to me. Their loose buns of long black hair, their mouths crimsoned by *sireh* juice, their well-muscled legs with the unkind sores and ulcers, all these I recognized with a feeling of amity.

Arusap called to them in Murut. It was the first arrow to start the verbal onslaught. The air sang with greetings, laughter, and jokes. Amidst this atmosphere of jovial fellowship the Orang Tua mounted our launch and stood on the deck before us. While Harry and Winki gave him cigarettes the business began.

'What is the news, Old Man?'

'The news is good, Tuan.' A pleasant smile embroidered itself in red scallops on his lips with the oozing *sireh* juice from his betel chewing.

'Did you receive word from the District Officer to tell you that we wish men and boats?' Harry asked.

'Yes, Tuan. Five of our boats and eighteen of our men are prepared to go up the river with you.'

'We wish strong men and strong boats, for the trip will be hard.'

'It is so, Tuan. The men and the boats are strong, and I myself will accompany them to guide you.'

'Whatever wage is fair I will pay to the men. They should take enough rice with them for at least two weeks.'

'It is so, Tuan.'

Business being over then, the Old Man turned his attention to me. Natives can stare and yet not be rude. I do not know whether this contradiction is in the quality of the stare or in my interpretation of it, but the result is that the stares are not discomfiting to me. The Old Man employed his best occult powers to the edification of both of us. His black eyes were bright and never wavering, yet what he saw might well have made him blink.

He was seeing a person who was as tall as either of the Tuans, as thin and as brown as they, with shorts and jersey and sneakers and native knife like theirs. On this person's head was bound a bandana such as the Tuans also wore. Three men in the jungle, perhaps? And yet — was it in the shape of the hands? in the different turn to the calf of the legs? the smaller features of the face? the tone of the voice? Or was it that this person alone of the three seemed to have nothing important on his mind? Certain it is that the Old Man turned to Harry and said with conviction, 'This is the Tuan's wife.'

Harry admitted that it was.

'Does the Tuan's wife go with him all the way?'

'She goes all the way.'

'In jungle also?'

'In jungle also.'

The Old Man thought about it. Then he looked at me and shook his head and said cryptically, 'I hope the Tuan's wife has good luck!'

I felt that I was introduced then, and thought I would be about my own business, on this expedition, of collecting information. 'Greeting, Old Man. I see by your tattoos that you have taken heads,' I said.

'Probably I have, Tuan, but perhaps I have not,' he answered me diplomatically, being familiar with the fact

that the Government has forbidden the taking of heads. He called me Tuan because, like most upcountry natives, he did not know the term 'Mem' as it is applied on the coast to white women.

'Do you remember, Old Man,' I asked, 'the great trouble fifty years ago when two white men with many police and guns came across the jungle and down the river, to punish the Tenggara Muruts for the murder of Walter Flint?'

'All men on the Kalabakang River remember that, Tuan.'

'How many Muruts were killed that time?'

'Some say one hundred, and some say two hundred. The story is very bad, Tuan.'

'Tell me, Old Man,' I said. I wanted the story of Walter Flint; I wanted it the way the natives told it. I wanted it here on the Kalabakang River beside the rice fields and under the coconut palms.

'Tell me, Old Man,' I said. And then I listened carefully.

VII

This is the story of Walter Flint as it lives to-day on the lips of the people of the Kalabakang. The Orang Tua told his part of the story as if it had happened yesterday, for the Tenggara Muruts are of the same tribe as were the natives who took Flint's head.

The version current in Sandakan, which everyone interested in 'wildest Borneo' repeats, is based on reports to the Government of an expedition of inquiry. The story current amongst the natives is as it passes from mouth to mouth. Both reports are perhaps prejudiced by the sympathies of the narrators, but the native's story has not before been told.

Its truth — its falsity — each listener decides for himself.

The rains were long on the Kwamut River, and between the rains the sun was hot, and the air steamed up from the mudbanks and the jungle to hang like an

exterminating vapor over the dank mouth of the river. The sand flies and mosquitoes were energetic, and nothing else was. The wild pigs died of starvation, the crocodiles moved only when they had to, the natives waited for the crocodiles to move, and the traders waited for the next boat. And so it was in 1890.

The little shop of Flint and Company on the mudbanks of the river carried sardines, sauces, biscuits, sausages, tongues, chocolate assorted, and soap. The shop was hot, and the tins were dusty, and



the labels were no longer bright, and they came off some of the tins entirely, so that you could not tell the oxtail soup from the greengages in syrup. But this didn't make any difference to the customers, who were the natives of North Borneo.

There was a great deal of sitting to be done in that little shop. The natives sat, and Walter Flint sat. Flint sat very comfortably now, because he had discovered that although trousers become a man who walks on city streets a sarong is of better use for purposes of sitting.

And as Flint sat he found that there was nothing to look forward to in the morning except the first drink at night, and there was nothing to look forward to at night. He found that it was dull to go from a dusty shop to an empty house, and an immaculate bed was a poor companion.

But there was the little Tengara Murut girl, Lingud. Her eyes were a shining blackness set in such clear whiteness as Flint had never seen amongst his own women, and her admiration of his magnificence was also unequaled in his experience of women. Her body had vigor and warmth and roundness, her simplicity of mind was pleasant, and her streak of wild savagery was amusing.

But she was the daughter of Semporna Numpal, the head of the tribe of Tengara Muruts, and not to be had for nothing. Like a good trader, Flint was willing to pay for what he wanted. He paid Semporna Numpal one hundred and twenty-five dollars as the bride-price of his daughter. Then, in accordance with Murut marriage ceremonies, with dancing, feasting, and rice-beer drinking, Lingud became Flint's wife.

And Flint became the son-in-law of Semporna Numpal, and it was in that relationship that the difficulty arose. For Semporna Numpal was a primitive savage. Not he, nor his father, nor his grandfather, nor any ancestor, had ever lived by law other than Murut law.

A Murut house has a flexible body and a communal soul and it always has room for one more. The native shares his mat and his rice till his mat is worn and his rice is gone, and then he shares his friend's mat and rice until these are gone, and then together they look for another friend.

But to Flint, communal living was not as simple as that, and when father-in-law Semporna Numpal and mother-in-law Masian settled themselves in the house with Lingud, Flint was not pleased. Certainly there were brothers and sisters who came too, and cousins who took things home with them in carrying baskets, and friends who collected the swill for their pigs and the scraps for their snarling dogs. And Lingud liked to sit with them all, and gossip and talk, and neglect her work, and spit betel juice into the corners, and be a little hellion when she was angry.

Atlantic

GIFT SUBSCRIPTION ORDER FORM



ATLANTIC SPECIAL GIFT RATE

\$3.50

**on any number of gift subscriptions
new or renewal**

Foreign Postage \$1.00 a Year Extra

Please enter your Gift Order on the other side



ATLANTIC SPECIAL GIFT RATE

\$3.50

(Regular Price \$5.00)

Foreign Postage \$1.00 a Year Extra

The December ATLANTIC will be included on all new gift subscriptions and mailed in a gay holiday wrapper in time for Christmas Day.

USE COUPON BELOW

THE ATLANTIC 10 Ferry Street, Concord, New Hampshire
or 8 Arlington Street, Boston, Massachusetts

☐ I am enclosing } \$.....for the following subscriptions:
☐ Bill me later }

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

ORDERED BY

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

☐ Check here if you wish to include your own subscription
(if ordered singly, Price \$5.00 NEW, \$4.00 RENEWAL)
If accompanied by a Gift Order, Price \$3.50 for Own New ☐ or Renewal ☐

And the once empty house of the white man became gradually much too full.

It was a problem which grew on Flint for two years, and then he dealt with it like a white man. He promoted the idea to his father-in-law that the Tengara tribe needed a change of air, needed to get away from the damps and dews of Kuala Kwamut and the commercial atmosphere of Flint and Company, and go up the Nasan River to the fine long stretch of virgin jungle which lay high above the river's mouth. There they could make a new clearing where the land was still fertile from a never-felled forest, and grow better *padi*, and more tapioca root, and have bigger pigs to nuzzle under a better longhouse than the Tengara Muruts had ever had before.

Numpal agreed with Flint that the idea was promising, for by then he was heavily indebted to Flint and not in a position to disagree. When the time came to go, Flint said that Lingud should take their two babies and go also with Numpal to Nasan, while he, Flint, went down to Sandakan for a holiday. They all parted on friendly terms, and if each one suspected the sincerity of the other's motives at least he didn't say so.

But Flint went only a short distance down the Kinabatangan River to Lamag. Then, like the suspicious husband of stories, he returned unexpectedly to Kwamut, and went up the Nasan River to visit the new Tengara settlement which father Numpal was clearing on the nice strip of virgin land which Flint had suggested to him.

But father Numpal was not clearing the virgin land, nor building the longhouse, nor planting the *padi*, or tapioca, or coffee, nor doing any of the things that Flint had planned. Part of the Tengara tribe was there sitting, sitting and waiting an omen from fate. But Numpal himself had left, with his wife and Lingud, and disappeared through the jungle and over the watershed, headed for the Kalabakang River. Numpal had reckoned that that fifty-

five miles of jungle was a journey that would delay a white man for some time. Numpal was thus free of the imminency of his debt to Flint, and he had his daughter back, who was again worth a bride-price to him from someone else.

But by Numpal's move Flint had lost both his debtor and his wife. Considered on either a cash basis or an amorous one, it was annoying, and Flint found it so. Accompanied only by two native boys, he followed Numpal's steps through the jungle and over the stormy watershed of the rivers, to Numpal's stopping place at Linidis on the Kalabakang River. Events of the family reunion which must have occurred there remained for a time obscure.

Soon, however, the story began to pass down the river from mouth to mouth of a misfortune which had occurred to Flint after that reunion. The journey, the story said, had been too much for the white man, and he had been taken ill of a strange disease, and had died a few days after arriving at the house of his father-in-law. And the making of his coffin had taken seven days, and the digging of his grave had taken three days, and great had been the mourning at his burial.

Slowly the story passed down the rivers, from the lips of the Muruts to the lips of a Dyak trader, to the lips of a Dyak policeman in Sandakan, and thence to Raffles Flint, brother of Walter.

Raffles, it seems, had never trusted his brother's household at Kuala Kwamut. Now when he heard the news of his brother's death he remembered the glut of native life which had finally cloyed his brother's digestion, and he remembered it with suspicion. He went to the Government and requested that an expedition be organized to accompany him to the Kalabakang River to inquire into the causes of the death of his brother. The request was granted, and the expedition left Sandakan with a personnel of the Sandakan Resident and Raffles Flint and thirteen Dyak policemen. The expedi-

tion was not organized as a punitive expedition with an object of avenging Flint's head, if the head should be found to be detached from the body. The expedition was sent out from Sandakan to be an expedition of inquiry only.

Slowly the men of the expedition moved, slowly; everything had to be waited for. There was waiting for boats, waiting for boatmen, waiting for floods to recede, waiting for rivers to rise, and the rain to be watched while they waited. Slowly the men moved up the rivers, up the Kinabatangan, up the Kwamut, up the Nasan, then through the jungle, and over at last to the Kalabakang side.

Always as they moved they asked for the story of Walter Flint. Every native knew it. Walter Flint had died of an illness, he had died of a great cough, he had died of a sick stomach, he had died of passing blood, he had died a sick man's death in the house of friends, and great was the mourning thereat.

As the Muruts of Kalabakang River were known to be a shy tribe, and a group that shunned contact with white men, the expedition had employed as a go-between a Dyak trader who had married into the Murut tribe and was trusted implicitly by the natives. They sent this confidant on ahead of them when they traveled, to assure the people of the Kalabakang of the good faith of the expedition, and that it came to bring them no harm, but only to make inquiries into the death of Walter Flint.

Six weeks after the expedition had left Sandakan it arrived at Linidis on the Kalabakang River. The Dyak trader had been able to persuade most of the Linidis Muruts not to retreat to the jungle, but Semporna Numpal himself, with his wife and daughter, had vanished. Of those who remained at Linidis, Raffles Flint interviewed many witnesses. Old women described again to him the extreme degree of the illness of Flint, young women told of the affection of Lingud for her husband, old men told of the affection of Semporna Numpal for

his son-in-law, and young men told of the affection of Flint for his father-in-law.

But at Linidis there was a freshly made grave. This was across the river from the deserted house of Semporna Numpal. In the enforced presence of unwilling witnesses the expedition opened this grave, and there discovered the decapitated and dismembered body of Walter Flint.

Not until then did the witnesses find themselves able to recall the violent scene which had taken place when Semporna Numpal and his relations had met Flint's angry pursuit with the mortal blows of swords and spear thrusts. And not until then did they recall the dancing and feasting and celebrating which had honored the event of the taking of his head.

Hastily then, with horror at having their worst fears realized, and with an indignation which outran every other emotion, the expedition closed the accusing grave, and prepared to follow the fleeing Numpal and his guilty relations. Before leaving the scene of the murder they warned the Linidis natives that the expedition would return later and burn their houses and destroy their crops, in retribution for their deceit and implication in the murder. Taking the *perahus* of the Linidis people from them, the expedition started down the Kalabakang River in these.

It was raining, the river was in flood, and the dark overtook them before they had come upon any sign of Numpal. They stopped for the night in a deserted Murut house, but sent Dyak scouts on ahead in an effort to locate the fugitives. Very shortly the scouts returned. They had found a very fine longhouse down the river with hundreds of people gathered in it, and there was a great celebration. Semporna Numpal was there with his wife and daughter, and his family, and his family's family. The men were dancing and singing and the gongs were beating, and the rice beer was rising in

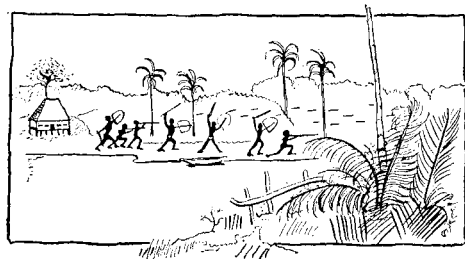
the throats of the drinkers, and sinking in the great *tapai* jars.

As the Dyak policemen scouts told the expedition of what they had found, the Dyaks' eyes sparkled fiercely and they rubbed their swords hungrily and patted the butts of their guns. The expedition decided to go down the river and surprise the exulting Muruts before day-break of the next day. But meanwhile the river rose and crept into the old longhouse where the two chilled white men waited for the dawn. Fires washed out, and blankets and mats were soaked, and finally they and the Dyak policemen were driven from the house into their boats, which in the height of the river's flood had to be moored to the roof of the house. There in the open boats they crouched; the only light was the lightning, the only sound was thunder.

They dared not ride that flood in the dark, but with the first hint of daylight they started again down the river, shivering and half drowned. Following the lead of their scouts they turned out of the Kalabakang River and up a tributary river known as the Pegan. In the almost darkness they could just sight the longhouse in the distance. They landed stealthily downstream, left their boats hidden in the heavy creepers of the river-bank, and struggled through the mud, back into the jungle for some distance, in order to come upon the Muruts by surprise from the rear of the house. Finally they waded into the clearing at the back of the longhouse, and were within a hundred yards of the house when the Muruts first saw them. Then, just as the house burst into life, the expedition fired. From that time on each person had either to kill or to be killed. The Muruts had men. The white men had guns.

It was only twenty minutes. The guns of the expedition swept through the longhouse from both ends. Blood poured through the floor, and raced down the tall stilts and oozed in the mud below. The men of the expedition fought

for their lives, which they succeeded in saving, but between one hundred and thirty and one hundred and forty Muruts, including women and children, were killed. Those who ran from the house to the river were shot down and cut to pieces. With the exception of four women and three children who crept



into the jungle wounded, all who were in the house when it was surrounded died. The longhouse blazed and then it was embers.

The Dyak policemen wiped their swords, and slung the Murut heads over their shoulders.

Then the expedition of inquiry proceeded down the river.

An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth, the native understands. But as the story lives up and down these rivers, as the story passes from mouth to mouth, it seems to prove to the musing natives that the white men took not an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth, but a hundred eyes and a hundred teeth, in the Murut longhouse one rainy dawn on the Pegan River in 1890.

Two respectable-looking, betel-leaf-chewing elderly Muruts talked to us at Kampong Kalabakang later that day. Four women and three children, they reminded us, had crept into the jungle wounded. Two of these were the grandchildren of Numpal, the offspring of Flint and Lingud. Their names were Alipin and Ohdohn. The two respectable-looking elderly Muruts shifted their squatting from foot to foot, tightened their sarongs, and said, 'We are Alipin and Ohdohn.'

'How do you know?' we asked.

They pointed at the old woman who squatted near, with fallen breasts and straggling hair and blackened lips. 'She,' they said, 'is Lingud.' . . .

'The story is very terrible,' I said.

'Yes, it is,' my husband answered. 'But that story is one reason that you and I can travel on this river today without danger to our heads.'

VIII

It took us an hour and a half that morning when we left Kampong Kalabakang to stow ourselves and the *barang* into the small boats for the first time. Harry and I used four Murut *perahus*, and our party consisted of twelve Tengara Muruts acting as boatmen; Puasa, Unggib, and Kadir from the Forest Department; Harry, Arusap, and myself.

Winki wanted only one Murut *perahu*, as he was using three boats of his own. In his party there were six Muruts, his own Dyak foreman, his boy, and himself. Throughout the trip our numbers varied with the changing of boatmen at villages, the picking up of sick people who asked for treatment, the meeting of native friends, and the recruiting, on Winki's part, of new *kulis* to take back to the oil survey work on Sebatik and at Tambisan.

Our *perahus* were native-made boats with rounded bottoms, about twenty feet in length and just wide enough for one person, of unstable equilibrium, and obviously pervious to water. When overloaded with luggage, as they were now, they looked perilous. The *barang* had to be stowed in order to balance the boats, and quite without regard for comfort. Later in our travels I managed to arrange some of it so that I could occasionally stretch out flat on the top of it, and look up to the trees and the heavens, and give thanks that I could for a few minutes take the weight off my haunches, and the corkscrew out of my back, even if I tipped the boat over. But most of the time we squatted in the bottom of

the boat with our loins aching and our buttocks wet from the water that was always awash there.

Now we were ready, blue umbrella, basket of eggs, wife, boy, and Conservator of Forests.

Now Winki was ready. Cross-legged in his *perahu* he sat, his survey instruments before him on a portable table top, two chickens cackling on his bedding roll, the Swiss flag floating over all. Big moment this, packed with emotion and sentiment. Farewell . . . farewell . . .

'Tickets, please!' shouts Harry.

'Punch, brother, punch,
Punch with care,
Punch in the presence of
The pass-en-ger.'

And so we left Waterloo Station.

Each man ploughed his paddle. The water pushed against the *perahus* as the river in spate opposed us. But the Orang Tua had spoken truly when he said, 'My men are strong.'

The white man builds the roads and follows the coastways, speaks the laws and rules the land. But the native knows the strength of his own arms, the endurance of his legs, the fortitude of his naked body, and the wit of his leaking *perahu* — an old patched *perahu*, tipping and swaying and waterlogged, but a *perahu* which travels to the heart of the country to make river and jungle his alone.

I looked back at the kampong women standing in the sunlight on the black mudbank. Three things faded slowly in that memory: the black pupils of their eyes shining in their faces; their lips, red with *sireh* juice, like cerise flowers blooming; the fluttering notes of their treble voices blowing like leaves on the wind.

We had been traveling since six o'clock in the morning. Then the rain had come before we made camp in the afternoon. No one had been dry all day. Now we were crawling into our camp beds for the night.

'The tent *is* leaking, Harry; the rain is pouring in over my *bongon*!'

'It will stop when it gets thoroughly wet.'

'Well, I'm not going to let it get thoroughly wet.' I started to lift my *bongon* towards the bed.

'The *tent*, I say. When the *tent* gets thoroughly wet it will stop leaking.'

'It will be too late then. Everything will be soaked. Just feel my bedding. Aren't you going to do something about the tent?'

'There's nothing to do. That African safari cloth isn't waterproof until it's wet. It's only leaking badly over your *bongon* because you allowed the *bongon* to touch the tent, and that always makes a tent leak.' Harry lay philosophically back on his cot.

'Well, it's leaking over your *bongon* now,' I said with satisfaction.

'Cripes! So it is.' His *bongon* was pulled towards the centre of the tent with rapidity.

'It may be an African safari tent to you, Harry, but it's only an irritation to me,' I said, putting up my blue umbrella.

'Look out with that umbrella, if you must put it up. Don't poke it into the tent or you'll start another leak.'

'It will keep me and the pillow dry, anyway,' I said, squatting hopefully under it on the cot. 'What became of that big tent we used to take with us?'

'That old piece of brown sailcloth? That never was a tent. It was just the sail off the *lipa-lipa*.'

'Well, it kept the rain out anyway. I wish this tent had never left Africa. The water is pouring in under the beds now. It must be coming down from that slope behind the tent. What's that under your bed, Harry? It looks like the Leica!'

'Cripes! I thought I put that back in the *bongon*!' Harry rescued the Leica, and tenderly wiped it dry with his sarong. 'Put it in your bed, Old Thing — that seems to be the driest place.'

I took it to bed with me. The rain was

blowing in from both ends of the tent. I had rolled back the ends of my mattress, and I sat like Noah in his Ark in the waters of the flood, except that Noah may not have had a blue umbrella. I tied a sarong about my head to keep my hair dry, and placed bath towels over the bedding to absorb the top moisture. The rain came through the tent cloth in a mist and dripped off the edges of the umbrella.

I dozed that way in a cramped position all night. When Harry called me at five o'clock the next morning the rain was still pouring. He had been up at regular intervals in the night to point his flashlight at the rising river. I had had chills and fever all night, had lost my voice from the dampness, and was in the stage in which I wished I had never come.

Tactfully, Harry didn't ask me how I felt, or try to be cheerful, but just poured three large cups of boiling coffee for me, and got my dry clothes out of the *bongon*. Kind words, coffee, and dry socks did wonders, and by the time we were in the boats and going up the river, with the detestable safari tent packed out of sight, I felt better. The first sunlight fell on the river by eight-thirty, and it was such a lovely warmth when it came through my jersey that I felt like the coming to life of a cold clay statue.

We made rapid progress up the river, as the water had risen enough to give clearance to some of the rapids. We hoped to reach the *pengkalan*, or landing place for the jungle carry-over, that night. There we would leave our boats and start on foot over the watershed. Early in the morning we had asked the Orang Tua if he thought that we could reach the *pengkalan* by five o'clock in the evening, and he had said yes. By noon, with a dark sky ahead of us, Harry consulted him again.

'You say that we can reach the carrying place tonight, Old Man?'

'Of a certainty, Tuan, we can reach it. It is but two hours away.'

Two hours later, with the sky more threatening, Harry resumed the conversation. 'How long now before we reach the carrying place?'

'It is but two hours away, Tuan.'

'So you told us two hours ago.'

'Then probably it is only an hour away, Tuan.'

An hour later we return to the conversation. 'How long now before we reach the carrying place, Old Man?'

Old Man studies the scenery more carefully and says, 'It is perhaps three hours away now, Tuan.'

It becomes obvious that we are getting nowhere by measuring in hours. 'Do you think that we can reach there by dark to-night, Old Man?'

Old Man looks at the sky, which is black, at the river, which is rising, at Harry, who is scowling, at the moderately possible camp site which we are passing, and says diplomatically, 'Perhaps we could reach there, Tuan, but then again probably we could not reach there, Tuan.'

'Have you ever been to this carrying place, Old Man?'

'Certainly, Tuan!'

'How long did it take you to get there after you left the mouth of the Tiaggau River?'

'Let me remember carefully, Tuan. We stopped for one day to visit our friends who had the longhouse near Karandulang Rapids, and there was a good harvest of *padi* there and much fine rice beer and we had many matters to discuss, and that took us two days. And then we went to collect gum pontianak in the jungle with another friend and that was four days, and then we met a friend who had shot two pigs and we stopped to eat them with him and that was five days, and then . . .'

'Never mind, Old Man. We camp here.'

The men got the tent up and the *kajangs* over the *barang* before the storm came. Then almost instantaneously a strong wind came up the river valley and

quickly swept the storm to the east, and we felt only the tail of it. Before the dark came the rain stopped, and Arusap went hunting. He returned to camp carrying a spectacular bird with long luminous blue wattles and a pure-white, long-feathered tail. To see such beauty brought to death frightened me, and when Harry saw the bird he was furious, for Arusap had shot a Bulwer pheasant. The pheasant is very rare, it is a difficult bird to hunt, it is difficult to get a license to shoot one, it is protected by all of the game laws, and Harry is the Game Warden. Poor Arusap!

When Harry quieted down enough to ask him why he had shot it Arusap answered, 'I like it. My people think it is very fine. My people wear its feathers in the hair. Its flesh is sweet. I shot it for the Tuan's dinner.'

Item, one Bulwer pheasant, stew for the Game Warden's dinner.

The Muruts, who had all gathered around to admire the pheasant, listened then to what was probably their first exposition of the game laws of the country. They all said, 'Good, Tuan,' and 'Yes, Tuan,' but they continued to stroke and gloat over the white tail, and to look admiringly at Arusap.

Shortly after that Winki dropped into camp, and Harry was diverted from the pheasant by a discussion between himself and Winki as to the best jungle footwear. Winki and Harry represented two different schools of thought, and each believed implicitly in the superiority of his own school.

Winki always wore heavy leather hob-nailed boots in the jungle with heavy wool socks which were a cuff length higher than the boot. But when traveling in his boat, or when in camp, or anywhere except in heavy jungle, Winki went barefoot. This, he said, was the **ONLY WAY**. Winki had bites, sores, and ulcers on his legs.

Harry wore nothing heavier than rubber-soled canvas sneakers, and he usually went barelegged. He said that

wet leather boots made his toes crack. He never went barefoot, however, because of the danger of hookworm. His way, Harry said, was the **ONLY WAY**. He also had bites, sores, and ulcers.

I didn't belong to any school of thought because I was never convinced of the correctness of the shoes I wore; whatever shoe I was wearing always seemed to be the wrong shoe at the time. Leather boots gave support and protection to my feet, but were burdensome. When they filled with mud and water I found it unbearable to drag them along on the end of my tired legs. So I wore rubber-soled canvas tennis shoes like Harry's, not because they were good but because anything else was worse. At least they were lightweight, they didn't hold the water, and they could be removed and the mud emptied from them quickly. They gave no protection to the feet and were slippery on wet rocks, and in an emergency I would take mine off and walk barefoot on the rocks, but as my feet were tender I could not do this for long. About the camp and when traveling in boats I went barefoot like Winki. I also had bites, sores, and ulcers on my legs.

One disadvantage of wearing shorts was the long expanse of leg which was left bare and resulted in scratches in the jungle, bruises on the rocks, bites from sand flies, wasps, mosquitoes, leeches, and finally a number of patches of *rengas* poisoning from rubbing against the leaves of the *rengas* tree.

There was a beautiful place in the river to bathe, but it was just in front of Winki's camp, so we put up the 'Look the other way' signal. That's my pink bath towel, and all the men look away from and stay away from my pink bath towel. There was a fallen tree wedged into the bank and reaching over the river and touching the water. The river was so swift that we couldn't keep our feet but had to hang on to the fallen tree with both hands, while our bodies drifted

out behind us just below the surface of the water. To float in this swift-running water was like moving fast without making any effort, and our bodies when we looked back at them were like figures on a Lalique vase. And then we got out of the water and stood on the bank to rub the soap on, and got back in the water again, and this time when our bodies swept out behind us soapsuds floated down the river, and the very last of the jungle mud washed off, and I forgot that I was never going to take a jungle trip again.

By six-thirty we heard thunder down the river, and called for our food early, hoping to get through eating before the rain. We didn't. We ate corned beef, rice, and tinned carrots, sitting in the drizzle which always came through our tent.

The storm rolled up the canyon and broke on the hills surrounding us. Between cannon balls of thunder came the crash of dead trees falling in the jungle. With each flash of lightning the Muruts whooped an answer, and the whoops were exuberant and welcoming. I had just opened my bedding roll and was sitting on it in my nightgown with the blue cotton umbrella over me thinking how cozy I was, and what a lot of merit there is in corned beef, when Winki suddenly appeared in the tent. The rain dripped from his tow hair and slid off his sunburned bald spot, and his sarong was hauled high between his legs for action.

'I move my *barang*,' he said excitedly. 'I measure the river. It rises three feet. I send everything to the upper river-bank.'

I could see his Dyaks, then, filing by in a flashlight procession, carrying his things. The lightning played on them like floodlights. They hurried, not quite running because of their loads. I watched them to the river's edge. Each one went in with a shout, nearly disappeared, struggled, and finally shoved head and shoulders up above the rushing water. They formed a chain, half swim-

ming, half pulling each other, singing and chanting, and got the *barang* across.

Winki stayed in our tent for a minute looking worried. Harry called for Arusap and started immediately to send our *barang* up to the river bluff. Then he placed a pole in the mud by the edge of the river to mark its rise in order to gauge whether or not we must leave camp ourselves. I sat under my umbrella and didn't believe any of it.

Harry went to the water to look at his marking stick, and it was out of sight under water. 'We must go,' he said.

Still I sat under the umbrella. It wasn't until I heard Puasa's voice shouting in the distance, and the Muruts singing the words with him in Malay so that it almost made a chant, that I knew I was in a flood. They sang:—

'The Mem go first, the Mem go first, the river runs strong,
The Mem go first, quickly bring the Mem,
The river comes fast, the river comes strong,
If you wait the Mem cannot cross,
Quickly bring the Mem, the flood comes;
The flood, the flood, flood, flood, flood, flood,
flood, flood!'

The dazzling illumination of the lightning photographed the picture of Puasa and the Muruts racing down towards us from the upper bluff of the river where he and the *kulis* had wisely made their own camp for the night. With the increasing violence of the storm they had known that we were in danger, and had now decided that the time had come to rescue us.

But I didn't want to be rescued. I didn't really believe that the flood would reach us, and I thought that the Puasa-led demonstration was like a lifesaving drill with a women-and-children-first theme, fine in theory but a great nuisance in practice. So I sat quietly in my nightgown on my bed under my umbrella.

Then suddenly the men were all in the tent and pulling the canvas off the ridgepole, and everybody was shouting at me, and Harry was getting annoyed, and he grabbed the blue umbrella away

from me and shouted, 'Don't be a damn fool, or we'll all get drowned!'

And I shouted back, 'Well, I'd rather drown than die of a cold from being rescued in my nightgown!' But I was half out of my nightgown by then. I rushed so quickly into my jersey, shorts, and shoes that there was hardly a naked moment. There were so many people around me participating in things that I had the feeling that I was lost to sight. I got into my leather coat then and even remembered to find the belt, and crammed any loose possessions I saw into my *bongon*. Before I went to sleep every night I always put everything I could inside the *bongon* for a quick morning start, so there wasn't much out except my nose atomizer, which the Muruts had always thought was very amusing. I pushed the plugs in the ends of that so the medicine wouldn't run out, and packed it into the box, shoved it into the *bongon*, and put the lid on tight so it wouldn't leak. Then I took my flashlight, and we were ready. Meanwhile the tent had disappeared from over me, and the river was filling the front tent holes.

What had been a beach to be walked upon half an hour before was now a river separating us from the upper bluff. Harry held on to me and I waded in, still mentally pooh-poohing things. But waist-deep the water poured against me, and I almost lost my feet, and entirely lost my cynical attitude towards the flood. I tried with all my strength to stand against the river and could not do so, and Harry braced himself and held me, and together we could stand, but we could not move. Puasa was reaching towards me from the end of a chain of men extending from the upper bluff of the river. When they saw that I could not move against the flood, slowly Puasa and the chain forced towards us through the waters. Then Puasa reached out for me, and made me another human link in the chain, and then the chain, with Puasa shouting constant directions

of 'Quick, quick,' and 'Careful, careful,' pulled slowly back towards the bluff again, and I was rescued.

I stood on the top of the bluff and looked back at the line of men behind me, half swimming, half wading. Our *barang* was passing over their heads from man to man. Unggib's head was just above water, and he still had his pipe in his mouth. They all looked happily excited, and at intervals they whooped and shouted.

Before the tent could be put up the men had to cut down trees and clear a place on the upper bluff. Now by flashlight in a storm they had to do what had been too difficult to do in the afternoon. I stood on the bluff under my blue umbrella and tried to think of some way that I could help, but every idea I had was thought of first by somebody else. Arusap was trying to light a fire and I held the umbrella over it, and then I kneeled down and blew on it. But if I kneeled down to blow, Arusap had to hold the umbrella over it. And as Arusap is a stronger blower than I, I finally resigned myself to being nothing but the blue-umbrella holder, while the rest of them rebuilt the camp.

Now that I was seeing Arusap every day with his own people, I realized what a long way he had come from them. In twelve years spent away from his village he had covered centuries. He had learned to think with his mind as well as to feel with his body. At home I was often annoyed with Arusap for his failure to achieve the standard of efficiency of Chinese servants. But now that I saw him with his own people I saw that he had in his individual lifetime encompassed a diuturnity of learning.

He has accepted electric refrigerators, flying machines, warships, and submarines. He has accepted both the white man's laws and his idiosyncrasies. He has accepted a belief in the importance of the unessential possessions with which we surround ourselves. And al-

though he has accepted the white man's own high estimate of the white man, I do not think that he has accepted the white man's underestimate of the brown man.

At times Arusap can think through the mind of a white man. Yet he can still return to his own people, and be one of them. He has taken on none of the superficial veneer which among white men separates the small-town man who makes good in the big city from the small-town man who stays at home. He has a simplicity of mind which makes both white and brown ways seem right to him. I frequently recognize that he is being tolerant with Harry and me, that he knows better himself, but humors us in our whims.

I told Harry that I thought our Muruts were as amiable and pleasant persons as I had met in a long time and that I couldn't imagine being afraid of them. Harry then said that as recently as 1925 these pleasant persons were conducting regular, systematic head-hunting and warfare as a part of their daily life.

Then I remembered the day when Harry had shot a wild pig on the riverbank as we went by in our boat. The pig went limp and his head flopped forward and his eyes rolled upwards, but he wasn't dead. With a joyful yell Apul jumped out of the boat and carved off the pig's legs, and sliced pieces off him while he was still squealing. Harry called to him to kill the pig quickly, and then Apul did so because Harry told him to, but not because he saw any reason in stopping the pig's suffering.

Our Muruts all showed an uncomplaining acceptance of pain in their own physical ailments. They had an unimaginative indifference to suffering in others, and a stoic acceptance of suffering for themselves.

When they thought in terms of themselves they gave death violently and accepted violent death, for that was their way. But when they thought of white men they did not think in terms of them-

selves. They thought of us as strange persons whose strange lives were ruled by strange standards. If these were the standards we liked they were willing for us to have them, and they accepted any incidental benefits which came to them by way of these standards. This was the mood in which they went to Harry to ask for medicine for their ailments. We had the medicine and they were willing to be benefited by it, but if the medicine had not been there, and we had not been there, they would not have complained — they would just have accepted.

They did not judge me by their own standards, and say, 'Here is a woman who does nothing. She doesn't harvest the rice, or work in the fields for her husband, or nurse his children, or build his fire. Why should we do her bidding? Let her get out and work for herself.'

Instead they thought, 'Here is a strange person from a strange world, and we will make no attempt to understand her. Perhaps her husband may find some use for her in that strange world from which they come. Meanwhile, we Muruts are good-hearted men, after our fashion, and they seem good-hearted persons after their fashion, so let us all be amiable together.'

As long as we remain people of our own world they do not force their world on us. But if we try to invade their world we must accept life at their terms, for they will be thinking of us then in terms of themselves.

IX

We arrived at last at the carrying place which marked the end of the trip across the watershed. We found Winki's camp there. He said that he had had a bad trip the day before with rain all day and many leeches. We got our camp up just before the rain came. The river was flooding, which made our nightly bath exciting. Harry sent the Orang Tua on ahead of us to Kuala Biyudun to arrange for more native boats to take us down the river.

Meanwhile Winki came over to visit us and we started rather nervously to count our provisions. We found that we were both going short on rice for the *kulis*, and on personal supplies, as the trip was taking longer than we had expected. We had thought we might get rice as we traveled along, but the country proved to be so sparsely inhabited that we had not been able to do so. We told the Orang Tua to try to bring us rice from the village at Kuala Biyudun, but we were not sure that he could do so, as the natives there ferment much of their rice into rice beer.

By five o'clock, when the Orang Tua had not returned, we decided that he must be drunk on rice beer in the house of a friend, and would not return that night. Harry, Winki, and I were condoling with each other, and drinking a peg of gin, when we heard welcoming shouts from Apul and Nulang. Thus announced, the Orang Tua wove his way into the firelight, and proudly reported that he had obtained the loan of three small boats for us to go down the river in. The Old Man had the polished mahogany glow, both physical and spiritual, which comes from the recent meeting of a Murut with a quantity of rice beer.

The realization that we should be traveling down the river the next day reminded us of the fact that our Tenggara Muruts from the Kalabakang River would leave us to return to their own village as soon as we acquired the new boatmen on Biyudun River. So when the Orang Tua sobered up later that night Harry made the bill out to him for the wages of each of his 'children.' The account covered the work of each man and the use of each boat, and extra wages to cover the time of the return journey back to the village after the men had left us. The Old Man and his children stood around us and looked wise, while Harry struggled with accounts and worked it out down to the last penny, which was not easy, as every few minutes

somebody remembered a new item which changed the account. Harry made the chit out to the Old Man to be paid by the District Officer at Tawau. The Orang Tua could not read what the chit said, but everybody seemed perfectly satisfied.

Upon inspection by flashlight the last thing before going to bed we found that the three *perahus* were very small and very leaky. We decided that in order to lighten the load we would send the luggage by boat, and go on foot ourselves through the jungle again. My heart sank, for I had hoped that my jungle walking was finished for the time.

And then I find, in looking back over my journal of that trip, some brief entries as follows, each one marking a day: —

Make camp three o'clock. Pouring rain since noon. Too tired to write.

Make camp one o'clock. Pouring rain all day. Dead tired.

Make camp two o'clock. Pouring rain and electrical storm. Too tired to write.

Well, if our matrimony can stand this trip it can stand anything!

Make camp two o'clock. NO RAIN!

What a day! Too tired to write and too wet to care!

HOW I HATE JUNGLE TRAVEL!

That was a day which started badly but ended well. We were still traveling through the jungle, but sending our luggage on by boat. I was becoming very tired and each day seemed worse than the one before. I felt an almost physical nausea when I fell in the jungle mud. This day I could not even keep Harry in sight. It seemed equally impossible either for him to slow down or for me to speed up. Again and again I lost sight of the person ahead of me, and fought the trees, and missed the blazes. When we followed down a river bed I always missed the blazes which marked the place where the trace left the water and ascended the riverbank again. Once I rolled down the mudbank and ended with my face in the mud. The *kulis* fell

back in a discerning way, and pretended that it was a clever acrobatic stunt. But I was past pretense, and the tears rolled down my cheeks from anger with myself.

By noontime we had reached the carrying place on the Nepagan River and I was cheered by the thought that the rapids of the Kwamut River would soon be before us. We said good-bye then to most of our Tenggara Muruts, as they were to return through the jungle to their own village. I felt sentimental about it, but no one else did. Apul and Melisang stayed with us, as they were going down to Kuala Kwamut.

We were met at the river by three very small boats sent up by the headman from Lunud Village. These *perahus* were inadequate to our luggage or personnel, not to mention that of Winki, who had not yet arrived at the carrying place. We saw that we should again have to relay ourselves downstream. As we were the first to arrive we took the best two boats and left the poorest one for Winki. We put what we could of ourselves in the two *perahus*, leaving part of our luggage to be returned for the next day. When loaded, the boats sank almost to water level, so that they not only leaked, but shipped water consistently. Although Harry and I bailed all the time we could not keep up with the water. After each rapid we had to draw to the riverbank and empty the boat, but in contrast to the grind of jungle travel this inconvenience was nothing. Actually shooting the rapids was lovely, a wonderful feeling of painless precariousness, whereas travel in the jungle was a painful certainty. We had four new boatmen who were Iban Dyaks from Lunud, and were covered with *kurap*.

At three o'clock we arrived at the place where the Nepagan River empties into the Kwamut River. It seemed to me that the Kwamut was faster in its upper waters than any Borneo river I had seen before, and distinctly more forbidding. On the other rivers we had been people of some importance, but on the

Kwamut we had neither weight nor substance. As we sped down the river Harry was watching for a place to camp, and we saw a pleasant high bank with a Murut house standing on it. With difficulty the men paddled our small boats out of the current of the river and over to the bank. As we waded through the mud and climbed up the riverbank, we saw that the house, which stood high on stilts above the mud, was deserted. 'Here,' said Harry, 'is Ye Old Family Tavern for the Keiths.' And we climbed the notched log which served as a ladder and entered the house.

That was one of the nicest houses in my life. From the moment we entered it, it was friendly, and everyone who entered the house adopted its congenial manners. Arusap, who was excited at being in a house of his own people again, said that it must have belonged to the chief of the village.

'But why did he leave it?' I asked.

'The roof has fallen in, Mem.'

'But that is easy to fix,' I suggested. 'We can even patch it up ourselves before tonight.'

'It is taboo to these Muruts,' Arusap answered, 'to repair their houses. When a house falls apart it is fate that the owner should move.'

'Those little packages hanging from the roof, Arusap, what are they?'

'I do not know, Mem, and it is taboo to touch possessions left hanging thus, because the owner may intend to return for them.'

'Is it taboo for us to stay in the house?'

'No, if a man has no house of his own then it is good that he should use the house of his friend.'

The floor of the house was eight feet above the ground, and made of narrow strips of split bamboo laid over cross-beams. As the bamboo was rotten with age we took care to step where the planks supported it. We balanced the legs of our camp beds on these plank supports, and getting in and out of the

beds without tipping them off the plank was a feat of equipoise. The middle of the bark roof had fallen in and a large-leaved vine grew over the outside of the house and down through the roof. Sitting inside the house we could pick the leaves from the vine, and these Arusap sometimes cooked for a vegetable.

There had been bark partitions in the house to divide it into cubicles, but these were only remnants now. I asked Arusap to describe the uses of the various rooms to me, and following his description I drew a floor plan to illustrate the text of his story, showing little Murut figures at their daily occupations. Each time I thought that I was finished he would introduce a new member into the family. Finally after I had reproduced two young Murut men having a cockfight in the bachelors' hall, the house was so full that I had to stop. Arusap looked over my drawing of the household then, and he was disappointed, because he said that the cocks looked like hens.

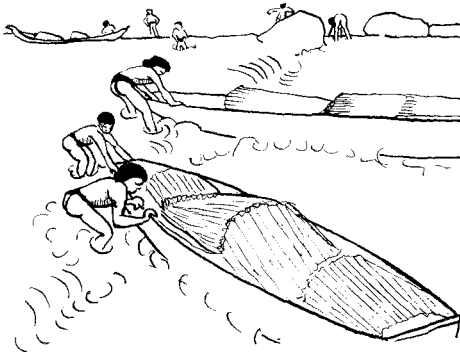
The house stood in what had once been a pleasant garden. There were bananas, green pineapples, sweet potatoes, tapioca root, *sayor manis* (a form of sweet greens), and six-foot *keladi*. Arusap knew how best to cook these things. He washed them carefully, soaked them, and arranged the leaves according to shape and size, and our vegetables before they were cooked were as ornamental as the flowers in a bowl. He introduced us to the delicate flavor of green pineapple fried with rice, as a vegetable. The first two days we had an abundance of green stuff and everybody came in with his hands full. And then we had to go farther and farther from the house, until finally we had eaten our way through the cycle of the garden, from ripe to green, and were back to tins of Army Rations again.

The area of the whole house was about as large as that of our living room and dining room in Sandakan. Staying in this house for four days were Arusap, Puasa, Unggib, Kadir, three Dyak boat-

men, Harry, and myself, but never once did anybody seem to be in anybody else's way. There was a long box filled with earth in one end of the room that was the kitchen, and in this box the men made the fires for cooking. As we all ate at different hours there was always a pot simmering in the kitchen.

That corner of the house which Arusap had described as the married quarters we allocated to be our bathroom. We hung a palm-leaf mat and a bath towel over a rope to make a wall. We used an empty gasoline tin for a bathtub and an empty fruit tin for a dipper. As the floor of the house was pervious to water we just stood on the floor and poured the bath water over ourselves. Although the other seven occupants of the house were on the other side of the precarious bath towel I never felt any lack of privacy. Their desire not to intrude upon me was the greatest protection I could have had.

Usually Unggib was shy, but the night he returned from Lunud Village he was not. He brought triumphantly back with him three chickens, five *gantangs* of rice, a promise from the Orang Tua that he would send boats to us the following



day, and a bellyful of rice beer. That bellyful of beer transformed Unggib from the simple jester into the inspired priest of his people. His mouth overflowed with proverbs and prophecies. His two expressions raced back and forth across his face without settling, his words

never stopped, and when we went to sleep that night we could still hear him orating to his sleeping companions.

Along with the welcome news that Lunud Village would send us two *perahus* the next day Unggib brought the less pleasant news that the seven boats Harry had instructed the Deputy Assistant District Officer to send to us at Kasuyun Landing had by mistake gone up the Kasuyun River. There they were waiting for us at the carrying place for the bird's-nest caves at Timbang Batu. This meant that they were from three to seven days away from us, the time depending upon the condition of the river.

When Winki visited us that evening and we talked over this news we all managed to be thoroughly upset about it. It meant that we should have to relay our two parties in the two or three small boats that Lunud Village could furnish us, until word had reached the other boats that they should come to meet us. Harry and Winki decided that the Lunud Village chief should take one boat the next day, go after the seven waiting boats at Timbang Batu, and send them back to meet us. Meanwhile we should ourselves be traveling down the Kwamut River, if the Kwamut River was navigable.

The chickens cackled all night at the foot of our beds as a cheerful reminder of fresh food, and we awoke the next morning to find that the sun was shining, and Unggib had again become silent. By ten o'clock two small *perahus* and one fair-sized one arrived with the chief from Lunud Village. The chief was dressed in a dirty white tropical suit of European cut, and was wearing spectacle rims without glasses. He brought his flashlight with him, which had neither battery nor glass bulb, and these he suggested we might supply for him.

By eight o'clock that night the men and boats had not returned to us. Winki came to see us looking very worried, and we drank the last of the gin, and we all gave up hope of the return of the boats

that night, and consequently of our departure the next day. It was a depressing moment, to see the last of the gin disappearing, and to face another day of waiting with the possibility of another flood and indefinite waiting again. In the depth of this despondency we heard a shout from the river, and Unggib and Arusap rushed from the house to welcome the returning boatmen, whom we received like heroes. They had taken our *barang* to below the large *wasoi*, or waterfall, and hidden it. They promised us that if the good weather held through the night we should all join the luggage at the waterfall the next day.

We had loved the Murut house — for four days; but always in our minds had been the nervous realization that, although the rest was pleasant, it was not accomplishing our trip. Now at the thought of action we all revived. We had a party meal — stewed chicken, rice, baked tapioca root, and a tin of peaches. We couldn't eat much because we were so excited, but it was a festive gesture to have both chicken and fruit, and we knew that the others would enjoy what we left of the food. Eleven of us slept in the house that night, counting the Dyak boatmen. I listened for a long time to the sound of their whispers and their bare feet patting on the bamboo floor.

We had been traveling in jungle for two days while Harry inspected possible forest areas. All that day had been a nightmare, but we were in camp at last. I had peeled off my wet clothes, but Harry's still stuck to him like skin. I was sitting on the edge of the damp camp bed and rubbing alcohol on my bare legs. 'I wish this leech bite would stop bleeding,' I said; 'I can't put on my nightgown because if I do I'll get blood on it and then I'll have to wash it, and I can't wash it because I can't get it dry in this rain even over a campfire, and anyway I've already burned up two nightgowns over campfires.'

'Your leech bite will never clot unless

you stop pulling those ropes of dried blood away from it.'

'I know, but I hate seeing the dried blood on my leg.' I gently picked at the long red creeper, trying to detach the rope without reopening the bite.

'Did you get the leech that did it?'

'No. I was sitting here on the bed with my leech-control precautions temporarily relaxed, and the bastard came up the leg of the bed and went up my shorts. He sucked full and fell off before I noticed him. I expect to have leeches in the jungle, but it's pretty thick to have them come and get into bed with me.'

Harry's stockings were matted with blood as he peeled them off, and the leech holes were clustered about his ankles. 'Here's one at work now. Ho, George, here's where you get yours!' He lit a match and held it to the leech, which let go in the flame, popped at the end, and belched blood.

'The sand flies are awful to-night. I hate them more than the leeches,' I mourned.

'I sometimes wonder why you come on these trips,' Harry said. 'I go because it's my job, but what's the sense of your coming when you're not comfortable?'

'But I don't want to be just comfortable all my life!'

'Oh? What do you want?'

I stopped picking at the leech bite, and thought. In my mind I saw a shelf of women's faces that all wore the same expression. The bodies that went with the faces wore soft rubber corsets, and the minds that went with the bodies had sagging muscles.

'I guess I'm afraid of too easy living. That's part of it.'

'Oh?'

The 'oh' didn't urge confidences.

I wanted to say: 'Can't you see that I admire you, and want to see the things that you see, and do the things that you tell me about? And can't you see that this country is only good for people who give to it, as well as take from it?'

I wanted to say: 'I don't want to be a parasite on the country; I want to be a living part of the country. I want to talk the language, and know the natives, and laugh with their jokes, and smile with their joys, and sigh for their troubles as you do. I want to come down its rivers and go through its jungles. I want the mud, and the rain, and the leeches, and the discomforts, and everything that this trip is . . . except sometimes my body doesn't do it very well.'

And I wanted to say: 'But even if my body doesn't do it well, I will beat it in the end with my spirit. Only please, please don't hate me when my body stumbles, and whines, and complains, because it's doing the best that it can.'

That was what I wanted to say. But people don't say things like that. Devoted husbands don't hate their wives. Decently reticent people don't talk about their spirits. And proper-minded persons are uncomfortable when confronted with such confessions.

'Oh? What do you want?' came Harry's question.

'I don't know, but I guess that spirits aren't as reliable as guts, Harry, and you've got guts.'

'Tra — lalala — lala,' he hummed, but the hum was an amiable one.

I returned to rubbing my sore legs while I held the Devotional. Every night while disinfecting my bites I held a catechism of Body and Spirit. This night there were no beating of wings and triumphant cries. Spirit's wings were drooping and wet.

'Just let me crawl quickly into bed with Body,' she begged.

'This morning you were brave enough!' I said. 'Your wings were dry and they fluttered. And Body had nice dry shoes and a dry jersey to put on. This morning you said you would not ask to stop and rest all day. Not if it killed you!'

'Yes,' whined Spirit, 'but Body said, "Why kill yourself?"'

'Rubber corsets for you both,' I pronounced.

'What are you babbling about corsets for?' said Harry. 'You don't wear them.'

'I babble for the same reason that you hum.'

I basked in the warmth of his returning informality. Perhaps he was going to be fond of me again. I knew that I had been very aggravating on this trip, and I didn't blame him for being annoyed with me. But I wished that he wouldn't be, because it didn't stiffen my backbone any.

When it rained at night and the tent leaked it was no worse for me than for him. But I put up my umbrella, and shifted my cot, and huddled, and looked dejected, while he lay serenely quiet and read a book. When it rained all day and the *perahu* leaked, I was obviously wet, and chilled, and miserable, but he always smiled.

Everything in the jungle bit me until my skin was raw, and I couldn't sleep at night for the scratching, and I said so. He was covered with leech bites and inflamed scratches, but he always slept as soundly as a crocodile on a sunny bank.

I stumbled and fell often while walking in the jungle, and when I dragged myself up coated with mud, I thought he looked at me with silent disgust. At such times I hated his resilient step and his untiredness.

These days I walked just in front of the carrying *kulis*. As long as I kept ahead of the *kulis* I knew I was moving as fast as the camp could move. But this wasn't thrilling and proud the way racing along far ahead of the *kuli* line with Harry was. But I had ceased being thrilling and proud when he began to be mortified by me.

We didn't talk together so much now when we came into camp. He hummed to himself in a controlled manner while in the tent, and then went back with the men and laughed and joked with them in Malay and Murut. I could hear their soft tones and their laughs, and I felt closed out. I must not go back with the men because they would be bathing and

eating and making themselves comfortable in the ways they could not do when a woman was about.

A *kuli* came up with a sore foot and asked for medicine; he had driven a stake through his foot between two toes. The boy was uncomplaining and laughed about the accident, and he trusted Harry to make it quite right. Harry cleaned the hole and soaked it in disinfectant.

The boy sat on the ground fomenting his foot in his rice bowl. With great amusement he called to our attention the absence of one toe from the foot, a toe which had been lost years before in the overthrust of his chopping knife. I thought that such an accident to myself would have been no laughing matter. But with the natives, catastrophe held amusement, and it was only polite for us to share his amusement.

I looked at Harry and thought, I wish you would look at me like that — with approval and admiration. But then, I couldn't do that — run a stake through my toes and laugh about it, and then sit at your feet and look at you with worship because you put Lysol solution on it.

Harry repacked the medicine box and found that my eyewash bottle had leaked again. It was always doing this. At first I had felt humble about it, but now I got mad about it. It seemed always to be in Harry's way. I almost threw it away now in a temper. Then I corked up the leaky bottle again. Damn it! To hell with his fussy old bandages that he says are getting wet!

Arusap brought us an extravagant meal. There was the brown native rice with a nutty flavor, and a sauce pot full of stew made from Harry's barking deer, with just enough curry in the gravy to make it exciting. There were long, roasted tapioca roots, crisp and brown outside from the fire. These I liked to eat with butter, breaking them up with my fingers and pretending they were hot French rolls.

'There is no meat as sweet as barking

deer,' Harry pronounced happily to Arusap.

'Yes, Tuan,' said Arusap approvingly. 'My people prize it also.'

I ate with excitement. I was ravenously hungry every night. We thought it was wasted time to have a meal in the middle of the day, so we ate nothing from the time of the pot of boiling coffee at 5 A.M. until late afternoon after camp was up. So I ate deer stew now until I almost hurt, and when I finished I was already looking forward to the next night's meal.

It's the high spot, I thought. I used to think it was the drink of gin that was the high spot. But it isn't. It's the food when you're hungry. No, maybe it's the hot bath when you're cold. . . . No, I think it's just being able to lie down inside the mosquito net and quit pretending to be lion-hearted. Well, I can do that now. I crawled into my small camp bed.

Harry crawled into his small camp bed, the older camp bed, with the tippy legs, and the thinner mattress, and less-warm blankets, and the singed pillow, and the second-bests of everything, because he had given me all the bests. The mosquito net hung about both beds. One side of the net was still wet from last night, but that was the side he took.

'Are you warm now? You can have one of my blankets,' he said.

'No, I'm fine.'

'Did your leech bites stop bleeding?'

'Not yet. Perhaps I'm a hæmophile.'

'Did you hurt yourself when you fell in that stream today?'

'Considering it was me falling, I did it quite painlessly.'

'How's the old body? Ready to push on tomorrow?'

'Yah-lah!'

'Tomorrow will not be very hard. We did our last day in the jungle today.'

'I don't really mind jungle travel, Harry.'

'Good old thing!'

So he had stayed fond of me! Even

Even if there has been
DIABETES
in your family-



THERE is no cause for undue alarm even though your mother or father did have diabetes. Unless the disease occurred in both of your parents' families, you probably are not predisposed to it. Nor is it inevitable that a person with such a diabetic heredity will develop an active case of the disease. In fact, by taking certain precautions he may avoid it.

Among predisposed persons diabetes is more likely to appear in those who are stout. Anyone who knows or suspects the occurrence of diabetes in his family history should be especially careful to avoid overweight. The extensive records of one physician show that only 5% of his adult diabetic patients were underweight before developing the disease.

Early discovery is another protection against the dangers of diabetes, because in the beginning many cases are mild and not difficult to control. Physicians usually advise anyone with diabetes in the family to have periodic health examinations, including a urinalysis and a blood sugar test.

The outlook today is extremely hopeful for the person who develops diabetes. Treatment is based, in

part, upon a simple diet of common foods prescribed by a physician. The modern diabetic diet is planned to keep the patient at, or slightly below, the normal weight for his age and height. In addition, insulin is usually required to supply what the body lacks. This combination has happily done away with the old-time starvation diet.

The slower action type of insulin called protamine zinc insulin is widely used today. This brings many patients one step closer to normal living as it is usually taken only once a day.

Today diabetes can be controlled if full use of modern medical knowledge is made in time and patients cooperate with the physician during treatment.

The Metropolitan free booklet "Diabetes" discusses some of the ways to guard against the disease, describes its signs and causes and the modern type of diabetic diet. A copy is available upon request. Address Booklet Department 1139-T.



METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, *Chairman of the Board*

LEROY A. LINCOLN, *President*

ONE MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Copyright, 1939, by Metropolitan Life Insurance Company

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
 ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

when I was mortifying, and aggravating, and puny, and dejected!

Decently reticent people don't say things, but I was sure now that they felt them!

I lay under the blankets and listened, while the rain and the trees talked to themselves, and the river paid no attention to any of us.

I looked towards my sleeping husband. I reached out and touched the hardness of his bones, and the touch pleased me. That strength was mine also. And then I saw that it was part of being husband and wife that, in the same way his strength was mine, my weakness was his, and hurt him. If I had been somebody else's wife he might have thought I was pretty good in the jungle.

Tomorrow I'll not even look dejected, I whispered. And when I get home I will be just a woman again for a while. I'll go up on the shelf of women's faces, and adjust my expression, and wear soft rubber corsets, and be just a wife. And I'll use rouge and lipstick again, and that softens the shape of my face, and makes my eyes look nice. I'll wear my prettiest dresses. At home he shall think well of me, because as a woman I'm all right. But as a man, or an adventurer, or a pioneer, or a wilderness breaker, I'm just a washout. . . .

But anyway, I did it. Nothing can take from me what there is in me of this trip. Better, maybe, than rubber corsets. . . .

X

By six o'clock that night we began to plan what we would have to eat. We would have toast. If there was a shop at Pintasan, and if the shop had bread and a tin of butter, we would have toast, hot thin buttered toast, lots and lots of it. And we would have sardines, not one tin but at least three, and the sardines would be fried until the grease was out of them and they were very crisp and their tails curled up. And we would have three tins because we were only four days away

from Sandakan now, and we no longer needed to hoard our tins, and we did actually have the sardines, so at least we were sure of them. And we would also have tea — not thick body-building cocoa, but dainty, ladylike, little-finger-extending tea. We would, if the shop at Pintasan had tea. And we would not use the celluloid cups which had absorbed the flavors of toothwash and antiseptic and coffee and cocoa into their very fibre. We would take turns drinking from the one porcelain cup, which would make the tea so much hotter and cleaner and more luxurious, for this was to be a meal for gourmets and epicures. If Pintasan had a shop.

'Do you think we shall get there by eight, Harry?'

'By nine at least, the way the men are paddling. They're digging right in.' Harry stuck his head damply out from under the *kajang*-roof shelter of our boat. 'When shall we reach Pintasan, Nulang?'

'Eight *tanjongs* farther, Tuan.'

A *tanjong* is the answer to both 'How far?' and 'How long?' As a native measures distance on a Borneo river, a *tanjong* is a hairpin bend, and one *tanjong* is from the end of the hairpin around the bend to the other end. The answer 'Eight *tanjongs*,' to Harry's question, might mean any length of time according to the size of the hairpin.

The rain poured off the unprotected backs of the men in front of me. They had unwound their headcloths and draped them over their heads to shed the water, and the rain ran down the long folds of cloth like water off a roof.

'Are you very cold?' Harry asked me.

'No, just some. My central zone is radiating nicely, but the ends get cold. But never mind, we'll have a hot bath when we arrive at the launch at Pintasan, and a dry bunk to sleep in. I'm going to sleep in the cabin just for the feeling of four walls again.'

'If this rain continues,' Harry said, 'I think I'll sleep in the cabin too. A dry bed for a change won't hurt my feelings.'

Soaring Wings

PERHAPS there's some dim
race memory of a successful

flight astride a pterodactyl or perhaps it's just a long-standing urge to soar away from the anchorage of the earth. Whatever it is, flight and fliers have been almost constantly present in the mind and legends of man since the earliest times. There's the legendary Daedalus who installed the plumbing in the great palace at Knossos, built the Labyrinth for the decidedly ungrateful Minos of Crete and then had to escape from it on wings of eagle feathers and wax.

And there's always Da Vinci. There was a man for you. Not content with painting masterpieces and gilding unfortunate moppets for Medicean masques, Messer Leonardo devised hydraulic rams, submarines, projectiles, parachutes and flying machines. Quite logical flying machines, too, that might well have proved practical if there had been the right kind of fuel and a sufficiently light and compact motor.

Somewhat later, Francis Bacon took time off from his experiments with refrigeration to dabble with the idea of flight. All through the 17th and 18th Centuries there were continued fumbblings toward the stratosphere and a crackpot scientist tried to sell Napoleon the idea of invading Britain with a fleet of propelled balloons. It was not until the very early 1900's that the first thoroughly practical steps toward workable airplanes were taken.

At Kitty Hawk, in 1903, the Wrights' first plane flew for something under a minute. Six years later Bleriot safely flew the English Channel and convinced the skeptics that airplanes might be something more than glorified box kites. Now, as George Palmer Putnam tells so arrestingly in *Soaring Wings*, his story of Amelia Earhart, aeronautics has become an almost unique combination of poetry, great skill in mechanics and the most astute navigation.

Essential, yet less apparent, is the equally astute production of materials nicely calculated to bear the brunt of service in the skies. Since Bethlehem manufactured the shaft for the original Ferris Wheel at the Columbian Exposition in 1893, this company has been a foremost producer of alloy steels. With this experience of nearly half-a-century, enhanced by penetrating research and advances in manufacturing practice, alloy steels by Bethlehem have served aeronautical progress. Bethlehem alloy steels were used in the motor of the *Spirit of St. Louis*. They are being used in the motors of the Clippers that fly the Atlantic and Pacific on regular schedule.

WHILE a kitchen oven seldom gets hotter than about 500 degrees Fahrenheit, the temperature at the base of a blast furnace in which iron ore is refined into pig iron is 3000 degrees Fahrenheit.

THE STEEL industry annually buys large quantities of diamonds for use in making dies for drawing wire.

IN THE early days of steel production, iron-makers complimented the feminine members of their families by christening blast furnaces such inappropriate names as Kitty, Charlotte or Emma.

AS A WHOLE, the steel industry uses four times as much water daily as New York City.

This advertisement of BETHLEHEM STEEL COMPANY was set up in 10 point Janson type

I scrooged back under the *kajang* roof of the *perahu*, and felt grateful that the Penglima who had lent us his boat had had a wife who liked to travel in the protected luxury of a floating harem.

We had arrived at Kuala Kwamut early the afternoon before. It was the first sophisticated port we had touched since leaving Tawau four weeks previously, as Kuala Kwamut was frequently visited by District Officers and Government medical dressers.

The Penglima, or native chief, who had heard we were coming, met our *perahus* with much ceremony. He proved to be a very punctilious person, who was, compared to us, exquisitely dressed. I had looked especially disreputable, as I was sunburned to a crisp and plastered with dried mud from river wading. The Penglima, who represented Government at Kwamut, was known as the D.A.D.O. He offered us the Government office to sleep in and we gladly put our camp beds there. This office was used as a court of justice for the district, and beside my cot stood a witness box with a chair in it, and the rail of the witness box was convenient to place my mirror on when I combed my hair. Before I left the office to appear in public I changed to gray flannel trousers and a clean jersey, in order to bear the white woman's burden more creditably before the crowds (fifty natives and Chinese) of Kuala Kwamut.

Winki and his men did not arrive until about six o'clock. It seemed that his boat had struck a rock and overturned in the last strip of bad water on the Kwamut. His men had managed to bring the boat and most of the *barang* safely to the shore, but had had to stop for some hours to dry their things on the rocks. Winki had ruined his Leica and lost a number of his pictures. I was sorry it happened to Winki, but relieved that it hadn't happened to us. A trip like this develops the instinct of self-preservation more than any other instinct.

Winki's outboard motor had arrived at Kuala Kwamut to meet him, and he told us that he would be going downriver to Pintasan in two days' time by motorboat, to meet the launch at Pintasan. As Winki had five *perahus* and twelve *kulis* to tow, and expected to hire twelve more *kulis* at Kuala Kwamut, he would not be able to tow us, as he had expected to do. We decided to leave in our *perahus* the next morning, in order to arrive at the launch at Pintasan when Winki did.

When the Penglima heard that Harry and I were continuing our travel by *perahu* he insisted that we should borrow his covered boat. After a good night's sleep in the courthouse we were ready to leave Kuala Kwamut at six in the morning, with the sun just showing on the river. When I saw the sun instead of the usual rain I wasn't so pleased with the borrowed *perahu*, for it was like Noah's Ark compared to the naked little boats we had been using. Judging from the small size of the peepholes in the wooden sides of its haremlike walls, I decided that the Penglima's wife had not cared for scenery. But it would have been ungracious not to accept the well-meant offer of a vessel obviously more impressive than our own, and Harry said that if anything happened and we failed to meet the launch, this larger *perahu* would be one in which we could sleep.

By the time we had our *bongons* in the boat it hardly looked possible for us and our four men and the five boatmen to get in the boat too, much less to sleep in it. But packing people and luggage into boats is like packing suitcases; the longer the container is packed the more space there is.

All of Kuala Kwamut had come to the landing to inspect our luggage and ourselves, and see us off. This was my moment. I had saved, through flood and mud, one entire change of clean clothes. I had clean white shorts with ironed creases in them, a white jersey, white socks that were not mud-tinged, and one

**Winter Season
opens November 1 at the**

Desert Resort by the Sea

Want a different place to go this winter? Then try Southern Pacific's Hotel Playa de Cortés near Guaymas on the tropical West Coast of Mexico. Only overnight across the border from Tucson, Arizona, Hotel Playa de Cortés can readily be included in your Southern Arizona winter vacation.

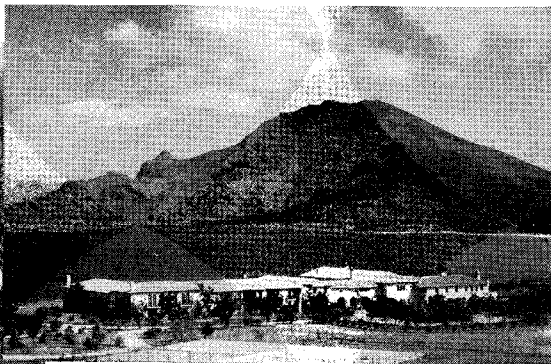
Hotel Playa de Cortés is unique. It's a desert resort by the sea. Here you enjoy the warm winter sunshine and stimulating sports of a desert resort, *plus* the fun of being at the seashore. Mail the coupon for details.



Loafing is an art at Hotel Playa de Cortés! But if you prefer more strenuous sports, try tennis, badminton or riding. There are excellent horses, and guides to show you the way.



Swim in this magnificent outdoor pool, in a sunny patio brilliant with tropical flowers and plants. Fish for giant Totuava (average weight 80 pounds).



This is Hotel Playa de Cortés, the desert resort by the sea. There's convenient train service to Guaymas via Tucson, on Southern Pacific's *Golden State Route* (Chicago-Los Angeles) and *Sunset Route* (New Orleans-Los Angeles).

SOUTHERN PACIFIC'S HOTEL

Playa de Cortés

The Desert Resort by the Sea

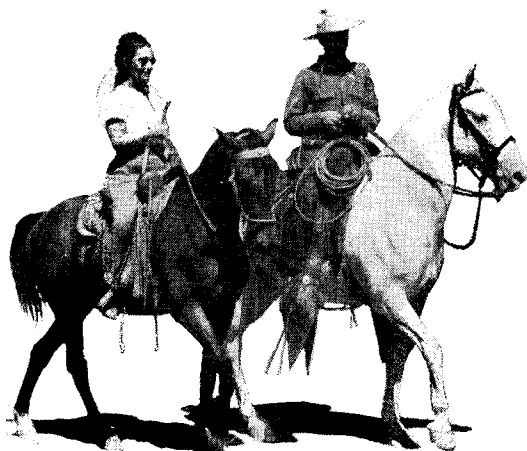
GUAYMAS, MEXICO

Mail this coupon for booklet describing Hotel Playa de Cortés. Address O. P. Bartlett, Dept. AM-11, 310 So. Michigan Ave., Chicago. Or see your travel agent.

Your Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____



last pair of new canvas shoes. I was favorably impressed with the three-inch mirror's-eye view which I had had of myself that morning, and with my cleverness at being able to present such a good appearance at Kuala Kwamut.

The Penglima's boat was moored at the landing. When the river was low, as it was at present, the landing was at the water's edge, and there was an expanse of mud for a hundred yards between the landing and the bank of the river. A trestle of single logs which were laid end to end across this mud connected the landing with the top of the riverbank. Conscious of the temptation to fate which my clean clothes offered, and of all of Kuala Kwamut watching me, I followed Harry very carefully along this single-log track. When I reached the end of it Harry looked back at me with approval. I knew he had been thinking, 'It's just the sort of place where she would fall in.'

I arrived at the last log, and there was one loose plank which balanced between it and the landing. With intense concentration and the caution of an infant taking its first step, I stepped on the wrong end of that plank. The plank tipped like a seesaw. I dropped into the mud and sank to above my knees. All activity in Kuala Kwamut stopped. It was like a motion picture which suddenly halts, leaving the people on the screen in grotesque attitudes of suspended animation. Everybody was overwhelmed by the happening, including myself. Harry gave one horrified look back at me, and then left the woman and the crying baby and went to the front of the trolley car and pretended that they did not belong to him.

I was quite helpless until the Penglima and his number one recovered from the shock and came back to me. Then each took hold of one of my legs above the knee, and by levering on them alternately they got me out.

They say that violent emotions release poisons in the system, and I was so angry

with myself that I felt physically ill. I was too exhausted emotionally even to swear. My legs were coated with black silt, my clean clothes were spattered with it, my shoes had stayed in the mud, and my shins and knees were bruised. I sat on the edge of the landing and washed myself as well as I could, with the assistance and advice of the Penglima and several old women of the village. Nobody laughed, and I don't think they even wanted to laugh. They were completely overawed by the downfall of the white race.

After that I had no advice to give upon the bestowal of luggage in the boats, or the placing of bedding rolls, or any of the little things that I had formerly thought I had such good ideas about.

Perhaps if I had approached the Kinabatangan River from the Sandakan end, without having first come down the Kwamut, I should have felt more admiration for it. But after the majesty of the Kwamut, the lower Kinabatangan seemed hot, slow, and muddy. Although the headwaters of the Kinabatangan are as beautiful as those of the Kwamut, from Kuala Kwamut down to Sandakan the river showed the unattractive results of native shifting cultivation which has done away with the tall trees and forests.

The native farms which we occasionally passed on the riverbank were pleasant-looking, and had vivid flower gardens, but there was no evidence of industry in the agricultural line. As we passed one of these farms Harry said, 'I shouldn't be surprised to see most of this land farmed by the Chinese in time, and it might be a good thing for the country if it were. The Chinese have energy and the natives are lazy.'

'I should hate to see this land occupied by the Chinese. I don't see why the natives shouldn't be lazy if they have enough to live on without working,' I replied.

The pro and con of the native-versus-Chinese problem is something we discuss



THE
Atlantic

ANNOUNCES

THREE
CONTESTS
FOR
COLLEGE
STUDENTS

1939—1940

The Atlantic contests are planned as an educational feature — to stimulate beginners to put their writing into as finished form as possible, and to encourage good writing by prize awards.

PRIZES

\$50 for the Best Essay
50 for the Best Story
50 for the Best Poem

SCHOLARSHIPS

The Bread Loaf School of English will award two scholarships (free tuition) for the 1940 session of the Bread Loaf School of English at Bread Loaf, Vermont: one scholarship to the student winning an Atlantic Prize for the Best Essay, or the Best Story, or the Best Poem in the 1939-1940 Atlantic Contests for College Students; one scholarship to the instructor of that student.

Closing Date — April 8, 1940

The contests are open to all students registered on our list as using the Atlantic in a course during any part of the 1939-1940 college year. Send for circular giving details.

SPECIAL CLASSROOM RATES

Quoted only to instructors on ten or more classroom subscriptions

Instructors' desk copies added free

1 month	25¢	4 months	85¢	8 months	\$1.70
3 months	65¢	6 months	\$1.25	9 months	1.90

In addition to the special rates the Atlantic pays a commission on classroom orders.

Full details upon request.

"I expect to use the Atlantic in class again next year. Its material is contemporary, vital, and well-written, always, and my students enjoy it greatly." — *George C. Clancy*, Beloit College, Wisconsin

"We enjoyed the Atlantic and plan to use it in the entire Freshman class next year."

— *Mary E. Barnhill*, Eastern State Teachers College, Richmond, Ky.

CLASSROOM ORDERS MUST BE SENT BY THE INSTRUCTOR DIRECTLY TO THE ATLANTIC

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY CO., 10 Ferry St., Concord, N. H., or 8 Arlington St., Boston, Mass.

Gentlemen:

Please enter _____ subscriptions to the Atlantic Monthly to run for _____ months beginning with the _____ number. I enclose \$ _____ payment at Special Classroom Rates. Please forward commission payable to our class fund.

Instructor _____

College _____

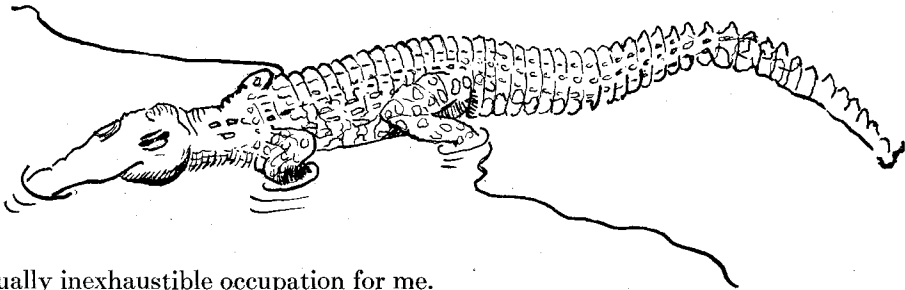
City _____ State _____

regularly. Whichever premise one of us begins with, the other one takes the opposite side. We are equally good with both sides of the argument, but our sympathies, with which reason has really little to do, remain with the native.

By one o'clock the rains came. The four of us crouched closer and closer in the bottom of the boat. Each one had his occupation. Harry read a collection of modern short stories and said that he didn't like them — they were all about nothing. Arusap smoked his pipe, Puasa sharpened his knife, which is an inexhaustible occupation for him, and I rubbed my bruised legs, which is an

with a skin of a clear yellow ochre color with shining black markings, almost the colors of a sunflower. But he looked more like a griffin than a crocodile. If a flame had come out of his mouth I should have known he was a griffin.

We were in the smallest *perahu* and could approach the mudbank silently. While we were doing so Harry got out the .22, and I got out the extra cartridges, and the Leica. As we neared the bank I snapped pictures, expecting at any moment that the creature would move for the water. But he paid no attention to us, and I thought for an instant that he was dead. Then his eyes blinked. I realized with the blinking of



equally inexhaustible occupation for me. By six o'clock we had arrived at the sardines-and-toast-for-dinner stage, by eight o'clock we had arrived at the anything-for-dinner stage, and by nine o'clock we had arrived at Pintasan. By 9.01 o'clock we had arrived at Pintasan and discovered that the launch was not there. There was only one launch on the river and that was the Chinese freight launch belonging to Yong Soon. After inquiry they told us that our launch had come up the river to meet us three days before, on the flood waters, but when the river had started to fall the launch had been afraid to wait for us and had gone down again. I saw in my mind, then, the instant disappearance of dry bed and hot bath, and I felt sure when the launch was not there that there would be no shop at Pintasan, and if there was it would not have bread or butter or tea.

He lay in the sun on the mudbank at Lamag. He was brilliant and handsome,

those eyes that a crocodile, even in his most innocent moment of lying on a bank, still looks malevolent and leering. Perhaps his looks influence his personality.

As Harry had only the .22 with him in the boat, we waited until we were about fifty yards from the crocodile and then Harry emptied the magazine at him. The crocodile threw up his head and beat in the mud with his tail, and tried terribly to struggle towards the water, but he could not move his centre of gravity. He was terrifying and hideous and pathetic in his dying malignant ferocity. Harry refilled and reëmptied the rifle twice down his open gasping mouth, and the crocodile must have died then, but he still didn't stop beating with his tail. Then Puasa jumped out of the boat and stabbed him in the chest, and Melisang grabbed the flaying tail and cut the tip off it for a good-luck charm. They roped the crocodile then by the jaws, and tied

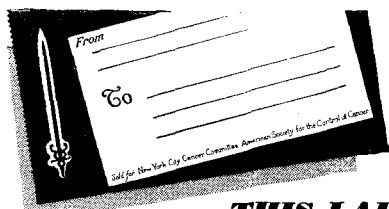
Carry
MELLON
TRAVELERS
CHEQUES



for Convenience
and Safety —

Known and accepted the world over, Mellon Travelers Cheques are the ideal means for carrying money while away from home. They can be used directly, like cash, for paying travel expenses, or they can readily be changed into currency. Before leaving on a trip, convert your funds into Mellon Travelers Cheques. Ask for them at your bank.

MELLON NATIONAL BANK
PITTSBURGH
MEMBER FEDERAL DEPOSIT INSURANCE CORPORATION



THIS LABEL helps us fight cancer

Thousands of anxious people, every year, are directed through New York City Cancer Committee courtesy cards to hospitals where their cases are diagnosed and treated . . . either free, or in proportion to their ability to pay.

Help save these lives! Your dollar will do this. In addition, you will receive a supply of Package Labels, and our Quarterly Review giving you the latest information on cancer.

N.Y.C. CANCER COMMITTEE

of the American Society for the control of
Cancer, 130 East Sixty-sixth Street, N. Y. C.

For \$1 enclosed, please send me a supply of your
Package Labels. I understand that in addition you
will send me your Quarterly Review.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

Persons living outside N. Y. C. and L. I. write for in-
formation to Amer. Soc. for Control of Cancer, 350 Mad. Ave., N. Y.



✓
Berlin Falls,
near Graskop,
Transvaal

✓
Gov't Buildings,
Bloemfontein

✓
Western Head
and Bar, Knysna,
Cape Province



Look Ahead to a Tour
through Glorious

SOUTH AFRICA

In planning for that future trip, fix your mind now on South Africa, a land of rich travel adventure, with an amazing variety of natural and man-made wonders.

See Victoria Falls, the primitive tribal life of the native Bantu, the mysterious Zim-babwe ruins, Kimberley, source of most of the world's diamonds, the air-conditioned gold mines of Johannesburg, Kruger National Park, and the infinite attractions of the charming Cape region.

Modern transportation facilities, comfortable hotels, and an almost perfect climate make travel delightful throughout the Union.

Decide now that when next you travel, it will be to SOUTH AFRICA.

● For full information see your travel agent. Also send for booklet AT, outlining 8 thrilling tours. Include the name of your travel agent on your postcard, addressed to South African Consulate, 500 Fifth Ave., New York.



him to the boat so that we could tow him behind us.

Harry's men were pleased with the crocodile incident. It vindicated the .22 rifle, which was known as 'the Tuan's *phit-phit-phit* gun,' because it did not make as impressive a noise as Winki's big gun, or the old shotgun which Arusap used.

Just as we had sighted the crocodile on the beach we had also sighted the launch lying in midstream off Lamag Landing. In the excitement of the crocodile I had forgotten that this was the moment I had been longing for. I even forgot to be conscious of any happy last minutes of being in our small *perahu*. Suddenly I found myself standing on the deck of the launch and knowing that the exciting part of the trip was over. And it was already like having eaten something strange and full-flavored; while it is in your mouth you do not know whether you like it or not, but the minute it is down you know it was delicious.

I went below to bathe. There we were on the launch, and the sleeping in *perahus* and under *sulaps* and under tents and under *keladi* leaves was ended. A roof, four walls, and a wooden bunk were ours. The rub of paddles against the sides of boats would soon change for the thump of Diesel engines. The tip and lift and sway of *perahus*, the untamed coltishness of *perahus*, would be disciplined behind the steady and heavy pound of machinery. The roar of the rapids was a long way off, the sun on the river was hard to feel, the breeze in the face that smelled of wild cattle, and the sickish, sweetish smell of dead pig, and the strong, delicious smell of the smoke from the fire — these were only words written on paper. My nostrils would be clean of them now. I went back on deck. I was clean, I was bathed, I was dry, I was comfortable. But I wanted to cry.

Perhaps I was tired. That was nine o'clock in the morning, and I lay on the deck and slept until five in the afternoon. When I woke up then I heard the put-

put of Winki's motorboat. I looked up the river and saw the whole Swiss Navy sweeping towards us. The Swiss flag with the white cross on the now-faded red background floated above the outboard motorboat, and Winki sat cross-legged under it. His head was wrapped in his white bandana, and his face was very thin, and he looked hard-used and heroic. Trailing behind the motorboat swung a long buffalo tail of nine *perahus*, towed one behind the other. There were twenty-four men in the boats, and when they saw us they flung up their paddles in greeting and shouted jubilantly. Drops flew from their paddles over their tattered clothing, over their thrown-back heads, down on their smiling faces, and over their friendly bodies. It was a fine moment, and I wished that I could have held it.

Then Winki climbed on to the launch carrying his Swiss flag. He was grinning widely and looked like the youth who bore mid snow and ice the banner with the strange device, and I wanted to sing 'U-pi-dec . . . U-pi-da . . . U-pi-dee-i-da!' Then Diesel engines began to throb and we were moving. Then came sunset, the heaviness of the night descending, and the soft kind tones of the men who were lying on the decks, and for me sleep, sleep, sleep.

When I awoke the next morning, my first thought was, 'Push on,' and then, 'No more need to do so; the launch does the pushing now.'

Before we left Sandakan we had sent a package of clean clothes up the river to Lamag to be delivered to us on the launch. I opened the package that morning. There was a pair of clean, starched, and creased *culottes*. After four weeks in shorts I felt as feminine in them as if I had been wearing a garden-party gown. I hadn't used make-up for four weeks. I put on a little rouge then, and a little lipstick, and a little more, and I was really startled by the effect. Dashing! Almost pretty! . . . Just, of course, if you looked quickly, and then

BANK OF NEW YORK

Founded 1784

SUE BARTON Rural Nurse

By
Helen Dore Boylston

Sue Barton, a high-spirited nurse of twenty-three, with a temper that matches her red hair, goes as nurse to a small country town in the White Mountains of New Hampshire, where Dr. Bill Barry, her fiancé, has established his own practice. During a typhoid epidemic which threatens his reputation, Sue fights tooth and nail with all the courage and training at her command to save the man she loves.

Here is a story of her nursing career with the excitement, the laughter, and the authenticity which have distinguished the earlier Sue Barton books.

SUE BARTON
STUDENT NURSE

SUE BARTON
SENIOR NURSE

SUE BARTON
VISITING NURSE

Each \$2.00

Illustrated by Forrest W. Orr

**THE ATLANTIC
MONTHLY PRESS**

8 ARLINGTON ST., BOSTON



Santa Fe

for the

Indian Country

of **NEW MEXICO - ARIZONA**

En route to or from California this winter, via the Santa Fe, why not break your journey delightfully with an *Indian-detour*—an intimate, 1, 2 or 3-day motor exploration among the age-old inhabited pueblos, prehistoric cliff dwellings, and primitive Spanish-American villages around Old Santa Fé, New Mexico? • Indian-detour guests make their headquarters at Fred Harvey's charming La Fonda Hotel, in Old Santa Fé itself.

For still longer trips, private motor cruises through the vast Navajo and Hopi Indian reservations of Arizona may be arranged, with equal convenience.

• Your local ticket office will gladly assist in planning an Indian country side trip via Santa Fe, or it will be a pleasure to send you full details direct.

T. B. Gallaher, P. T. M. Santa Fe System Lines
1303 Railway Exchange, Chicago

looked away again. I swished my starched culottes. It was rather fun being a woman.

All that day everybody on the launch took it easy. We had about fifty men on board, counting Winki's twenty-four, our party of eight, and the crew of the launch. Most of them had little to do but lie on the deck and talk. Winki's men vied with our men to tell the tallest tales, while the men of the launch encouraged both sides. I listened shamelessly to their accounts of our adventures.

Winki's man said, 'Your Tuan's gun says *phit-phit-phit*, my Tuan's gun says *pommm-pommm-pommm!*'

Arusap said, 'Never mind! My Tuan's gun shot the crocodile!'

Puasa proudly described his fear while going through the rapids. He has made a virtue out of it. 'My heart beat my sides. I was very frightened. For twenty-eight days I was frightened. When we came to bad water I would get out and walk on the banks, over the rocks, through the jungle. I am a man of the jungle, not a man of the river.'

'Was the Mem afraid in the rapids?' This question came to Arusap.

'She was not afraid, but she was often angry,' answered Arusap. 'At first when they came to bad water the boatmen made her get out and walk on the rocks. They were afraid that if the boat would turn over the Mem would drown, because probably she could not swim, and even if she could swim probably she could not swim in such bad water, and if the Mem drowned the Tuan would be angry, and that would be bad for the boatmen. So when we came to strong rapids the boatmen said that she must walk. But when the Mem walked on the

wet rocks she fell many times. That made her very angry.'

Puasa interrupted here. 'I cut sticks for her to help her, and she threw them away, and again she fell, and again she was angry.'

Arusap continued, 'So one day the boatmen took the boat to the shore for her to get out and walk while they went through the rapids. But she sat in the boat and said, "Go on! I would rather drown than break my legs crawling on wet rocks. Go on! From now on I sit in the boat. Go on!" So they called to the Tuan to come to ask her to get out of the boat. But still she said, "Go on!" And the Tuan said to the boatmen, "Never mind. You'd better go on." And we did, and after that the Mem always sat in the boat through the rapids.'

And sometimes they made a Malay nursery rhyme of it all: —

'What does the Tuan who seeks oil do?'

'That Tuan strikes the rocks.'

'What does the Government Tuan do?'

'That Tuan looks for trees.'

'What does the Mem do?'

'The Mem follows the Tuan who looks for the trees.'

'Why does she not stay in her house in Sandakan?'

'She does not like to stay in her house in Sandakan.'

'What does she do when she follows the Tuan who looks for trees?'

'She does not do anything. Her heart desires to eat the wind. That is the way that it is.'

'*Baik-lah* — very good, that is the way that it is.'

'*Yah-lah*, very good, that is the way that it is.'

(To be concluded)

With each twelve months of the Atlantic

THREE GREAT BOOKS OF THE YEAR
